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Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.

# COSMOPOLITAN

America's Greatest Magazine

206320

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## Next Month

*You will meet*

"Dalla Brand, eating a pomegranate on the stoop of her father's Bloemhof house—rather like a golden rose just beginning to unfold in the grace and dew of dawn. The gold-green color of her eyes seemed strange. The gaze they gave back sparkled clear as a yellow diamond in a stream. Her laughter had a fascinating deep gurgle to it—more water running over diamonds . . ."

*in Cynthia Stockley's new novel*  
**Dalla the Lion Cub**

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; RAY LONG, Vice-President;  
JOSEPH A. MOORE, Treasurer; C. E. FORSDICK, Secretary.

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# First Came Home-Study Training —then the \$6,000 salary

WHEN Harry J. Davis, of Buffalo, New York, was plugging away at a routine office job he had one thought—"How can I use my spare time to get me into something that will pay me real money, hold out to me a larger future?"

He found the answer to that question—as thousands and thousands of other men have found it—in home-study training under the LaSalle Problem Method.

While other men in the big general offices were wasting their evenings, so far as business advancement was concerned, Davis was working out problem after problem that he knew he must face in the bigger position. He was studying the principles which govern the solution of such problems. He was learning how successful business institutions work them out in actual practice. He was making himself master of an extremely valuable fund of *practical experience*.

While Davis was preparing for the position he secretly had in mind, the way seemed dark, beset with obstacles. It took will power to keep to the task. But ahead he saw the realization of his dreams.

One day his friends were surprised to see Davis' picture in the paper and underneath, the following bit of news:

"Although the government is offering \$6,000 a year to auditors, Harry J. Davis is the only one of 40 candidates to get a passing mark in a civil service examination for the position of traveling auditor in the income tax unit of the internal revenue department. Mr. Davis goes to Washington for three months' training in the government school of accountancy. Then he will be sent out to examine corporations' income tax returns."

The day had come, and it had found Mr. Davis ready. In competition with five graduates of other accountancy schools and public accountants with six or seven years' practical experience, Davis—a young man only twenty-eight—had proved the worth of what he had learned, had added one more piece of evidence in support of the truth that no investment on earth pays such dividends as home-study training.

Reporting the news to the institution that had made his appointment possible, he wrote, "I am prompted by a spirit of gratitude to LaSalle to let you know that my Golden Opportunity has come."

## How You Can Profit By the Experience of Others

The paths to advancement are many and various, but every one of them—if the advancement be real and permanent—follows the route of practical experience. For some that route is rough and tortuous. They must acquire all their "experience" thru their own struggles and mistakes.

For others that route is clear and straight ahead—as witnessed by the following letters from LaSalle-trained men:



"Before I took up with you the study of 'Modern Salesmanship' I was satisfied to sell just enough to get me a fair salary each month, but after your first talk I began to think how foolish I had been, and I went to work with a goal in view. Since the first of the month—and this is only the fifteenth—I have sold as many cars as I had previously sold in the entire month before, and I intend to make this the record-month since I started to sell cars three years ago. I firmly believe that when I finish the course as you outline it in your talks I will be up with the 'topnotchers' in the automobile business. The commissions I have made this month, due to your salesmanship talks, have paid for my course."

FRANK STANLEY, Missouri.

"Since forming your acquaintance—as an enrolled member for home-study training in law—through your efficient instruction and my diligent work, I have moved from the workshop at one end of the street to the court house at the other end, as judge of one of our most important courts—from 42c an hour to \$4,000 a year."

H. O. GOSSETT, Texas.

"Nineteen months ago I was a stenographer with a stenographer's salary and a vague idea that I wanted to know more about my work. Today I have a department of my own in which I handle the work I used to take in dictation, with a 75 per

cent increase in salary. The whole field of business has been opened to me, and my aims have gone higher and higher. Recently I have had an offer from the sales manager to represent the company on the road. It's the biggest thing that has come my way, and it's the result of LaSalle training."

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"Seven years ago, when I started your Business Management course I was earning less than \$1,000 a year. For the past three years I have earned from \$4,000 to \$8,000 a year, and I am sincere when I say that I believe my present earning capacity is due almost entirely to the education I received from your Business Management course."

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"In 1918, while employed in the Car Service Department of the Terminal Railroad Association of St. Louis, I enrolled for your course in Traffic Management. Within three months I was able to step into a better position, at a 30% increase, a position I could not possibly have held without the training I had received. By working during some of my spare time I very easily completed the course; and as to its benefits I will briefly say that my present salary is 90 per cent greater than when I enrolled, and that I can credit LaSalle with most of this. I could not possibly have secured or held my present position without the training I received from the course."

S. G. RITCHIE, Missouri.

## If It's Training You Need—GET IT!

One of the great delusions that beset the human race is the "hunch" that somehow, some way, a fellow can lift himself by his bootstraps.

Let the OTHER fellow think such things, if he likes. His problem is his own; he may not yet be ready to awaken the sleeping giant within him.

But if YOU have a burning ambition to get ahead—make up your mind right now that you're not going to stalk up and down the world looking for a soft snap.

If it's training you lack, then it's training you're going to GET! And know, please, that to this end LaSalle will gladly help you—to the full limit of its ability.

Below this text there's a coupon. It has meant a great deal to thousands and thousands of men.

But do not sign it, do not put it in the mail, unless you have made up your mind to say good-bye to those things that are inefficient, those ways that are shiftless, and to become in the business world—by all the measures of success—the man you have in in yourself to BF.

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Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

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Go to your bookstore for these books. If any of them are sold out, send your dealer's name and address to COSMOPOLITAN BOOK SERVICE, 119 West 40th St., New York, and your selections will be rushed forward

## Except

TODAY children do not live in "Heartbreak House." They have a fairer dwelling. Increasingly they live in a better understanding of childlife both by parents and experts. Little Eva and Little Lord Fauntleroy are no longer accepted as a type. Barrie, Maeterlinck and Booth Tarkington have given childhood color, atmosphere and rich variety, which Irvin Cobb in "Goin' On Fourteen" saves from sentimentalism.

Even though "hookie" still is played and the tin can finds mystical attachment to the tail of "Yellow Dog Dingo," never has it been so true as it is today that "except ye become as little children ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom." For with its innocence, simplicity, inquisitiveness, and trust, childhood is to most of us the kingdom of our wistful yearning, and our not infrequent grief that we are

"Farther off from heaven  
Than when we were a boy."

OVER the luncheon table a brilliant editor bade me read Rusk's "Doctrines of the Great Educators." He thought it one of the best of recent books. Now that I have read the book, I find the educators all the way from Plato to Herbert giving advice, mostly obvious, about the bringing up of children, to which the simple words of Caroline Carter telling mothers how to feed the family are quite as meaningful.

At Christmas time the child grows more significant than ever. His word—or hers

—carries a seasonal authority no Delphic priestess ever exercised. There is what Walter Pater called "the plenary masterfulness of youth." No wonder a distinguished lawyer once remarked: "I believe so, but Gracie and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court think I'm wrong." He probably was.

PARENTS have some place in life; chiefly to make home the best that can be made for children who come into it without choice. Peer Gynt exclaiming, "To thyself be enough," was not the stuff of which to make a father. The American woman has an instinct for motherhood as true as when John Ruskin wrote: "This home is always round her. The stars alone may be over her head. The glowworm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet. But home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her."

The isolated home is the incomplete home. Local setting every home must have. Contacts there must be with neighbors. Never for a moment must the responsibility to school be forgotten; for usually the school at least divides responsibility with the home. Sometimes school has a larger share. That is why parents ought to give school their full support. That is why the home must help the school to help the child. After all, as Arthur Brisbane says: "Of all events here on earth, the greatest is the birth of a baby"; and

"Christmas is the Baby's Day."

*Lyman P. Powell*

Director, Cosmopolitan Educational Department  
119 West Fortieth Street, New York, N. Y.



# Cosmopolitan Educational Guide

## Why the Military School for Your Boy?

Broad training, preparing for college or business, plus military precision and carriage. Story told in July and August, 1923, Cosmopolitan. The Association of Military Colleges and Schools of the United States.

### CALIFORNIA



## PAGE Military Academy

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The catalog will surely interest you. Write for it to **ROBERT A. GIBBS, Headmaster** Route 7, Box 944 Los Angeles California

**The Anna Head School** Boarding and day school for girls. High school graduates admitted without examination to all colleges using accrediting system. Students prepared for college board examinations. Post Graduate Department. Also Primary and Intermediate Departments. Address Miss Mary E. Wilson, Box A, Berkeley, California. Principal.

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California's most beautiful school, highest scholarship, thorough character training, completely equipped playgrounds, swimming pool, horsemanship, golf, band, radio, all athletics. In session all year, summer camp, enroll any time. Address THE COMMANDANT, Hancock Park, Los Angeles.

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### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA



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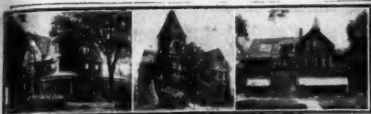
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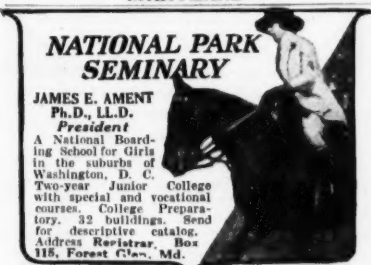
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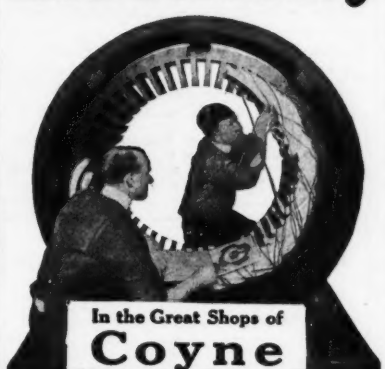


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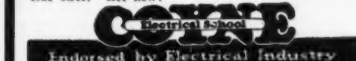
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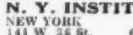
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# Do Your Friends "Feel Sorry" for You?

YOU are meeting new people every day—on the street, in the home, at various functions indoors and out. Every time you are "invited" *someone* stands sponsor for you. Every time you attend a social gathering, a party, a dinner, a dance, *someone* believes, or at least hopes, that you will do and say the right thing.



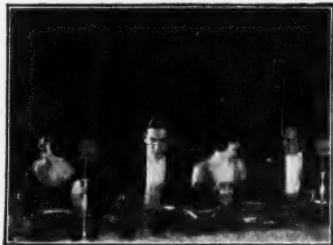
## What's Wrong With This Picture?

Good breeding—or the lack of it—is as quickly detected on the street as anywhere else. There are good manners and bad even in the simple matter of walking in public. Is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them? Your ability to answer these questions is a fair test of your knowledge of what is the correct thing to do.



## Shall She Invite Him In?

She doesn't know. They have spent a delightful evening together. Might they not prolong it a little? She would like to, and plainly so would he. But what should one do under such conditions? Should he ask permission to go into the house with her? Should she ask him to call at some other time? What does good usage say is the proper thing to do?



## Are You Ever Tongue-Tied at a Party?

Have you ever been seated next to a man or woman at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world to talk about? Does the presence of strangers "frighten" you—leave you groping desperately for words that will not come? When in the company of strangers are you suddenly stricken dumb?

Do you live up to these expectations? Are you perfectly poised, self-confident, well mannered, a delightful companion or guest—or must your friends secretly apologize for your awkwardness and lack of breeding? Must they *always* be making excuses for your mistakes in social deportment? Must they go on forever "feeling sorry" for you?

The person who knows the correct forms of social usage is never a source of discomfort or pity, either to his friends or to himself. He is never timid, "tongue-tied," ill at ease among strangers. He never finds himself stumbling and blundering at the very moment when he wants to make a good impression. Always calm, perfectly poised, sure of himself, he is never at loss for the right word, the proper action, no matter what unexpected condition may arise.

## Are You a Welcome Guest?

To know what to do, say, wear, at all times and on all occasions, is to display those signs of gentle good breeding which people of culture and refinement approve.

Are you a welcome guest in the most highly respected circles? Do you know how to impress others with your dignity, grace and charm, whether in the theatre, on the street, at the dinner table, in the ballroom, wherever you may be? Do you converse smoothly and entertainingly? Do people seek you out, enjoy your company? Is your every word and act faultless, pleasing, beyond reproach?

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More than a half million people have found the Book of Etiquette the one authoritative, complete and acceptable guide to correct behavior and pleasing manners. Every phase of social intercourse is treated in detail in this remarkable two-volume set of books. Everything you want to know and should know is clearly and simply explained.

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# Aunt Ellen

gives some  
Advice



TAKE the big rocker, Mary! Glad you come  
To see your old maid aunt and set a spell.  
Your father thought you wasn't looking well—  
I guess his spectacles deceived him some.

Your eyes has the same sparkle, and your hair  
Is just as curly as it used to be.  
You light-complected people seem to me  
A kind of miracle—with skins so fair.

You always find me in my corner here.  
Although the rest of me is in its prime,  
I got a knee that aged before its time—  
You ain't afeeling peaked, are you, dear?

Didn't I hear that David Newcomb's Joe,  
That black-eyed boy that used to ride the colt  
Around the pasture till it liked to bolt,  
Was your young man? Why, you don't tell me so!

That little snip is married—land alive!  
And going to have a baby in the spring.  
How did his ma consent to such a thing?  
Now, you can't tell me that he's twenty-five.

I s'pose you sent him packing, and he took  
Up with a girl that treated him like folks.  
That was just one of aunty's little jokes—  
Why, how you tremble, child, and how you look!

When I was young I had a fellow once,  
A black-eyed boy he was, and handsome, too.  
I couldn't think of anything to do  
To make him like me—I was such a dunce.

And then he up and married, quick as scat,  
And I just cried as if my heart would break.  
I s'pose that I stayed single for his sake—  
But I ain't never told nobody that.

You got another fellow? Now—that's nice—  
That keeps a-urging of you to say yes.  
One of Alonzo Perry's tribe, I guess.  
Well, you take up with him—that's my advice.

Life's a long road, and lonesome at the end,  
With nothing to look back to but a kiss,  
And giggling talk you had of that and this,  
And promises to always be your friend.

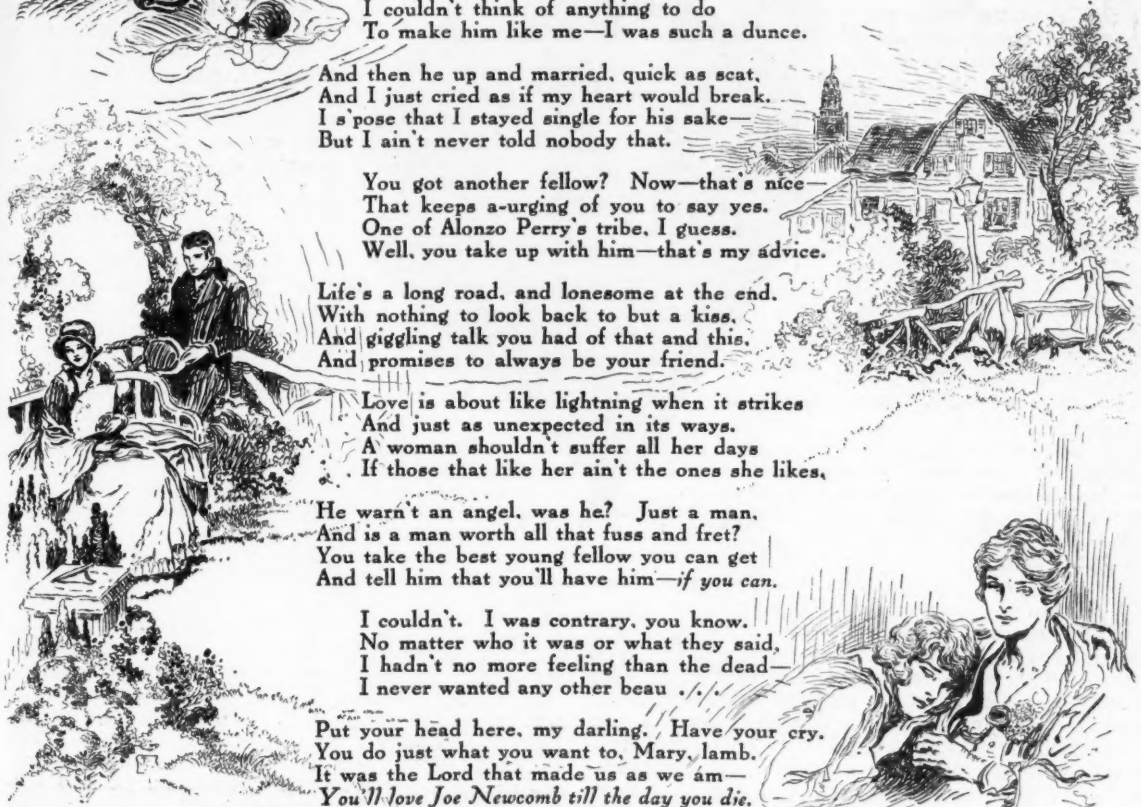
Love is about like lightning when it strikes  
And just as unexpected in its ways.  
A woman shouldn't suffer all her days  
If those that like her ain't the ones she likes.

He warn't an angel, was he? Just a man,  
And is a man worth all that fuss and fret?  
You take the best young fellow you can get  
And tell him that you'll have him—if you can.

I couldn't. I was contrary, you know.  
No matter who it was or what they said,  
I hadn't no more feeling than the dead—  
I never wanted any other beau.

Put your head here, my darling. Have your cry.  
You do just what you want to, Mary, lamb.  
It was the Lord that made us as we am—  
You'll love Joe Newcomb till the day you die.

by  
*Ethel M. Kelley*  
Decoration by  
*John Richard Flanagan*



# An EDITORIAL in Humor

By George Ade

## OLD PEOPLE

AT OUR winter playground in Florida anyone below the age of fifty-five feels like a babe in arms. When the club championship was won by a fighting juvenile, aged sixty-two, the dinner which ensued was attended by thirty frolicsome friends of the winner, all silver-grays, who interlocked arms and sang "We're here because we're here!"

THE big trouble with the U. S. A. today is not the lack of a European market or high freight rates or the movement from the country districts to the big cities. Our largest handicap is concealed in the fact that too many men and women between the ages of forty-five and seventy think of themselves as "old people"—so they begin to walk and talk and act like has-beens. They sag and mope and are addicted to reading the obituary columns instead of the fashion hints.

TWICE at the winter playground already mentioned has Mrs. Caleb Fox, a sprightly girl of sixty-four with ten grandchildren, defeated the marvelous Glenna Collett in the finals for the big cup. Glenna arrived forty years after Mrs. Caleb, and she attacks every round of golf with all the vigor and elasticity of an abounding youth, but when Grandmother whangs the ball two hundred yards from the tee right down the middle of the lawn, and lays them cold and dead on her approaches, and putts like a wizard, someone has to step out in order to beat her!

SEVERAL of the boys crowding the eighty mark come out in their knickers every A. M. and take practise swings and curse their caddies and offer to bet money, and in other ways give the defiant laugh to old Father Time.

WE are in the getaway of a nation-wide mania for outdoor recreation. Thousands of people beyond the half-way mark are going on fishing trips or motoring tours, or have joined in country club agitations. They have stopped thinking about rocking-chairs and are all worked up about live bait and Schenectady putters. This revision of daily routine by the enormous rank and file of our regular everyday neighbors is probably the most hopeful sign of the times. Holidays and relaxation periods and good

fun in the open cannot be headed off by Wall Street calamities or low prices for grain. The habit of playing need not be an expensive habit.

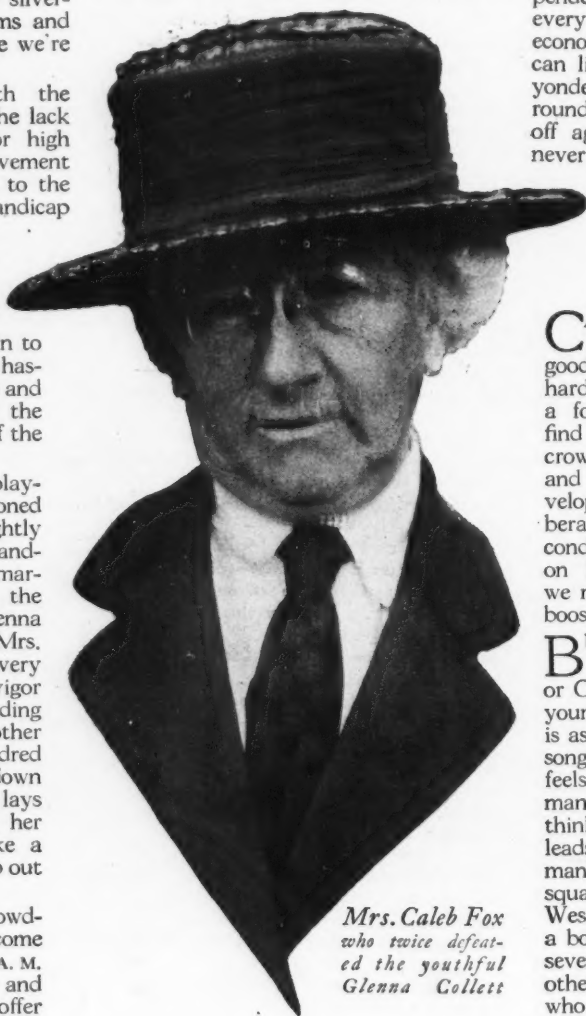
FOR instance: Referring to Florida again—do you know that many of those retired farmers and independent tin-can tourists go South every winter from motives of economy? They figure that they can live almost as cheaply down yonder as they do up here. The round-trip railway fare is a check-off against the coal bill. They never start the base-burner or furnace. They hike for the warm sunshine soon after the first killing frost and come back home when the johnny-jump-ups are in bloom.

CALIFORNIA likewise has become, for a multitude of good people who have worked hard and earned their vacations, a foretaste of Heaven. They find themselves assembled in crowds in a salubrious climate, and the carnival spirit is developed out of a mere exuberance of background and conditions, and old people keep on living forever—at least, if we may believe the Los Angeles boosters.

BUT our maturing compatriots need not go to Florida or California in order to remain young. The doctors say a man is as old as his arteries. An old song says a man is as old as he feels. Experts agree that no man is old until he begins to think in the past. Observation leads us to conclude that the man who keeps his shoulders squared back and walks like a West Point cadet may pass for a boy until he is approximately seventy-eight years of age. Another thing. Any man or woman who feels too senile to sing or dance is a candidate for the

wheel-chair. Old age comes only to those who invoke it.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, in his ninetieth year, is younger than one-half of the freshmen matriculating this fall. My father, when he was eighty-five, played play-ground ball here at the farm and ran the bases. He and J. M. Studebaker for years pitched horse-shoes against a lot of stalwart youngsters under the age of seventy and never were defeated. The only old people today are those unfortunate persons who have kidded themselves into being old.



*Mrs. Caleb Fox  
who twice defeated  
the youthful  
Glenna Collett*

# An ADVENTURE in Humor

By George Jean Nathan

## The Most AMUSING Thing of The Month

I AM a professional seeker after amusement and have been one for the last eighteen years. It is my job; I get paid for it. I have written eight or nine fat volumes on the subject. I have searched out amusement in every country in the world this side of China, and reported upon it for innumerable newspapers and magazines. Six nights of every week I devote to tracking down amusement in the theaters, concert halls, roof gardens and other emporiums of pleasure—in winter in America, in summer in Europe. Six days of every week I devote editorially and otherwise to tracking down amusement in the written word, in caricature, in what not. It is, as I say, my profession, and it has been my profession for almost two decades.

BUT what, you ask, after so gosh-awful a period in harness, can any longer make a dent in so tough a hide? The answer is peculiarly simple—any number of things. In all the eighteen years of hard service in the cause of amusement, not a month has passed that I haven't enjoyed one good, round, honest—and novel—Broddingnagian laugh. This month the laugh has been of one sort, that month of an entirely different sort.

SOMETIMES the laugh has come out of a dinky show shop up some alley; sometimes it has been born right in the middle of the street; sometimes it has got under weigh in a booklet, or a political convention, or a jail, or an advertisement, or a movie, or in Congress. It is my present purpose to describe to you, during the coming months, the noblest slice of amusement that I have been made privy to in each single month—the thing, that is, that has most conspicuously penetrated to the funny-bone of a cynical fellow who has been chasing amusement, at so much per chase, since a man named Charles W. Fairbanks—if you can remember back that far—was Vice-President of the United States.

THE most amusing thing that I have struck in the last thirty days is—a bachelor apartment. This particular bachelor apartment belongs to a friend of mine who has so much money that he gets trigeminal neuralgia of the utmost severity trying to figure out new ways to spend it. This bachelor apartment—it is situated in the east Fifties in New York—is one of the ways. It has now reached the state of perfection for which my friend has assiduously striven for over three years and toward which he has bent all of his quite singular ingenuity. The apartment itself I shall not

describe. It is a gaudy and elaborate hermitage, but in its general outline not especially different from the apartments of other opulent bachelors. It is in the matter of intricate detail that it achieves the month's medal. Consider, for example, its rain-storm.



George  
Jean  
Nathan

THE rain-storm is the invention of my bachelor friend. It has long been his misfortune, he says, that the dull women who come to call on him sit and sit and keep on sitting until he is driven to distraction, and that most of the interesting and charming ones seem almost always to have important engagements that must take them away fifteen or twenty minutes after they have arrived. (Which, after all, is perhaps the experience of most men, rich or poor.) How to persuade the interesting and charming ones to remain longer and divert him with their beauty and amiable chatter was the problem my friend undertook to solve. The rain-storm was the solution.

A LONG the tops of the three high windows that look out from his sitting room my friend has run, in a concealed trough, a four-inch lead pipe the bottom of which is punctured with many holes. This pipe connects with a hydrant in a bathroom at the rear of the apartment. Just over the pipe and above the windows in the same concealed groove he has placed rows of green and amber incandescent bulbs. These are controlled by a graduated switch placed near the hy-

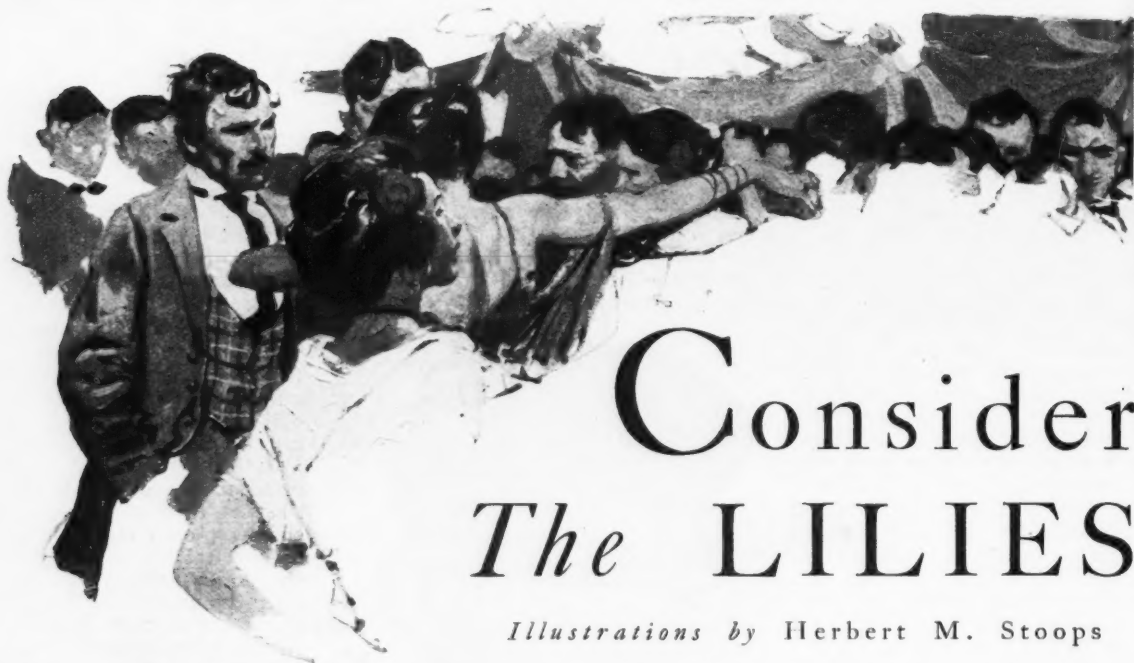
drant. All that is now further needed is a signal button on my friend's favorite armchair in the sitting room.

THE interesting and charming young lady arrives, but alas, she says she can remain only a very short while as she has an engagement to meet So-and-So at the Ritz at five for tea. My friend is sorry, so sorry, but won't she sit down for the short while and make herself comfortable? She will and she does. The moments pass pleasantly. The clock moves on. My friend observes that the fair and interesting creature will soon be gathering up her gloves and vanity paraphernalia and leaving him in miserable solitude. He nonchalantly slides his arm over the side of his chair and presses the button.

GRADUALLY, as his valet in the rear of the apartment obeys the signal and slowly turns on the electric current, the daylight (Continued on page 172)



# The First of the New Stories



## Consider The LILIES

Illustrations by Herbert M. Stoops

**C**LYBOURN AVENUE has a rather elegant sound. There never was a more inelegant thoroughfare. To learn how completely inelegant it is you have but to immerse yourself for one brief dip into that welter and boiling which is the intersection of Clybourn Avenue, Halsted Street and North Avenue, Chicago. The Clybourn Avenue street-cars, flat-wheeled, crash up and down bearing swarthy men with dinner pails and hatless women hugging lumpy brown paper bundles. The three-story flats and the sooty wooden houses lean sociably against butcher shops with unsavory entrails in the windows, drug stores displaying trusses, and furniture emporiums whose taffy-colored bedroom sets are marked in plain dollars and cents. Ninety-eight cents is a favorite figure in Clybourn Avenue.

It isn't a disreputable neighborhood, nor one of poverty. Its residents are, for the most part, foreign-born laborers—a "Hunky" neighborhood, Chicagoans will tell you—by which they mean, in this case, Hungarian. Placards and playbills of the district bristle with strange accent marks and umlauts and distorted words like Budapesti and Chicagoban. So the street was twenty years ago. So it is today except, perhaps, that the front has been clawed out of an occasional butcher shop to disclose the equally sanguine wares of a motion picture palace.

Twenty years ago this Clybourn Avenue, itself none too prim, pronounced Poli Zbado a wild one. By this the neighborhood did not mean that she was a bad girl. She wasn't. What they actually meant—and said—was: "That Zbado's Poli, she's a crazy *tsigane*." When you've said that—on Clybourn Avenue—you've said everything. A *tsigane* is a Hungarian gipsy. And a Hungarian gipsy—well, if you are Hungarian, and live on Clybourn, and have a little *tsigane* blood in you, you do not brag about it. For while everyone knows that the *tsigane* orchestra makes the most bewitching and pulse-stirring music, and that the *tsigane* of comic opera minstrelsy, in velvet pants and vivid sash, is a dashing and popular figure, he is not, by practical people, considered an asset as an ancestor. In fact, the term has come to be an opprobrium: "Crazy as a *tsigane*—thieving as a *tsigane*—wild as a *tsigane*."

The Zbados, as a family, were a hard working, decent enough lot, of the foreign born laboring class, and having no ambition to step out of it. At the age of three Poli had been brought to America by Pa and Ma Zbado from one of that long string of Hungarian hamlets called Három Revuca—the Three Revucas. They brought also other young Zbados of assorted ages, not to mention Grandma Zbado, aged Heaven only knew what. All of them made straight for Clybourn Avenue and a job, and got it—

that is, they all got a job except Poli, of course, who wasn't quite expected to work at the age of three.

In numbers the family was out of all arithmetical proportion to the space it occupied (three rooms, rear). Still, you rarely found them all at home at once; and Poli, that wild one, was practically never home. They all worked and saved and prospered. Pa Zbado, being a mechanic, was employed at a place appropriately designated as "the works." Ma Zbado, naturally, washed and scrubbed in other people's households, her own being administered by Grandma Zbado. All the young Zbados—always excepting Poli—worked. The inevitable roomer worked at night and occupied a Zbado bed in the daytime.

So from morning until night the three rooms were empty—or comparatively empty. Only the roomer snoring hideously in his corner; Grandma Zbado padding heavily about her cooking or washing or scrubbing; and the *al fresco* Poli coming in for an occasional hunk of food. For from three to seventeen—when she married Tony Sebok and became an incredibly settled matron with a respectably shapeless figure and her hair in crimpers—Poli Zbado roamed the streets of Chicago's north side when she should have been at school or at home or at work.

Poli's gipsying was urban, perforce, but it satisfied an urge. Four walls irked her. When a grind-organ appeared in Clybourn Avenue she followed it for miles and was usually restored to an unperturbed family by a harassed looking policeman with scratches on his hands. "There! Take her!" he would say, "and welcome—the little wildcat she is." Poli's shoe-laces would be untied, her black hair stringing all about her gipsy face, and that face a tragicomic mask of Chicago dirt, pilfered food and tears of temper.

In the storm of gutturals that ensued the policeman would make his escape, muttering and nursing his hand. Though the babel in the Zbado kitchen sounded like a riot he was wiser than to call the wagon. Twelve years patrolling the district had taught him that any language composed almost entirely of crowded consonants, with a *c* and a *b* and a *z* actually making up one syllable, is likely to sound explosive when uttered under emotion; and that Ma Zbado, instead of threatening infanticide, as would appear from the sounds she made, was merely saying in maternal Hungarian: "Where have you been, you little bum, you! You crazy gipsy! Look at your clothes! Sit down, now, and eat your supper."

If the motion picture had obtained in Poli's childhood she might have found vicarious relief in witnessing the perils and escapes of its celluloid heroines. But the best that Clybourn Avenue of twenty years ago had to offer her was a Barker selling his wares under a street corner gas flare. Perhaps he had nothing more romantic to sell than a polisher for pots, pans and sink

# By EDNA FERBER

## A Story of Chicago— and Roads West

faucets. But Poli would press eagerly into the circle surrounding this leisurely-talking, confident stranger.

"It will not scratch"—pause—"rub"—pause—"or wash off. Re-moves vurdygreeze."

Poli would stare unblinkingly at the glitter of the gas flare on his wares. She would finger the little bottles with their strange colored liquids, and the bits of shining metal. "Kindly put that down, young lady, unless you intend to purchase." Poli would make a horrible face at him, but stand her ground until he moved on. Purchasing was far from her desire or power. The wares themselves did not interest her, except as color, as magic. That which fascinated her was the mystery and impermanency of the whole nomadic outfit—man, cart, gas flare, stock in trade. Here tonight and gone tomorrow. Another street corner, another crowd, another town, perhaps. That was the life.

Of all the decent, hard working Hungarian household the old grandmother crone at one end and the little witch Poli at the other were the outlaws. For Grandma Zbado had her memories, and these, confided to Poli alone, probably had much to do with that one's nomadism. Clybourn Avenue did not exist for the old woman slip-slapping about the crowded flat. Street-cars, policemen, plumbing, gas-light, hot and cold water, meat wrapped in brown paper parcels, pay checks brought home on Saturday night—what meaning had these for her who had known broad moors; purple mountains; copper-bronze bodies in the campfire light; wooden huts against a sheltering rock; blood-red berries plucked off a thorny hedge; slumber in a copse of young birch trees that were like slender maidens with long floating hair swaying in the breeze!



At seventeen Poli met Tony at a Hungarian dance. Tony was a catch if ever there was one.

She could have told you of one gipsy girl who had married a young Slovak and who had run away from his house to sleep in the woods. Sometimes she used strange words: *Vagda*; *Gako*; Velvet Georgie.

"Tell me how they made the bear learn to dance," Poli would command. Grandma Zbado would push the little black shawl back from her head, champ her old gums and begin:

"To make him learn to dance they put the young bear on a thin piece of iron that was hot. Hot! Then on the fiddle the *tzigane* would play music. Music like this—*zoom—zoom—zoom*—like you would keep time with heavy beats. The sheet of iron is very hot and the bear lifts his legs, first one leg high and then the other because of the heat. And always he is hearing the time marked by the music, though he does not know this. But afterward, whenever he hears the *tzigane* begin to play that tune on the fiddle, the bear remembers the hot iron and he lifts his feet, first one and then the other. So he is the dancing bear."

Poli's dark face would glow, little savage that she was. "That's fine! And now the toads."

"Oh, the toads! Well, when there is a fair in a village the *tzigane* comes because he has something to sell. He has a donkey, maybe, to sell. So he puts down the donkey's throat live toads. They move and jump around in his stomach and give him a fever, so that the donkey leaps around and looks lively and quick and the *tzigane* sells him for much money."

In Poli there stirred a vague consciousness of things she had never seen; smells she had never smelled; dark faces gleaming

A new Romany  
band they were,  
seeking cool  
lands in summer,  
warmlands  
in winter.



around a campfire; the tinkle of armlets; the stamp of horses' hoofs on sod; the tantalizing savour of strange messes stewing in a great black pot.

Poli went to school, of course. She was likeliest to play truant on those October days when the pungent scent of burning leaves was in the air. The other small girls of the Hunky neighborhood submitted graciously to the Anglicization of their names—urged it, even. So Bortscha became Bessie, Sari became Sarah, and Zsuzsi answered to Susie. But when the teacher said, smugly, "Poli? Uh-um—that's Pauline, isn't it? Pauline. Yes"—Poli would rise up, her shameless little skirts switching, her chin thrust forward, her dusky face blazing with the scarlet of resentment. In her thick tongue she mimicked as best she could the teacher's mincing speech.

"Paw-leen! Paw-leen! Naw! Me Poli! Poli Z-z-zbado!" She spat it out. Thumped her chest.

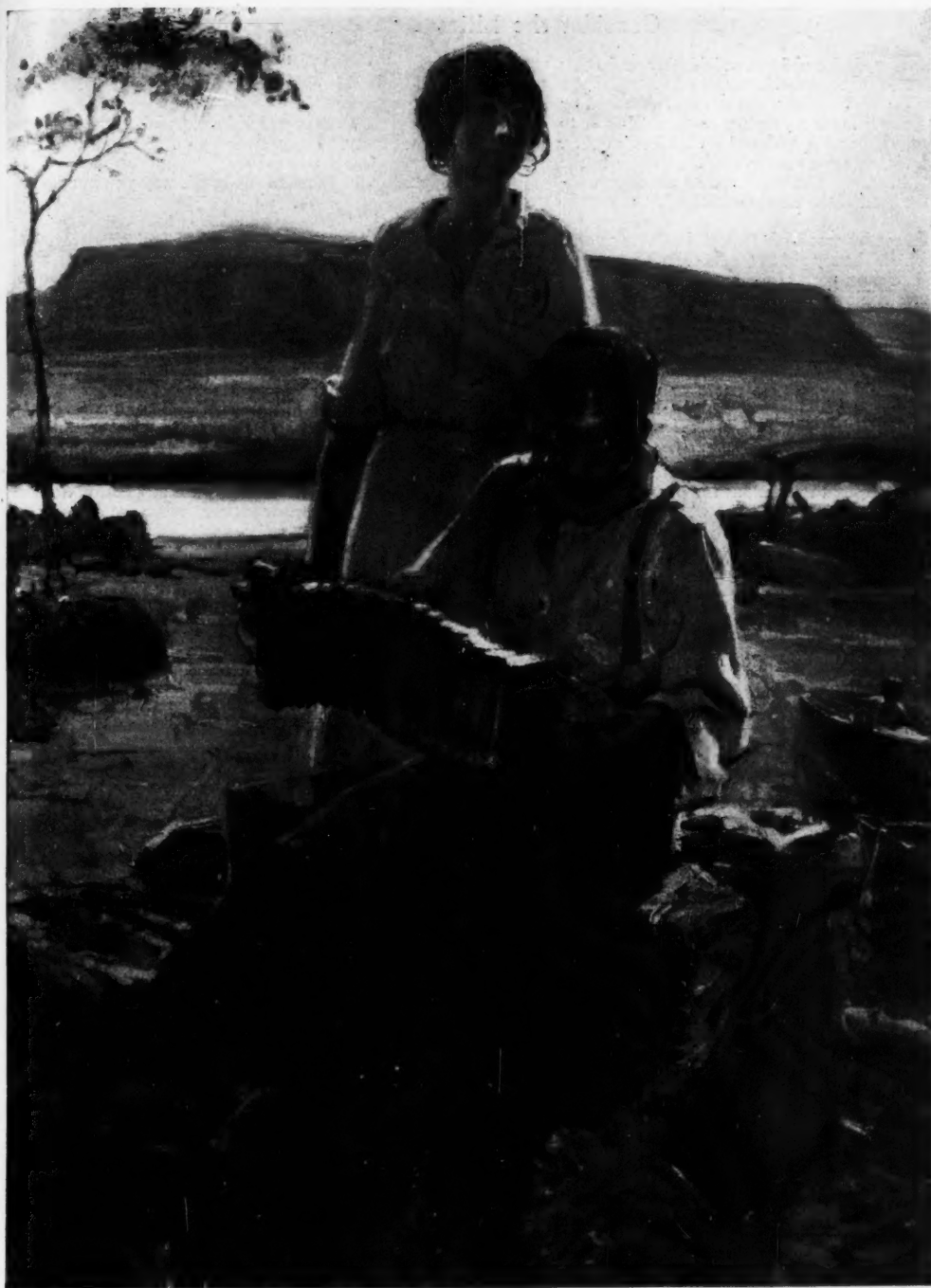
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By the time she was sixteen Poli had had twenty jobs and twenty beaus and had been faithful to none of them. The truth was she wanted neither a job nor a husband. If she had been the modern girl of today she would have talked largely about freedom and self-expression and the development of the individual. But what she said, surveying her family's dutiful treadmill, was: "What do I want to work for all the time, or tie up to some mar and work for him! Say, I want to—I want to—" The thing she wanted was so vague and yet so definite, so simple and yet so vastly unobtainable, that she herself could not name it. Fields. Skies. Distance. Travel. Freedom.

"Yeh, you want—you want!" scolded Ma Zbado, and quite properly. "You don't know what you want, crazy *tsigane*, you."

Poli's jobs had ranged all the way from factory to housework. Her suitors were, surprisingly enough—or perhaps not so surprisingly—rather mild young Magyars. Their wooings followed





Poli: Is better as  
working, huh?  
Tony: I betcha.  
Poli: We don't  
work no more,  
huh?

the conventional pattern of the district—a quick grab and a quick rough kiss on the part of the gentleman. A quicker slap from Poli. The slap did not necessarily signify anger on the part of the lady. It was little more than a polite and customary maidenly gesture. But Poli usually meant it and thus put more real vigor into it than the offender considered quite ethical. He would smile the uncertain smile of surprise and real pain; his eyes smarting, he would bring one calloused palm up to the tingling cheek. “Je’s! Say, what you think! Crazy, you! A wild *tziganel*!”

“Hunky!” Poli would retort, none too elegantly.

Even a beauty must handle her suitors more graciously than that; and Poli was no beauty. With her swarthy skin and her straight black hair she was not considered handsome even by her male admirers; but she had about her a sparkle, a zest, an impudent liveliness. She traveled on a wave of buoyancy and carried you with her. The flesh under her finger nails was dark,

with a lavender tint in it. Her cheek-bones were high, and the exaggerated socket made a setting that enhanced the catlike gleam of her eyes. The skin of her arms and throat, though dusky, was smooth and had a sort of dull sheen to it like that of a damson plum. You wanted to touch it. You did touch it and got a stinging slap. It was freely predicted by her family, her friends and her enemies—all numerous—that Poli Zbado would come to a bad end. Always running the streets, going to fortune-tellers. A loafer. Always talking about the country. Who wanted to see the country? You could see enough of it if you went northwest from Clybourn just a half-hour’s ride on the street-car. Prairie and prairie enough to make you sick.

At seventeen Poli met Tony Sebok at a Hungarian dance at Prudential Hall. She was wearing a good many red and green jeweled sidecombs in her hair and a pink dress of a shade to bung your eyes out. Tony Sebok was older than Poli by ten years.

He had a walrus mustache, dark and fierce and dashing, and a pale blue satin necktie and a bright blue suit, and was altogether a male figure to please the feminine eye. All this was enhanced by the fact that Tony himself made no further noticeable effort to win the girls to him. He was a widower. Childless. Sober. Industrious, dependable, an expert mechanic lately come to the neighborhood from Pittsburgh and commanding a weekly wage larger than that of the head of the Zbado household. A catch, if ever there was one.

The luck of the unworthy was with Poli. The thing was so simple as to be elemental. Every girl in the hall learned that the widower's late wife had been pretty, gentle, quiet and virtuous and that he of the mustachios mourned her sincerely. So every girl in the hall at once set about being a pattern of all that was pretty, gentle, quiet and virtuous. All, that is, except Poli. In her red and green sidecombs and her lurid pink dress she bounced and danced and laughed and pushed the boys about and was pushed about by them. She danced the *csardas* with such stampings and twirlings and clappings as to make the others in the group look like frozen figures on a Greek vase. The scarlet glowd beneath the dusk of her cheeks, her eyes snapped, her coarse hair blew all about. The eyes of the bereaved one followed the pink figure all around the hall, as the pink figure was very well aware.

When finally they came together she called him Old Stick-in-the-Mud, in which she was quite justified considering that two weeks passed by before he kissed her for the first time. Poli was by then so worn with waiting that she barely had the spirit or good manners left to slap him. She just managed it, but you could see that her heart wasn't in it. He caught the hand that had slapped him, twisted it until she cried out in pain, pulled her to him and kissed her again. It was love, all right, this time.

"You got to save," said Tony, in exposition of his code of life, "and work, and get ahead and bring up your family right."

"Sure," agreed Poli, made unbelievably meek by love. "Sure. That's how I always say."

They were married the following spring, and Poli Zbado, the wild one—the crazy *zigane*—became Mrs. Tony Sebok, plump of figure, deft of hand, neat of hair, and settled down for twenty years. They took a little rear flat on North Avenue and prospered. You never would have suspected Poli Zbado in this comfortable matron who went marketing in the morning like the other wives of the neighborhood in an overall apron, shoes run down at heel and hair in crimpers. Poli turned out to be a surprisingly excellent though haphazard cook. She was the kind who could "throw things in" and they came out right. Both she and Tony liked hot spicy stewed messes—chicken or beef with plenty of tomatoes and peppers and paprika and onion.

Punctuality was not one of Poli's virtues and they quarreled a good deal about her lack of it. When Tony came home from the works at night he was as likely as not to find his evening meal still to be made. But when finally Poli did dump it deftly from pot to dish and from dish to plate it was pretty sure to be hot, stimulating, savoury. Tony's mustachios would emerge dripping from bowl or cup. A sibilant indrawing of the breath. "Is good," he would say.

"Yeh? Then for why you make such a holler?" But into her face would flash that old sparkle for a moment. That she still could manage a sparkle of any kind was proof that the fire in Poli, though smothered and banked for the moment by household and husband and children—three living and one dead—was an enduring flame.

They quarreled regularly and spiritedly enough, these two, to keep life from being too even and dull. They quarreled and loved and had their children and lived the existence of the American laboring class, which is the most luxurious of any similar class in the world. Phonograph, piano, pork roast, ice cream cones, movies, white kid shoes, silk shirts, cigars, chewing gum, plush furniture, electric lights.

At intervals Poli had fits of sullen temper, of restlessness. At such times she and Tony were most likely to quarrel. If Poli had belonged to another class she might have said, "You don't understand me!" Instead, she would go slamming and banging about the house, slapping the children smartly, snapping at Tony, bickering with the neighbors, setting the whole household by the ears with a whirlwind of scrubbing and dusting and polishing, or sitting moodily in a corner refusing to talk to any of them.

Tony, bewildered, would say, "What's eatin' you, anyway! Act like a looney." They spoke English now, or American, interlarded with pungent slang picked up from the children.

"Looney yourself. Might as well be dead, married to you. Settin' aroind all the time like a lump. Never go anywheres."

"Yeh, you always got to be running. Run—run—that's you. Never set still a minute. I come home tired, see? You laying around the house all day."

"You should of ought to of married a old stick-in-the-mud like you. They was plenty. I didn't want you. Slapped your face good the first time you come near me."

"Yeh, slapped! Liked to choked me the way you hung on to me."

"Wished I had of."

But they loved each other with the inarticulateness of their kind, and their very dissimilarity made an indissoluble bond between them long after their first passion had died. Following a quarrel such as this he would sit on the back porch or on the sidewalk in his stocking feet, smoking his evil smelling pipe and spitting in a geometrical semicircle. She would run out into the neighborhood somewhere and return late, to slam doors, bang bureau drawers, rattle pans maddeningly. Or she would dress next day in her white kid shoes, her satin hat and her lace waist and take the street-car down-town, there to worm her way, perspiring, in and out of the crowded, odoriferous cheap stores on the wrong side of State Street, buying a sack of candy from the pile on the counter, eating a soda at the fountain, grabbing at remnants and ribbons and tumbled feathers and cotton flowers. She did not enjoy going down-town, but when she came home something in her seemed to have been satisfied. She would take off her unaccustomed corsets, get into roomy apron and slippers and serve Tony, on his arrival, a supper hot, appetizing, ample.

When first they were married, "Work, work!" she would sometimes say. "Person'd think that was all they was to living, just work, the way you and me do."

"Well, what else should you do! Work and save and bring up your kids right, that's the way, ain't it?"

The street-cars roared and clanged by the house. The myriad street noises beat on the walls. Brick and stone.

"No, it ain't."

"Well, what is, then?"

"Oh, I dunno! Leave me alone, can't you!"

The four children had come with mathematical precision, one year apart. And Poli was twenty—she was twenty-five—she was thirty. Tony Sebok became a master mechanic. Seventy-seven cents an hour and time and a half for overtime. They had money in the bank on Halsted Street, and insurance papers. When georgette blouses trimmed with beads were shown in the Halsted department store Poli dripped beads like an Undine.

Tony had a chance to go into the Illinois Central train shops, on the far south side, at an increase in wage. The district was known as Burnside and the prairies stretched all about. Sometimes you could not see a house for a mile. Then there would be a little cluster of workmen's cottages. They built a little staring red excrescence of a bungalow that squatted in the midst of the open prairie. The two girls, Pauline and Emmy, and the boy, Louie, accustomed to the clangor of the crowded city streets, complained of the loneliness and threatened to leave home. Even Tony himself had a rather lost and wistful look, evenings, when the crickets were chorusing in the rank weeds and the clouds hung so low that sky and prairie seemed to be closing in all about them. But Poli was gayer than she had been in years. She snatched at any excuse to be out-of-doors. She used to stand on the neat little front porch staring out at the west where earth and sky met.

Tony, his stockinged feet on the porch rail, his pipe in his mouth, would regard her amusedly. "What you gawpin' at?"

"Huh? Oh, nothing. I was just wondering could you walk out to there where it's like a line coming together. I bet it's swell there."

"There! You talk crazy. There ain't nothing there only what's here. It's just like here."

"Yeh, what do you know! To the works and back, that's all you go."

There was a goodish tract of land behind the house which they used as a vegetable garden, but Poli worked there as little as possible. She was impatient of the weeding and hoeing and spading. Tony tended it evenings, after supper, or one of the children worked at it desultorily. Sometimes, on Sunday, they had a picnic. Poli was a picnic addict. She had always loved eating out-of-doors. She never seemed to mind the work lugging the baskets and boxes of food on and off the crowded street-cars and dragging them through the park to a shady cool spot. You saw her with Tony on summer Sunday afternoons with their own children and probably part of a neighbor's brood sprawled untidily on the grass in Jackson Park. Poli enjoyed these affairs



Her eyes gleamed catlike. It was Poli, reverted to type. "Out!" said Tony to the unknown woman.

enormously. She would spread her plump person on the ground and produce the viands and they would eat endlessly of the good food. Once or twice they had built a fire on the beach and had had hot "wieners" and corn and potatoes. Poli had been strangely exhilarated and gay.

She was thirty-five. She was nearing forty. It was incredible that twenty years could go whizzing by like that; that the bold black-haired girl in the crude pink dress that bunged your eye out was this stout, comfortable wife in a stylish ready-made dress and eight dollar hat. Louie, the boy, was engine-wise, like his father. But no works for him. He drove a truck like a god in a juggernaut, sounding the siren devilishly in the ears of nervous and affrighted pedestrians, cutting out the muffler, swinging

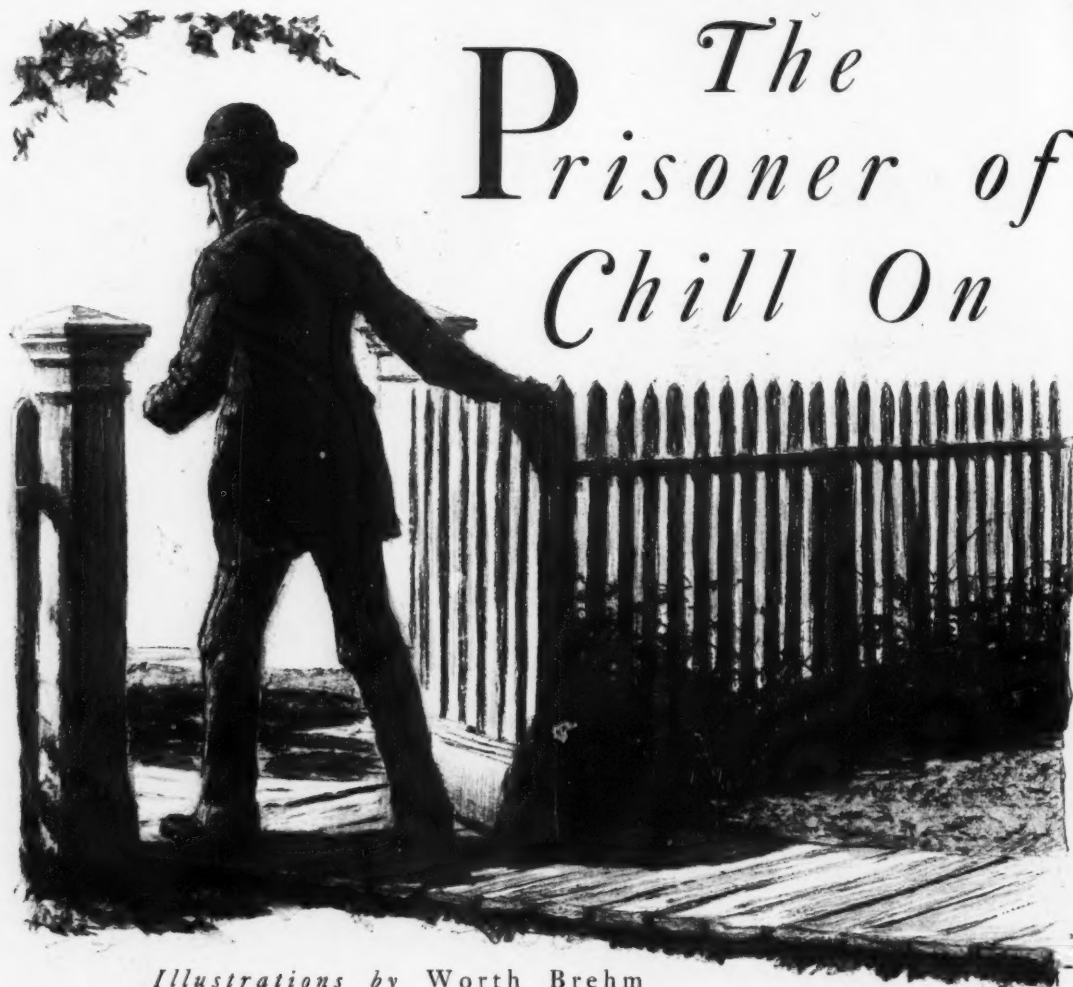
around corners in a death-defying curve, bawling at a traffic policeman who had reprimanded him. Louie was amazingly slim and hard and tough, but not bad. No walrus mustachios for him. A shave twice over to the blue. High belted suits evenings and Sundays, tan shoes, and a long-visored cap that came rakishly down over the eyes. He fooled around with ma; came into the kitchen to filch food from pot or pan or pantry, stamped, whistled, sang, slammed out of the house. Poli pretended to scold him, but she liked it, and adored him. He had a girl, and would marry any day, any hour. She had never seen the girl.

Pauline and Emmy married within six months of each other. Their wooing had been carried on comfortably in the warm, snug, dark intimacy of the motion picture (Continued on page 138)



# GOING ON FOURTEEN

## The Prisoner of Chill On



Illustrations by Worth Brehm

WHERE he sat Mr. Ferguson could see numerous examples, all simultaneously provided by the little gods of coincidence, to square with the very point which at this moment he was turning over in his mind. The prospect fairly abounded in them. Just over the way, the Rogers's new setter pup dragged its tether back and forth beneath the wire on which the tether was threaded. The restlessness of puppyhood bade the creature to romp and to ramble; the device by which it was controlled held it in definite bounds; yet in its aimless gambolings over the prescribed beat the pup seemed quite content.

Next door, on the Housers' front porch, the youngest Houser baby crawled, a happy occupant, inside the penned enclosure which fenced it off from the dangerous proximity of the unguarded front steps, while, down on the earth, the next to the youngest Houser baby tugged against a leathern harness adorned with sleigh-bells on the breast strap and fitted with guiding reins. A half grown colored girl, officiating as nursemaid, held these reins, thus serving the double purpose of keeping the youngster upright on his unsteady pins and of letting him play at being a frolicsome horsie as he staggered to and fro across the grass plot. The infants of the race, the pup that some day would be a dog, already were accepting the restraints which made for a safe and ordered civilization.

Adult proofs were likewise provided. Along the street men of Mr. Ferguson's acquaintance stepped briskly to business, obeying the universal laws of duty and responsibility; the boards which drew them onward might be invisible to the eye,

but still were strong as steel. An occasional team passed, the drivers intent on their errands, the attendant teams without rebellion drawing the burdens to which they were snaffled and strapped. All visible living things answered the call of compulsion. Why, then, was his home an exception to the common rule for man and beast and nursling? Why was it that instead of joining that passing pilgrimage of his fellow bread-winners he must, on so fine an October morning, spend valued time to wrestle with this problem which baffled him and upset the domestic economies of the household?

"I declare to goodness gracious I don't know what we are going to do about that boy!" It was Mrs. Ferguson, speaking despairfully and rocking hard in a porch chair just behind him.

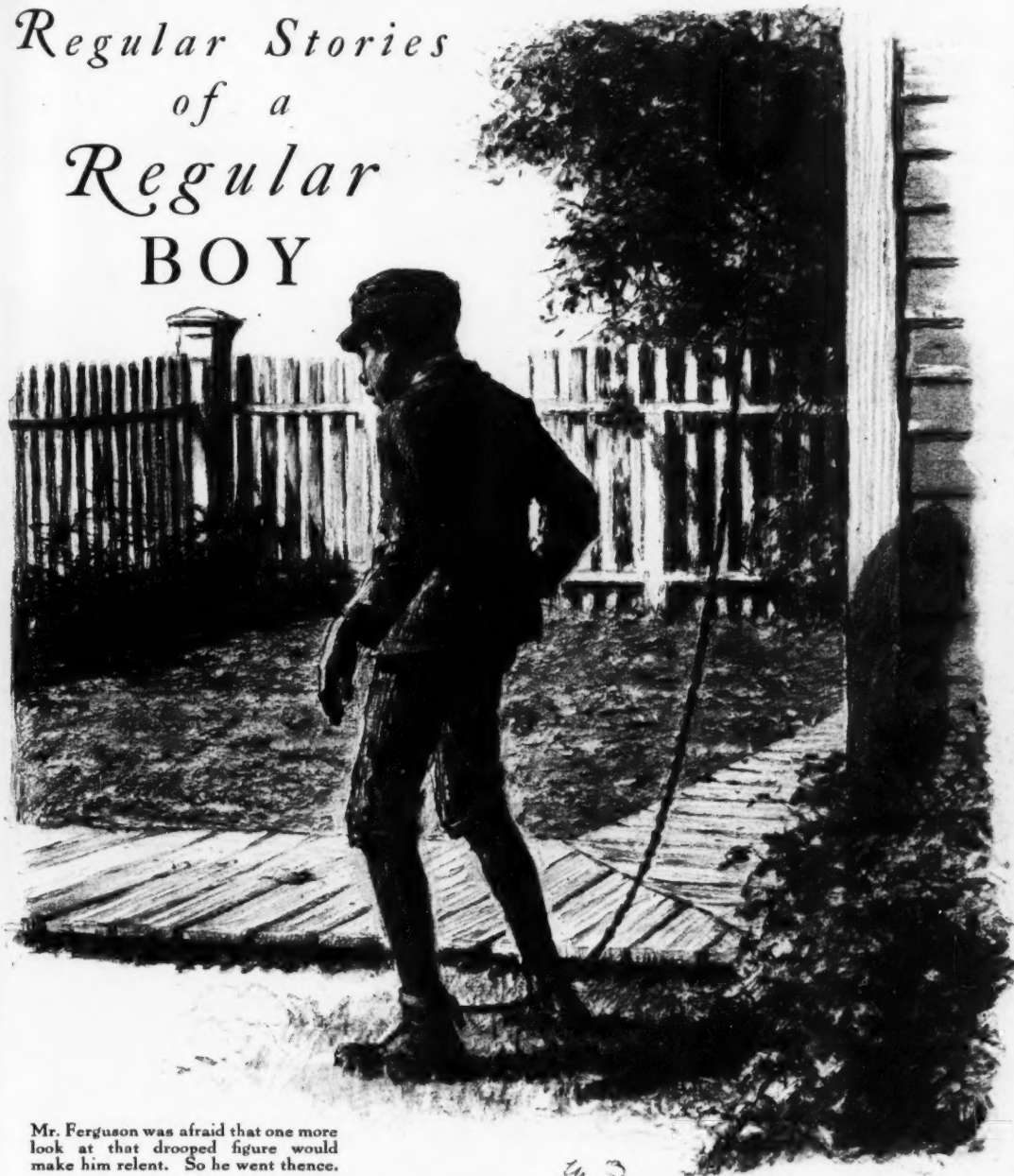
"Yes, Grace, you've said that same thing at least a dozen times inside the last half-hour," answered Mr. Ferguson.

"All right, then, what are you going to do about him?"

"I don't know," confessed Mr. Ferguson, with hopelessness. "Honestly, I don't know. Whippings don't seem to do any good, nor scoldings either. You've scolded until you were worn out and I've larruped him until I'm ashamed of myself. For a grown man to be forever licking a boy, even if the boy is his own son, always seemed to me a cruel sort of a performance, at best. Some parents may not think so, but I do. And yet, by heavens, before the seat of his pants gets cooled off from the last licking he had, he's looking for another chance. How many times does this make since spring—eight or nine? Or is it ten? There must be a strain of gipsy blood somewhere back in him!"

# IRVIN S. COBB'S

## *Regular Stories* of a *Regular* BOY



Mr. Ferguson was afraid that one more look at that drooped figure would make him relent. So he went thence.

"Not on my side of the family there isn't—I'll say that much," countered Mrs. Ferguson with spirit. "Eli Ferguson, if you're trying to intimate, merely because my poor Uncle Henry Templeton had sort of a restless disposition, that—"

"Grace, I'm not trying to intimate anything. I'm only trying to figure out a way to cure the boy of what ails him. I don't want to be a petty tyrant around my own house; I don't want to make my own son afraid of me. I only want to find out some scheme, short of half killing him, to break up this running-away mania of his. Talking doesn't help—we've found that out; ordinary punishments don't help. This last time has just naturally got to be the last time, that's all—scaring you half to death and keeping me up all night hunting for him when I need my rest if I'm going to be able to earn a living for this family. There must be something we haven't tried—but I don't know what it is!" He groaned despondently,

his sleepy eyes mechanically scanning those evidences of a prevalent discipline already cited. For him there almost was mockery in them.

To his inattentive ears came dimly, as from a long distance, the voice of his wife, repeating what already had been gone over more than once at breakfast: "Off he'll start for school, looking as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and the next thing you know his teacher is sending a note home to say he hasn't been there at all and is he sick or something? Goodness knows, playing hookey until he gets so many truancy marks that they've threatened, I don't know how often, to expel him, is bad enough. But goodness knows it's ten times worse when school is let out on account of this epidemic of measles around town, and I'm afraid to let the children off the place for fear of their catching it, and keeping asafetida bags around their necks and dosing them night and morning and



Within the tent Bubber elaborated on the series of misdeeds which had brought him to his present

everything; and then, no sooner is my back turned for a minute than he slips off. And doesn't come in for dinner, and doesn't come in for supper, and by bedtime I'm almost distracted, imagining all sorts of things, because he's never been gone a whole night before, and finally at daylight this morning when I'm nearly out of my head from anxiety and you've notified the police, and in my mind I can see them dragging the river, and then where do they find him? Away up yonder seventeen miles away——"

"Seven," said Mr. Ferguson absently, but with a trained business man's instinct for accuracy in quoted figures.

"Well, seven, then; I'm sure seven is just as bad as seventeen. Away up yonder at Lawton's Bluff sound asleep in that horrible old shanty-boater's bed, running the risk of catching I don't know what."

"But you burned his clothes, didn't you, mommer? And you scrubbed him all over with that funny smelling green soap, didn't you, mommer?" Seven-year-old Alice, the sister of the criminal, spoke up where she was snuggled against her mother's skirts. "You even scrubbed his head, didn't you, mommer, didn't you?"

"Thank goodness he still had on his asafetida bag!" Mrs. Ferguson was continuing the familiar recital as though there had been no interruption. "That's one thing, at least, I have to be grateful for. But just the mere thought of a child of mine staying all night in that horrible old man's den——"

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"Hold on, Grace," said Mr. Ferguson, "that shanty-boater wasn't a bad fellow at all. He gave the kid shelter, anyhow."

"Didn't I see him with my own eyes when he came back here with you, bringing Ernie?" demanded Mrs. Ferguson. "Wasn't he smoking the rankest old corncob pipe that ever I smelt in my life? Didn't his neck and ears look as though they hadn't been touched with a wash-rag in a month of Sundays? Didn't he have those terrible old whiskers all over his face? Didn't——"

Suddenly Mr. Ferguson stood up; there was intent in the movement, and his mouth had set in determined lines.

"Grace," he said, "seems to me I heard you saying only yesterday that you felt as if you'd been neglecting your Aunt Lottie out at Massac. Well, this looks to me like a good day for you to go out to see her. I want you to start right away and take Alice along with you. Alice, child, run around back to the stable and tell Ike to hook up Chinkapin to the surrey."

"Oh, goodie, goodie!" The daughter wriggled out from under her mother's elbow. "Mommer, can I drive part of the way? Mommer, can I?"

"Hold on a second, Alice," said her father. "Tell Ike that as soon as he's done that I want him to go down to the——to one of the stores to get something for me. Tell him to hurry, now. And stop by the kitchen and tell Diana that you-all won't be here for dinner and that supper tonight'll be late. I don't want to see you two coming back until late this evening—not until nearly dark." He was speaking to his wife now.





enviable place of eminence in the public mind.

"You can have a nice quiet time out there in the country, Grace, and take a good long nap, too. Go ahead on in the house and get ready to start, please."

Mrs. Ferguson arose, but fluttered in a spell of indecision.

"Goodness knows I've been promising myself for the longest time to spend a whole day with Auntie," she said, "but—but, Eli, what are you going to do about Ernie? You're not fixing to stay here all day with him, are you?"

"Me? I should say not! I've got my work to do; there's probably somebody waiting down-town right this minute to see me. And you needn't worry about Ernie, either—I'll guarantee you that for once, anyhow, he won't go straying off the place."

"Ye-es, but you can't leave him locked up alone all day upstairs? It isn't—well, humane. And besides, suppose the house should catch on fire and burn down or something else dreadful like that!"

"I'm not going to leave him all day in that room, either. I've got a nice little plan I'm going to try on that young gentleman."

"But, honey, I'm so afraid you'll do something drastic. Ernie isn't a bad boy at all, except in just this one respect. Maybe if I went up and talked with him—maybe if you talked with him again, maybe—"

"Grace, will you please quit making useless suggestions and do what I've asked you to do—and do it right off? I don't want you round here wasting sympathy on that boy and getting yourself all worked up to boot. This looks like a man's job

to me and I'm going to put it through without interference from anybody."

"But what are you going to do to him? Surely, Eli, I'm entitled to know that much?"

"Sorry; I don't agree with you. I'll tell you this much, though, if it's going to be any comfort to you—I'm through with licking him. I'm not going to lay my hand on him—to hurt him. What I'll do will be strictly for his own good; you appreciate that, don't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Now just run along like a sane creature and be ready to put out for Messac as soon as the rig comes around front here."

They hadn't been married nearly fifteen years for nothing; this lady knew her husband, mood and tense. She went, consumed, though, with feminine curiosity and quick with a maternal and therefore an utterly unreasoning pity for her offending first-born, which also was very feminine.

To Master Ernest Ferguson, victim of the wanderlust, and at this moment an uneasy prisoner, certain noises presently filtered in through the windows of the top-floor bedroom which was the place of his confinement. He heard wheels turning on the graveled driveway at the other side of the house; this would mean somebody was going somewhere in the family pleasure vehicle. A little later there arose at the rear the distant sound of a metallic pounding.

That, undoubtedly, would be his father tinkering at something in his private workshop at the far end of the kitchen wing. His father was deft with his hands and loved to mend old things and to make new ones. He had a forge out there and a lathe and all manner of fascinating tools which no one else, on pain of death, might meddle with. But why was his father hammering away at home on a week-day when, by rights, he should have been at his office hours before?

Time, you see, was dragging for the incarcerated one. Time must drag when one is in the solitary cell awaiting the infliction of the penalty for one's transgressions. Understand, though, that this particular inmate was not deeply remorseful for what he had done. He merely was apprehensively speculating as to the nature of the impending punitive measures. One circumstanced as he was, and one, moreover, who is clad in but a single garment and that garment a nightshirt of a thinnish material, has cause to dread the very possible worst.

He perched on a chair, nursing a bare knee between his interlaced fingers. The clinking sound at the back was stilled. It seemed to have transferred itself, though, to some more remote spot beyond the farther wall of his prison house; very thinly, indeed, he could hear it. But for it he had lost what passing interest he might originally have had; darkling thoughts concerned him. It must be long past dinner-time now. Was slow starvation

be getting along toward night. Was slow starvation to be his doom? As a matter of fact the hour was eleven forty A.M.

The bolt on the outer side of the door was drawn with a snick. With a nervous start the captive got on his feet, his naked toes wriggling. His father stood in the door opening. He entered and on the rumpled bed deposited a bundle.

"Here's your other suit," he said, "and a clean shirtwaist, and your shoes and stockings—put them on." He waited in a portentous silence until the culprit was clothed. "Here's your cap, too," he said then, and produced it from his pocket. "Now then, young man, you come along with me. We aren't going very far—only as far as the front yard. But first we'll stop downstairs while Diana gives you something to eat; it's almost dinner-time anyhow. I told her to fix up an early snack for you. I'll get a bite down-town somewhere."

The front yard? That prospect seemed not at all foreboding. It was his father's way of saying it—so grimly and with a studied emphasis on the words—which gave the delinquent little fluttering sensations down inside of him. And there was the unusual emptiness of the house when they had descended. And then, to top all, there was this unaccountable derangement of the regular domestic routine; the noonday meal was the principal meal of the day in this home, as in all properly organized homes of this town.

Meekly enough, and saying not a word, he went along, though. Where dishes were spread on a corner of the dining room table

he gulped at the cold food, his father waiting, meanwhile, in an ominous silence; then followed his father on out into the balmy October sunshine, where maples blazed red and hickories were gilded yellow and the painted leaves came floating down through a golden haze.

But the boy, blinking in the clear light, had no eye for Indian summer's flaunting regalia. Still meek, still mute, but with a horrid numbed, sunken feeling at the pit of his stomach, as a sudden realization came touching on the nature of the unutterable thing which was to be visited upon him, he yielded himself to the inevitable, obeying commands to halt on a certain spot and to stand still.

His jailer, who had knelt on the grass, stood up and brushed his knees, then fell back a pace or two, at the same time slipping into a trousers pocket a key which had just served a fell and a dreadful purpose.

"Now then," he said, "I reckon it would take a blacksmith to get you out of that."

This relentless parent spoke truly. For his offspring's left leg at its slimmest diameter was now encircled by a shining band or cuff, fashioned of new strap iron, an inch or so in width; it was light but strong, it fitted snugly but not tightly over the lower shank; it was so neatly made that, worn for pleasure, it might actually have been called ornamental. On its inner side it was made fast, through slot and hasp, with a small stout padlock which dangled against the wearer's ankle-joint like a sort of penitential decoration, and from a clevis riveted to its outer curve there led a bright strong chain ten feet long, which at the opposite end was ringed about a three-ply length of telegraph wires.

These wires, tightly twisted together to form a tripled strand, stretched tautly at a height of perhaps seven feet above the earth from a shackle-bolt screwed into a corner post of the house slantwise across the yard to a slenderish maple tree some twenty yards away, near the front fence, being here wound about the tree bole at the level of a lower bough and made secure with many twistings and with staples driven deep into the living wood. When Mr. Ferguson worked in metals his thoroughness was professional; in this undertaking he had, for reasons, taken pains to be especially thorough.

"Yes, my son," he said, contemplating his handiwork with an ironic satisfaction, "here you are and here you'll stay, I'll bet something on that. You can have the benefit of breathing a lot of this nice fresh air and you can get plenty of healthful exercise, too; there's nothing to heed you if you want to walk or run along under this wire. And when you get tired, why, you can sit down on the ground and rest yourself. But, as you will observe, there's no place for you to hide. That's the main point—you can't possibly get out of sight. Everybody who goes along the street is bound to see you and everybody will stop and look at the boy who's hitched on a leash like Mr. Rogers's puppy across the street yonder. You can even play if you want to. But I figure you'll do your playing alone. I figure there's not another boy in this whole town who'd be caught playing with a boy who has to be chained up to keep him from running away . . . Well, I guess you're already wondering, aren't you, how long you're going to be kept out here this way?"

With his chin on his chest the forlorn and still stupefied captive nodded dumbly.

"Until you learn not to run away any more—that's how long. You're to be left here just as you are now until I get home tonight. I'll take you in then, but tomorrow morning, bright and early, out you come again; and right here you stay, every day and all day from now on, until you're cured of what ails you. Sounds like a hard remedy; eh, son? Well, maybe so, but it's a hard disease you're suffering from. Good-by."

He turned and went away. Involuntarily his victim tried to follow him. There was a slithering sound as the ring ran along the trolley overhead, a sprightly jingling and clinking of iron links, and then a jerk as the prisoner was brought up short, with his gyved ankle drawn into the air and held suspended. Mr. Ferguson heard it all, but Mr. Ferguson did not glance back; he was no stern Spartan, but merely a harassed and desperate business man. He was afraid that one more look at that stunned, woe-begone face, at that drooped and stricken figure, might make him relent of his design. So he went thence and the convict, tugging spasmodically at his bonds, was left alone.

No, not entirely alone, either. For, venturing to lift his shamed head, he was aware that Diana, the black cook, and like, her husband and vassal, were peering at him from around a rear corner of the house. There was a thrilled and a morbid

stare, with perhaps a gleam of compassion in it, too, but he seemed to read in their eyes only gloating.

As swiftly as was possible, considering his handicap, he ran in the diagonal direction for so far as he could go and huddled behind the insufficient shelter of the guardian trunk which marked the more distant terminal of his range; then immediately unhuddled himself and hastened back over the same route he just had traveled. For pedestrians were drawing nigh. Did he tarry alongside the tree or near it, these approaching persons hardly could fail to take note of his fettered state. Better a familiar audience of two than a strange and jeering audience of many.

Burning all over with humiliation and horror, with his mind in a confused flutter, he backed himself to the wall, covering with his slim body as much of the pendent chain as he could cover, and there, for a space, he remained, all the while gazing at a point straight ahead of him, with the assumed air of being very deeply concerned over some absorbing inner topic. So the first of the passers-by, such of them as chanced to glance his way, saw only a small boy plastered flat against the side of a house, his legs buried half-way to the knees in a border of low shrubbery and his head tucked down, seemingly immersed in philosophical speculation. If any among them was moved to wonder at the marvel of a small boy remaining stationary and quiet for minutes on end, still none was sufficiently excited to investigate a thing so unusual as almost to be unprecedented. They went on about their several affairs and he was advised of their departure by the diminishing thud of footsteps on the wooden sidewalk beyond. Shortly thereafter the servants likewise withdrew themselves; he breathed just a trifle easier.

But presently, on the heels of these others, arrived one whose chief pleasure in life was to inquire into things. Effects he created, results he obtained, but at his age one's mission was to seek out prime causes. He hurried along, rejoicing in the present freedom of a second vacation when ordinarily school would have claimed his reluctant attendance, and thankful for measles abroad in the community so long as they spared him. From the opposite side of the street this eager person, known among his own group as Earwigs Erwin, or Wiggy for short, spied a supposedly friendly form and checked his gait.

"Eyho!" he called.

There was no response. The figure fitted so flatly to the brick background maintained its curious pose of utter aloofness.

"Eyho-o-o, Bubber Ferguson!" Master Erwin tried it again in a shriller key.

Still the other seemed not to heed his hail. This was most puzzling; this did call for investigation. The Erwin boy crossed the street and, inserting his toes between two pickets of the Ferguson fence, lifted his face above the palings.

"Say, Bubber, what's the matter? Can'tcher hear me? Come on round to Juney Custer's. Everybody else in the gang's goin' be there soon as they kin git back from dinner. We got a whole big pile of leaves raked up—gee, a pile higher'n you are! Goin' have a bonfire and ever' thing. Come on!"

Without shifting his pose, and looking neither to the right nor left, his friend made answer—an ungracious answer and delivered in a strangely choked and blurry tone:

"Naw, go on away! Can'tcher see I'm busy? Go on away, I tell you."

"What you busy at? I don't see you doin' nothin'—only just standin' still there like an old dummy or somethin'!"

"I'm busy thinkin'—that's whut."

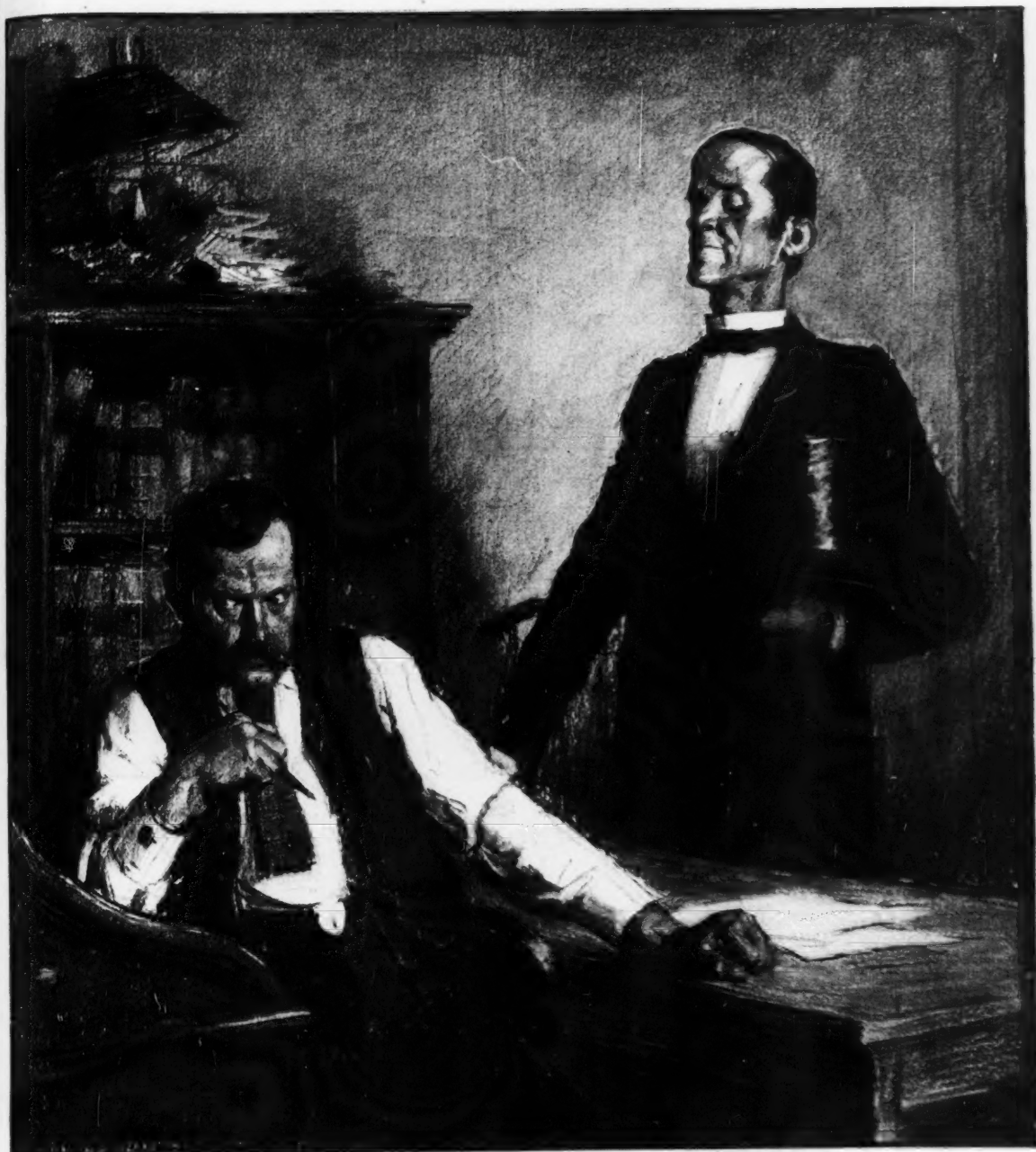
This mystery did indeed cry out for closer scrutiny. The Erwin boy set himself to scaling the fence. Half-way over, with his fore part on the inside and his legs on the outer, and pointed uprights pressing into his stomach, he was frozen in a perilous posture.

"You stay out of my yard, Earwigs Erwin! I guess this is my own yard, ain't it? I guess you ain't got no right comin' in it without I say so you kin!"

The tone of command was downright bitter; you might even call it hostile. Yet on the occasion of their last meeting they had parted in a spirit of perfect amity. More puzzled than ever, the Erwin boy stared, continuing to balance himself precariously. For the moment, he found no language in which to clothe his bewilderment. He took it out in staring.

Here the malingering made a serious tactical error. As though to enforce his order with violence, he took a forward step, threateningly. For one fleeting instant his left leg—and that which dangled and jangled from it—plainly became visible. Quickly he drew it back and replanted it in the shielding herbage.

But Master Erwin had seen. He had seen that which widened his eyes to their greatest possible diameter. "Gee!" said the



Unless poor old Eli let the kid loose right away, he'd preach about the case next Sunday.

Erwin boy. He said it under his breath, almost reverently, as one might who spoke in church or at a funeral. "Gee!" he said again, still in that hushed, dazed way, while he wriggled down off the palings; and then, expanding his emotions to the tremendous shock of the disclosure, "Gee whil-i-kins!" he whispered to himself as he departed out of that vicinity on a hard run. His features were set in a fixed mold. A psychologist would have said here was a boy who just had beheld a spectacle so utterly unbelievable that speedily he must find others to help him believe it—or burst.

It was not to be expected that this boy would fail to return; the Ferguson boy knew better than to hope for that. Nor did the condemned one have long to wait. Within the span of five short minutes the pioneer di-cloverer reappeared. He came, briskly but quietly, and with him, almost stealthily, came half a dozen more. On the sidewalk they halted, studying the Ferguson house closely for signs of adult tenancy. Observing none, they moved forward again in a compact body. Ordinarily they would have climbed the fence. In those days,

boys by preference climbed fences, even though gaps or gates might be handily adjacent; perhaps they still do. But now, marked all by a strange sobriety, they unlatched the gate and entered. Still maintaining that same fine decorum they skirted the lawn at the southern side of the house and stopped twenty feet from the corner of it. From under his eyebrows the captive saw them. He was cognizant that they must possess his terrible secret. But he would stave off the actual disclosure for so long as he could. He strove to make his glance of recognition casual, aloof, preoccupied.

He spoke no word; neither did any of them speak. A pause and a hush followed. Had he been paying some uncomplicated and familiar form of penance they would have had no mercy on him. They would have added their gibes to his sufferings. The person who first referred to tigers as a synonym for cruelty did not know boys in their early teens. Undoubtedly these boys would have danced about the one undergoing punishment, would have thought up barbed taunts; probably they would have sung in chorus a certain derisive (Continued on page 141)



*First of the Dramatic Chapters from the Life of*  
*The* RT. HON. **Winston S. Churchill**



## *My Escape from the* BOERS

I WAS taken prisoner on the fifteenth of November, 1899, when the British armored train was cut off, derailed and pounded to pieces by artillery at Chieveley Station near Natal. I was taken with other prisoners to Pretoria by march and rail, and on November 19 was confined in the States Model Schools, then occupied by about fifty other British officer prisoners of war.

The States Model Schools stand in the midst of a quadrangle, and are surrounded on two sides by an iron grille and on two by a corrugated iron fence about ten feet high. These boundaries offered little obstacle to anyone who possessed the activity of youth, but the fact that they were guarded on the inside by sentries, fifty yards apart, armed with rifle and revolver, made them a well-nigh insuperable barrier. No walls are so hard to pierce as living walls.

After anxious reflection and continual watching, it was discovered by several of the prisoners that when the sentries along the eastern side walked about on their beats they were at certain moments unable to see the top of a few yards of the wall near the small circular lavatory office which can be seen on the plan. The electric lights in the middle of the quadrangle brilliantly lighted the whole place but the eastern wall was in shadow. The first thing was therefore to pass the two sentries near the office. It was necessary to hit off the exact moment when both their backs should be turned together.

After the wall was scaled one would be in the garden of the villa next door. There the plan came to an end. Everything after this was vague and uncertain. How to get out of the garden, how to pass unnoticed through the streets, how to evade the patrols that surrounded the town, and above all how to cover the two hundred and eighty miles to the Portuguese frontier, were questions which would arise at a later stage.

Together with two other officers I made an abortive attempt, not pushed with any decision, on the eleventh of December. There was no difficulty in getting into the circular office. But

to climb out of it over the wall was a hazard of the sharpest character. Anyone doing so must at the moment he was on the top of the wall be plainly visible to the sentries fifteen yards away, if only they happened to look! Whether the sentries would challenge or fire depended entirely upon their individual dispositions. Nevertheless, I was determined that nothing should stop my taking the plunge the next day.

As the twelfth wore away my fears crystallized more and more into desperation. In the evening after my two friends had made an attempt but had not found the moment propitious, I strolled across the quadrangle and secreted myself in the circular office. Through an aperture in the metal casing of which it was built I watched the sentries. For some time they remained stolid and obstructive. Then all of a sudden one turned and walked up to his comrade, and they began to talk. Their backs were turned.

Now or never! I stood on a ledge, seized the top of the wall with my hand and drew myself up. Twice I let myself down again in sickly hesitation, and then with a third resolve scrambled up and over. My waistcoat got entangled with the ornamental metal work on the top. I had to pause for an appreciable moment to extricate myself. In this posture I had one parting glimpse of the sentries still talking with their backs turned fifteen yards away. One of them was lighting his cigarette, and I remember the glow on the inside of his hands as a distinct impression which my mind recorded. Then I lowered myself lightly down into the adjoining garden and crouched among the shrubs.

I was free! The first step had been taken and it was irrevocable. It now remained to await the arrival of my comrades. The bushes in the garden gave a good deal of cover, and in the moonlight their shadows fell dark on the ground. I lay here for an hour in great impatience and anxiety. People were continually moving about in the garden, and once a man came and apparently looked straight at me only a few yards away. Where were the others? Why did they not make the attempt?

*This Shows*  
*MR. CHURCHILL*  
*as the*  
*Adventurous*  
*Young*  
*Correspondent*  
*for the*  
*London Morning Post*  
*during the War in*  
*South Africa*



*Today*  
*He is*  
*More*  
*Mature*  
*but none*  
*the less*  
*Daring,*  
*as the*  
*Stories*  
*He tells*  
*will*  
*Show*

Suddenly I heard a voice from within the quadrangle say, quite loud, "All up." I crawled back to the wall. Two officers were walking up and down inside jabbering Latin words, laughing and talking all manner of nonsense—amid which I caught my name.

I risked a cough. One of the officers immediately began to chatter alone. The other said slowly and clearly:

"They cannot get out. The sentry suspects. It's all up. Can you get back again?"

But now all my fears fell from me at once. To go back was impossible. I could not hope to climb the wall unnoticed. There was no helpful ledge on the outside. Fate pointed onwards. Besides I said to myself, "Of course I shall be recaptured, but I will at least have a run for my money." I said to the officers, "I shall go on alone."

## My Escape from the Boers

Now I was in the right mood for these undertakings—failure being almost certain, no odds against success affected me. All risks were less than the certainty.

A glance at the plan will show that the gate which led into the road was only a few yards from another sentry. I said to myself, "*Toujours de l'audace*," put my hat on my head, strode into the middle of the garden, walked past the windows of the house without any attempt at concealment, and so went through the gate and turned to the left.

I passed the sentry at less than five yards. Most of them knew me by sight. Whether he looked at me or not I do not know, for I never turned my head. I restrained with the utmost difficulty an impulse to run. But after walking a hundred yards and hearing no challenge, I knew that the second obstacle had been surmounted. I was at large in Pretoria.

I walked on leisurely through the night humming a tune and choosing the middle of the road. The streets were full of burghers, but they paid no attention to me. Gradually I reached the suburbs, and on a little bridge I sat down to reflect and consider. I was in the heart of the enemy's country. I knew no one to whom I could apply for succor. Nearly three hundred miles stretched between me and Delagoa Bay. My escape must be known at dawn. Pursuit would be immediate. Yet all exits were barred. The town was picketed, the country was patrolled, the trains were searched, the line was guarded.

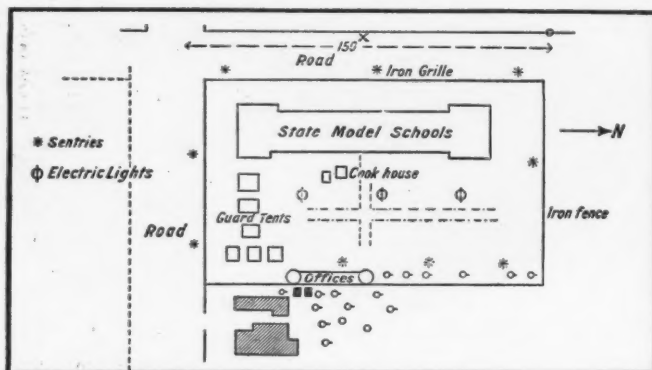
I had £75 in my pocket and four slabs of chocolate, but the compass and the map which might have guided me, the opium tablets and meat lozenges which should have sustained me, were in my friends' pockets in the States Model Schools. Worst of all, I could not speak a word of Dutch

or Kaffir, and how was I to get food or direction? But when hope had departed, fear had gone as well. I formed a plan. I would find the Delagoa Bay Railway. Without map or compass I must follow that in spite of the pickets. I looked at the stars. Orion shone brightly. Scarcely a year ago he had guided me when lost in the desert to the banks of the Nile. He had given me water. Now he should lead to freedom. I could not endure the want of either.

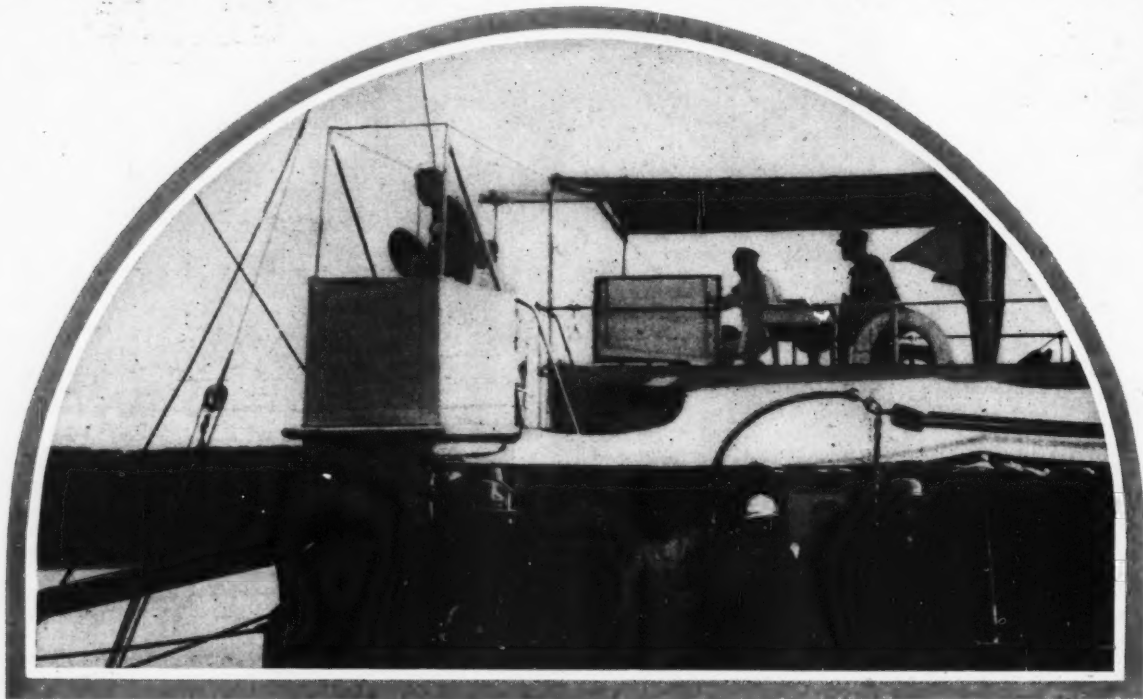
After walking south for half a mile, I struck the railroad.

Was it the line to Delagoa Bay or the Pietersturg branch? I resolved to follow it. The night was delicious. A cool breeze fanned my face and a wild feeling of exhilaration took hold of me. At any rate, I was free, if only for an hour. I marched briskly along the line. Here and there the lights of a picket fire gleamed. Every bridge had its watchers. But I passed them all, making very short detours at the dangerous places, and really taking scarcely any precautions. Perhaps that was the reason I succeeded.

As I walked I extended my plan. I could not march three hundred miles to the frontier. I would board a train in motion and hide under the seats, on the roof, on the couplings—anywhere. What train should I take? The first, of course. After walking for two hours I perceived the signal lights of a station. I left the line and, circling round it, hid in the ditch by the track about two hundred yards beyond it. I argued that the train would stop at the station and that it would not have got up too much speed by the time it reached me. An hour passed. I began to grow impatient. Suddenly I heard the whistle and the approaching rattle. Then the great yellow headlights of the engine flashed into view. The train waited five minutes at the station and started again with much noise and



Plan of the States Model Schools at Pretoria, in which Mr. Churchill was a prisoner of war.



Winston S. Churchill first sights Durban after a spectacular escape the news of which had stirred England and Africa.





steaming. I crouched by the track.

The train started slowly, but gathered speed sooner than I had expected. The flaring lights drew swiftly near. The rattle became a roar. The dark mass hung for a second above me. The engine-driver silhouetted against his furnace glow, the black profile of the engine, the clouds of steam rushed past. Then I hurled myself on the trucks, clutched at something, missed, clutched again, missed again, grasped some sort of hand-hold, was swung off my feet—my toes bumping on the line—and with a struggle seated myself on the couplings of the fifth truck from the front of the train.

It was a goods train, and the trucks were full of sacks, soft sacks covered with coal dust. I crawled on top and burrowed in among them. In five minutes I was completely buried. The sacks were warm and comfortable. Where was the train going to? Where would it be unloaded? Would it be searched? Was it on the Delagoa Bay line? What should I do in the morning? Ah, never mind that. Sufficient for the night was the luck thereof. Fresh plans for fresh contingencies: I resolved to sleep, nor can I imagine a more pleasing lullaby than the clatter of the train that carries you at twenty miles an hour away from the enemy's capital.

How long I slept I do not know, but I woke up suddenly with all feelings of exhilaration gone, and only the consciousness of oppressive difficulties heavy on me. I must leave the train before daybreak, so that I could drink at a pool and find some hiding-place while it was still dark. Another night I would board another train. I crawled from my cozy hiding-place among the sacks and sat again on the couplings. The train was running at a fair speed, but I felt it was time to leave it. I took hold of the iron handle at the back of the truck, pulled strongly with my left hand, and sprang. My feet struck the ground in two gigantic strides, and the next instant I was sprawling in the ditch, considerably



*Above: The news of Mr. Churchill's arrival in Lourenço Marques, neutral territory, spreads like wildfire.*

*Below: The smile of a free man—a photograph of Mr. Churchill taken just after his escape from the Boers.*

shaken but unhurt. The train, my faithful ally of the night, hurried on its journey.

It was still dark. I was in the middle of a wide valley, surrounded by low hills, and carpeted with high grass drenched in dew. I searched for water in the nearest gully, and soon found a clear pool.

Presently the dawn began to break, and the sky to the east grew yellow and red, slashed across with heavy black clouds. I saw with relief that the railway ran steadily towards the sunrise. I had taken the right line after all. Having drunk my fill, I set out for the hills, among which I hoped to find some hiding-place, and as it became broad daylight I entered a small grove of trees which grew on the side of a deep ravine. Here I resolved to wait till dusk. I had one consolation: no one in the world knew where I was—I did not know myself. It was now four o'clock. Fourteen hours lay between me and the night. My impatience to proceed while I was still strong doubled. At first it was terribly

cold, but by degrees the sun gained power, and by ten o'clock the heat was oppressive. My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extravagant interest in my condition, and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time. From my lofty position I commanded a view of the whole valley. A little tin-roofed town lay three miles to the westward. Scattered farmsteads, each with a clump of trees, relieved the monotony of the undulating ground. At the foot of the hill stood a Kafir kraal, and the figures of its inhabitants dotted the patches of cultivation or surrounded the droves of goats and cows which fed on the pasture . . .

During the day I ate one slab of chocolate, which, with the heat, produced a violent thirst. The pool was hardly half a mile away, but I dared not leave the shelter of the little wood, for I could see the figures of white men riding or walking occasionally across the valley, and once a Boer came and fired two shots at birds close to my hiding-place. But no one discovered me.

## My Escape From The Boers

The elation and the excitement of the previous night had burned away, and a chilling reaction followed. I was very hungry, for I had had no dinner before starting, and chocolate, though it sustains, does not satisfy. I had scarcely slept, but yet my heart beat so fiercely and I was so nervous and perplexed about the future that I could not rest. I thought of all the chances that lay against me; I dreaded and detested more than words can express the prospect of being caught and dragged back to Pretoria. I prayed long and earnestly for help and guidance. My prayer, as it seems to me, was swiftly and wonderfully answered.

During the day I had watched the railway with attention.

I saw two or three trains pass along it each way. I argued that the same number would pass at night. I resolved to board one of these. I saw myself leaving the train again before dawn, having been carried forward another sixty or seventy miles during the night. That would be scarcely one hundred and fifty miles from the frontier. And why should not the process be repeated? Where was the flaw? I could not see it. With three long bounds on three successive nights I could be in Portuguese territory. Meanwhile I still had two or three slabs of chocolate and a pocketful of crumbled biscuit—enough, that is to say, to keep body and soul together.

The long day reached its close at last. The western clouds flushed into fire; the shadows of the hills stretched out across the valley; a ponderous Boer wagon with its long team crawled slowly along the track towards the township; the Kaffirs collected their herds and drew them round their kraal; the daylight died and soon it was quite dark. Then and not until then I set forth. I hurried to the railway line, scrambling along through the boulders and high grass and pausing on my way to drink at a stream of sweet cold water. I made my way to the place where I had seen the trains crawling so slowly up the slope.

Here behind a little bush I sat down and waited hopefully. An hour passed; two hours passed; three hours—and yet no train. Six hours had now elapsed since the last, whose time I had carefully noted, had gone by. Surely one was due. Another hour slipped away. Still no train! My plan began to crumble and my hopes to ooze out of me. After all was it not quite possible that no trains ran on this part of the line during the dark hours?

This was in fact the case, and I might well have continued to wait in vain till daylight. However, between twelve and one in the morning I lost patience and started along the track resolved to make at any rate ten or fifteen miles of my journey. I did not make much progress. Every bridge was guarded by armed men; every few miles were huts. At intervals there were stations with tin-roofed villages clustering around them. All the veldt was bathed in the bright rays of the full moon, and to avoid these dangerous places I had to make wide circuits and even to creep along the ground. Leaving the railroad I fell into bogs and swamps, brushed through high grass dripping with dew, and waded across the streams over which the bridges carried the railway. I was soon drenched to the waist. I had been able to take very little exercise during my month's imprisonment, and I was quickly tired with walking and with want of food and sleep.

Presently I approached a station. It was a mere platform in the veldt with two or three buildings and huts around it.

But laid up on the sidings obviously for the night were three long goods trains. Evidently the flow of traffic over the railway was uneven. These three trains motionless in the moonlight confirmed my fears that traffic was not maintained by night on this part of the line. Where then was my plan which in the afternoon had looked so fine and sure?

It now occurred to me that I might board one of these stationary trains immediately, and hiding amid its freight be carried forward during the next day—and night, too, if all were well. On the other hand, where were they going to? Where would they stop? Where would they be unloaded?

Once I entered a wagon my lot would be cast. I might find myself ignominiously unloaded and recaptured at Witbank or Middelburg, or at any station in the long 250 miles which separated me from the frontier. It was necessary at all costs before taking such a step to find out where these trains were going. To do this I must penetrate the station, examine the labels on the trucks or on the merchandise and see if I could extract any certain guidance from them.

I crept up to the platform and got between two of the long trains on the siding. I was proceeding to examine the markings on the trucks when loud voices rapidly approaching on the outside of the train filled me with fear. It was enough for me. I retreated between the two trains to the extreme end of the siding, and slipped stealthily but rapidly into the grass of the illimitable plain.

There was nothing for it but to plod on—but in an increasingly purposeless and hopeless manner. I felt very miserable when I looked around and saw here and there the lights of houses and thought of the warmth and comfort within them but knew they meant only danger to me. Far off on the moonlit horizon there presently began to shine the row of six or eight big lights which marked either Witbank or Middelburg station. Out in the darkness to my left gleamed two or three fires. The idea formed in my mind that they were the fires at a Kaffir kraal.

Then I began to think that the best use I could make of my remaining strength would be to go to these Kaffirs. I had heard that they hated the Boers and were friendly to the British. At any rate they would probably not arrest me. They might even be induced to help me. A guide, a pony—but above all, rest, warmth and food—such were the promptings which dominated my mind. So I set out towards the fires.

I must have walked a mile or so in this resolve before a realization of its weakness and imprudence took possession of me. Then I turned back again to the railway line and retraced

my steps perhaps half the distance. Then I stopped and sat down completely baffled, destitute of any idea what to do or where to turn. Suddenly without the slightest reason all my doubts disappeared. It was certainly by no process of logic that they were dispelled. I just felt quite clear that I would go to the Kaffir kraal. I had sometimes in former years held a "planchette" pencil and written while others had touched my wrist or hand. I acted in exactly the same unconscious or subconscious manner now.

I walked on rapidly towards the fires which I had in the first instance thought were not more than a couple of miles from the railway line. I soon found they were much farther away than that. After about an hour or an hour and a half they still seemed almost as far off as ever. But I (Continued on page 161)



DAVID R. SOLOMON

**T**HERE'S a young man in Birmingham, Alabama, who is in a fix—one of those "how happy I could be with either were I other dear charmer away" predicaments.

His name is David R. Solomon. When he left college he hung out his shingle as a lawyer. But Mr. Solomon had a flair for literature. Between cases, he wrote short stories. Recently we published one of his called "False-Packed."

He wanted to write more, but his law business was engrossing his time. A friend, Octavus Roy Cohen, who also started as a lawyer and finished as a successful writer, suggested:

"Double your fees. This will mean fewer, more important cases, and you'll have time to write."

Mr. Solomon did. And he got the time to write one more story. But that was all. For he began to get more cases than before—and bigger ones; cases that required study.

What's Mr. Solomon to do now? Shall it be law or literature? I, for one, vote for literature. Because lots of men can write briefs, but few can write stories as attractive as the one he got the time to write recently. It's called "Lit-tle Sweetheart" and we plan to publish it next month. [R. L.]

*A Story in which*  
**SEWELL FORD**

*Tells how to get  
Married though*

*FAT*

**Amos**  
*Tries it*  
*Tudor*

*Illustrations by*  
**John LaGatta**



*Drusilla:*  
"A regular  
knockout."

**T**URNING their backs on a perfectly good moon climbing grandly above the tall pines, the two men had drawn veranda chairs close, and as they smoked their first after-dinner cigars they glanced casually through the open French windows to the ballroom. But most resort hotels pride themselves quite as much on their jazz orchestras as on the scenery. So, why not?

Suddenly the younger of the two—the one with the wide shoulders and the cleft in his ample chin—leaned forward to look intently at a dancer.

"Stunning girl, Chief. That slim one in black with the silver thingumbob on her hair."

The other followed his gaze and, after a moment, chuckled. "Silver nothing, young man! That's a platinum fillet set with diamonds, and cost half as much as your last month's salary—before we gave you that raise. If I had a better memory I could tell you exactly how much it did cost. I paid the bill."

"You, Mr. Sanford?" gasped the younger man.

Mr. Sanford nodded. "Quite so, Amos. She happens to be Drusilla, my soul-wearying ward—the one I've told you about."

"Oh! But you never said she was such a howling beauty. She is, you know."

"Think so, Amos?"

Amos was still staring. "Of course," he admitted, "I'm no qualified connoisseur, no certified beauty critic; but she certainly looks good to me."

"Thanks, Amos; many and sincere thanks. You have given me an idea."

"Glad I could, sir. Is it anything you'd care to——"

"Decidedly. To you. and to you alone. Though why I couldn't have thought the same thing for myself I can't imagine. Take another good look, Amos, as she swings around this way again."

From the security of the dimly lighted veranda Amos did. He noted the slender grace of her swaying figure, the supple perfection of her white arms, the long oval of her face, vignettied against the dinner coat of her partner; the piquant, pouting mouth.

"Yes," he announced, "she's what I'd call a regular knockout. I'm for her—strong."

"Good, Amos! Excellent! And I wish to high Heaven you'd marry her. Come! Why don't you?"

"Oh, I say, Chief!"

Nearly everyone in the organization spoke of Blair Sanford by that title, but only vice-presidents, general managers and such used it in addressing him directly. For he was a real chief. He looked it, whether his fine commanding figure was clothed for the dining room, for the great open spaces of a golf course, or for an underground venture with some of his mine superintendents. But conventional evening dress did more justice to his still





Carmen heeled the ball ignobly into the long grass. "Tightened up a bit."

perceptible waistline, and set off much better his iron-gray hair and pink cheeks.

It may be added that Blair Sanford rather liked having Amos Smith call him Chief.

You will have gathered from the intimacy of the after-dinner smoke that Amos was no ordinary underling. Hardly. He was a favored lieutenant, a trusted aid. True, his honors were somewhat new upon him. His career thus far had been one of those usually described in trade magazines and Sunday supplement write-ups as "a meteoric rise." Perhaps the phrase is a trifle extravagant, but it had not been so many years since Amos Smith was as unlikely to be asked to dine and smoke with Blair Sanford as he would have been to sprout wings and fly.

But he had done a number of things which boards of directors had found thoroughly satisfactory, he had been told to "go get" and he had gotten, he had shown patience where patience was needed, and he had been able to pinch-hit in emergencies. So he

had been called up and up, until now he was summoned for informal conferences such as this, which had been begun in the Lorena, Sanford's private car, and which was now trailing off into chatter about distinctly personal affairs. Extremely personal.

"Well?" asked Blair Sanford. "If she looks so good to you, why hesitate?"

"But this is a two-handed game," protested Amos. "Maybe you haven't considered, Chief, how I will look to her."

"Why consider what doesn't count? See here, Amos—scattered about in there are half a dozen quite presentable young fellows, some who might pose for collar ads, and with any of whom she might be having this dance. Yet see who she's fox-trotting with."

"Looks like a gay old sport."

"He is—all of that. Regular old rip, if I may be confidential."

"Hope you don't mean that I could qualify in his class, Chief?"



commented Henry the Eighth. "Don't let it get your goat, though. I'll dig it out."

"Not at all. But the rascal has a personality which seems to appeal to Silla. So have you a personality. And I've a strong notion that yours would be a winner. Eh? Might give it a chance."

Amos spread his plump, stubby fingers. "You forget, Chief. Nobody loves a fat man. Know what I was always called at school? 'Chub' Smith. Even by the girls I liked best. I'm still Chub Smith. She'd only laugh at me."

"No," and Blair Sanford shook his head. "Drusilla wouldn't laugh. She isn't the laughing kind—takes everything very seriously, especially herself. She might let you know that you bored her, or she might snub you completely. Then what would you do, Amos?"

"Me? I suppose I'd get red in the ears and fall over something as I backed away."

"And you're the same chap who yanked an I. W. W. agitator off a platform and talked a hall full of strikers into going back

to work! I can't believe you'd be afraid of a slip of a girl, Amos."

"I would, though. I'd be scared blue."

Sanford smiled. "That would be worth watching. Let's try it on, Amos. Stay over a couple of days and play some golf. I'll persuade Drusilla to have dinner with us tomorrow night. I'll hint that you're an ardent admirer."

"Have a heart, Chief!" protested Amos. "Honest, I—I'd make an awful mess of it. Out of my line entirely—girls. Oh, I like 'em well enough—at a distance—but when I get near 'em I go panicky. Particularly one like this ward of yours. Thanks all the same, Chief; but I just couldn't do it."

"Amos, that's no way to talk to your boss."

Amos Smith stared at him for a moment, then saw the whimsical flicker in the gray-blue eyes and saluted with mock solemnity. "Orders are orders, Chief. I wish, though, it was to drop down to the twenty-second level on a hunt for fire-damp. I hope

you don't put that ardent admirer stuff in, however. It's going to be bad enough for me without that. Eh?"

"I promise nothing, young man, except an opportunity for meeting the young woman you were raving about a few moments ago."

It was not until the following day, after they had finished a foursome in which Amos had successfully held the low ball, that his somewhat grateful partner, Blair Sanford, recurred to the subject of Drusilla Ware. They were having luncheon in the Lorena.

"I may be an exacting boss, Amos, but I've always tried to be a just one. And I've been thinking over this dinner with Silla."

"Good! It's off, is it?"

"Quite the opposite. It's on. I found that she had no engagement for this evening and that she was willing to dine with us at the hotel."

"But you didn't put in that about my being——"

"Oh, yes! I did. It seemed necessary. Bait, you know."

"Good Lord! What did she say?"

"She yawned, a bit ostentatiously, and asked: 'Another tired business man?' I assured her that she would find you with your eyes wide open to all of her charming qualities and that you were generally considered rather a snappy young man."

Amos groaned. "You'd call a clam an acrobat, Chief, if it suited your purpose. I can see where Miss Ware is going to be let in for a big disappointment. You've never seen me in one of my wooden moods. Say, I'd like to know how this is going to finish."

"Who ever knows how anything is going to finish? I've been thinking about you and Drusilla, and if there's anything in the law of opposites, you two would make a great pair. You're unlike each other in every way—complexion, temperament, disposition. You're a Nordic type; she's Latin—at least on her mother's side. She's a silly moth in the moonlight; you're wise as an owl on a branch."

"Have a cigar, Chief."

Mr. Sanford waved him to silence with a butter-knife. "If any man could manage Silla, you're the one; and there's no telling but what she might give you the chance. But it would be a big contract, young man. If you tried and failed—well, you'd take it hard. I'm sure you would."

Amos was regarding him with cheerful tolerance. "Something to worry about! Whether Miss Ware and I would hit it off. A bit—er—remote, though; eh, Chief?"

"Perhaps. And then again—perhaps not. Anyway, it is only fair to warn you, Amos, that Drusilla Ware is a dangerous young person. Well, grin if you like, but I've seen her in action. Why, at a distance of fifty feet and without even looking your way, she practically had you under the spell last evening. Tonight you'll be exposed to all her tricks at close range."

"She'd be a poor sport to shoot at such a wide mark. And you might suggest this is the closed season for fat men."

"Then she'd open fire all the sooner, for her tendencies are wholly lawless. That's one reason I've had such a poor time being her guardian, why I'd like to shift the responsibility to someone else—to her husband. You'll pardon me, Amos, if I go into details about Drusilla. She was fifteen when she was handed

over to me, and at first glance I suspected that she was going to keep me worried. She has. Not that poor Dan Ware didn't do as well as he knew how. But how many widowers know how to bring up an only daughter? Dan began spoiling her when she was five, and never let up. His last word to me was:

"See that she has what she wants, Blair, and hang the expense."

"Well, within reason she has had just what she wanted. And there's the result."

"All I noticed was a charming young woman with pouting lips. Rather fetching, that pout, too."

"Which is precisely why she pouts, Amos. What on earth has she to get pouty about? Nothing. It's a pose of hers, an attitude. By it she means to announce that she's been everywhere, seen everything, done everything. Of course, she hasn't. Oh, two seasons in Paris, one in Rome, a trip up the Nile, a few house-party visits in England and Scotland, and a yachting cruise through the Mediterranean. She's been made love to by a few foreign counts, petted by a duchess, and she had one dance with a real prince. She has learned to smoke cigarettes between dinner courses, to swear picturesquely in several languages and to play a system at roulette. She scorns cocktails and pretends to like brandy and soda. She drives about in an open racing car and has been arrested five times for speeding. She talks eugenics

to nice old ladies and discusses free love at dinner parties. She tells me that young men bore her and that only the old ones who've had careers interest her at all. In fact, Amos, she's hard-boiled. She'll tell you so herself."

Amos laughed lightly. "At twenty? I can't believe it of her."

"Let's see what you think at midnight."

Well, wasn't Ulysses warned, and didn't he take a chance just the same? And isn't it a well-established fact that fat men are more romantic than thin ones? Besides, in a dinner coat Amos appeared fairly symmetrical; the more obvious bulges were subdued. True, he wore the lowest turn-down collar made, but such neck as he did have was not submerged by rolls of pure adipose tissue in the back. Merely his was a substantial build, a bit chunky. But there was nothing flabby about him. You wouldn't have thought so if you could have seen him on a squash court, or putting his wrists

and right shoulder into a 200-yard mid-iron shot. Nor was there any pastiness in the clear complexion. He was hard and fit, and he had eager, questioning eyes. Always had Amos Smith wanted to know things, to find out for himself. That quality had helped make him a good mining engineer, one of the best.

Now he was curious about Drusilla Ware. Could a girl with such a Madonna-like face be so thoroughly sophisticated as Blair Sanford had confided? As for the possibility of his gaining more than her momentary attention, Amos was deeply skeptical. Young women seldom gave him a second glance, and he had been much too busy to bid for their notice. But if he must dine with any of them, he was glad it was to be Miss Ware. He'd heard of such girls, read about them, and it would be interesting to get a close-up of one. Provided she didn't prove to be too frisky.

At dinner Miss Ware was anything but frisky. She inspected him, coolly and critically, much as one might a doubtful lamb chop. After a few moments of this Amos would hardly have



Drusilla was a problem, a puzzle. Amos liked that. The tougher the job the more he rejoiced in tackling it.





"Something has put me off my game," Drusilla pouted. "I think it's your fault."

been surprised if she had reached over and stuck a fork into him, or called the head waiter and had him removed. Without troubling herself to veil the inspection with the most ordinary table chat, she continued to examine and appraise him in that idly impersonal manner of hers. Amos promptly got red in the ears and almost fozzled a spoonful of *purée Mongole*. He glanced appealingly at Sanford, who merely gave him a flickery grin.

Well, this wouldn't do. He was sitting there like a dummy, with his eyes on his plate. He had come to take stock of this young person, and he was being inventoried. He hazarded a look into the bold, greenish gray eyes which regarded him so frigidly.

"Gay place down here, eh?" he said.

"I find it a wretchedly dull hole," she announced.

"How about White Sulphur?"

"Deadly."

"Don't you play golf?"

"Not here. I listen to it. One hears nothing else at these stupid resorts in the States. Golf, golf, golf! *A bas golf!*" She poked discontentedly at a piece of filet of sole.

"You ride, I suppose?"

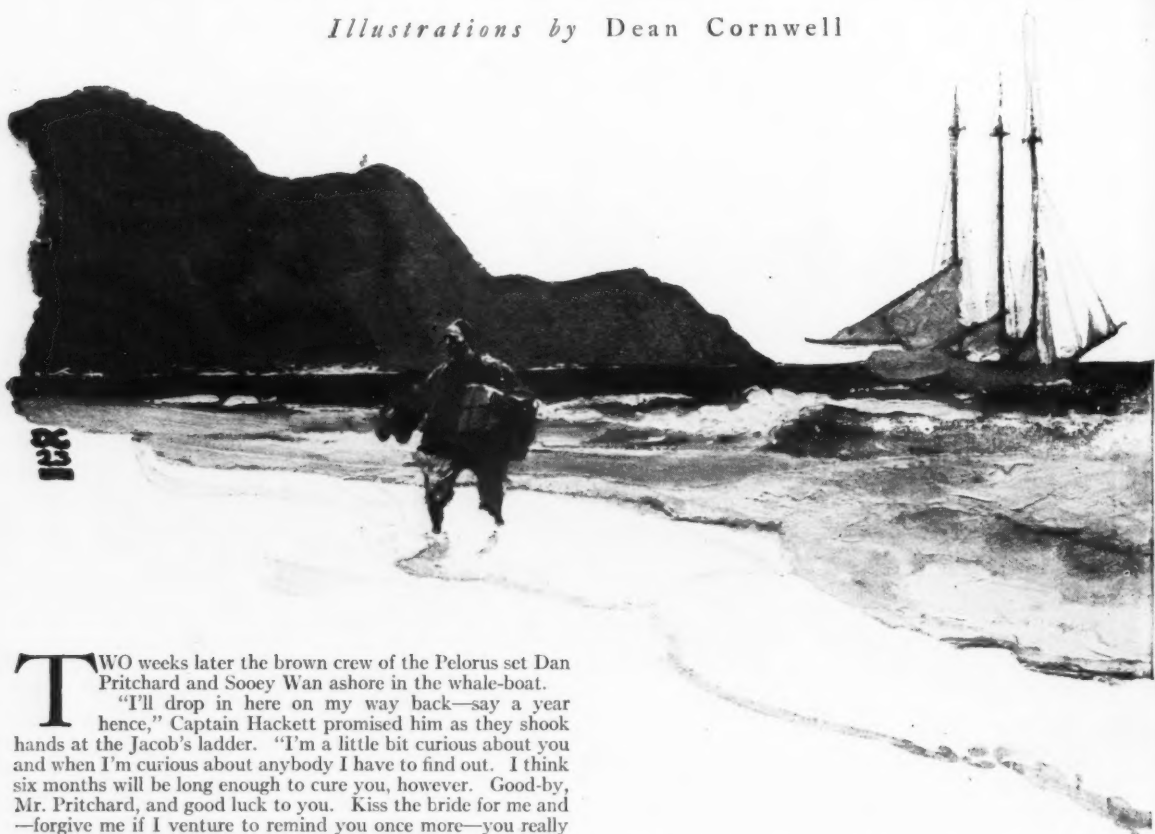
"On such spiritless horses as they have here? If I could have the Arab I hired at El Sud, in Egypt—but what's the use?"

Thought Amos, "The little snob!" Perhaps he looked it. Something jangled between them, at least, for now she was almost sneering at him.

(Continued on page 114)

# The Conclusion of PETER B. K Never The Twain S

Illustrations by Dean Cornwell



TWO weeks later the brown crew of the Pelorus set Dan Pritchard and Sooeey Wan ashore in the whale-boat.

"I'll drop in here on my way back—say a year hence," Captain Hackett promised him as they shook hands at the Jacob's ladder. "I'm a little bit curious about you and when I'm curious about anybody I have to find out. I think six months will be long enough to cure you, however. Good-by, Mr. Pritchard, and good luck to you. Kiss the bride for me and—forgive me if I venture to remind you once more—you really do not have to marry her! Tamea hasn't any very serious thoughts on the validity or the sanctity of marriage. It is, comparatively, a recent institution here." He shook a horny finger at Dan and answered the latter's scowl with a mellow laugh. Dan thought he might be just a little bit jingled a few hours earlier than was his wont. Strange man. Dan had an idea he had fallen from high estate.

A Kanaka sailor carried Dan ashore from the boat through the wash of the surf, and returned for Dan's trunk. Sooeey Wan, presumed to be a person of no importance, struggled ashore in water up to his knees, and the moment he found himself high and dry on the shingle he looked about him with interest. What he saw was a half-mile of white beach with a fringe of tufted coconut palms leaning seaward, a few canoes hauled up on the beach, a large corrugated iron go-down and a small wooden bungalow, painted white with green trimmings and wide, deep verandas, squatted on the low bluff above the beach.

From the veranda of this bungalow a white man detached himself and came down over the bluff to meet them. He introduced himself as the Reverend Cyrus Muggridge, the resident missionary. He was a gloomy, liverish sort of man and Dan had a feeling that to Mr. Muggridge his martyrdom in Riva was a thing of the flesh and scarcely of the spirit. He repaid the reverend gentleman's compliment in kind and introduced himself. Then, because he observed in the missionary's eyes an unspoken query, he said:

"Are you by any chance, Mr. Muggridge, acquainted with Miss Tamea Larrieau, who is I understand the last blood of the ancient chiefs of Riva?"

"I am, unhappily, acquainted with the young woman," Muggridge replied wearily, and added, "She is, like her father, wholly irreclaimable."

"Perhaps you would be so good as to direct me to her home?" Dan suggested. "That is, if she has arrived in Riva recently as I have reason to suspect she may have. You seem a bit shy on population, Mr. Muggridge," he added parenthetically.

"I think my last census showed some four hundred souls, but since then we have had two epidemics of influenza and the birth rate has scarcely kept pace with the mortality rate. Really, I must have another census. Counting them roughly I should say that the total population of the island is two hundred and fifty, of which perhaps thirty families reside in the village."

"Where is the village?"

"About a quarter of a mile up a valley which runs up to those mountains from the sea. Miss Larrieau, by the way, is again in Riva. She arrived a week ago and has taken up her residence in her old home. I will point it out to you, Mr. Pritchard."

"Thank you, sir."

"You are perhaps wondering why none of my people are present," Mr. Muggridge continued. "You have unfortunately arrived in mid-afternoon when my people are sleeping or, what is more probable, over in the river bathing."

The Kanaka sailors having disposed Dan's baggage above high-water mark, the whale-boat pulled back to the ship and was hoisted aboard even while the Pelorus slowly came about and headed for the open sea again.

Mr. Muggridge, evidently greatly pleased at the prospect of white company—and a gentleman at that—courteously led the way to the white bungalow and extended to Dan and his servant the hospitality of his home.

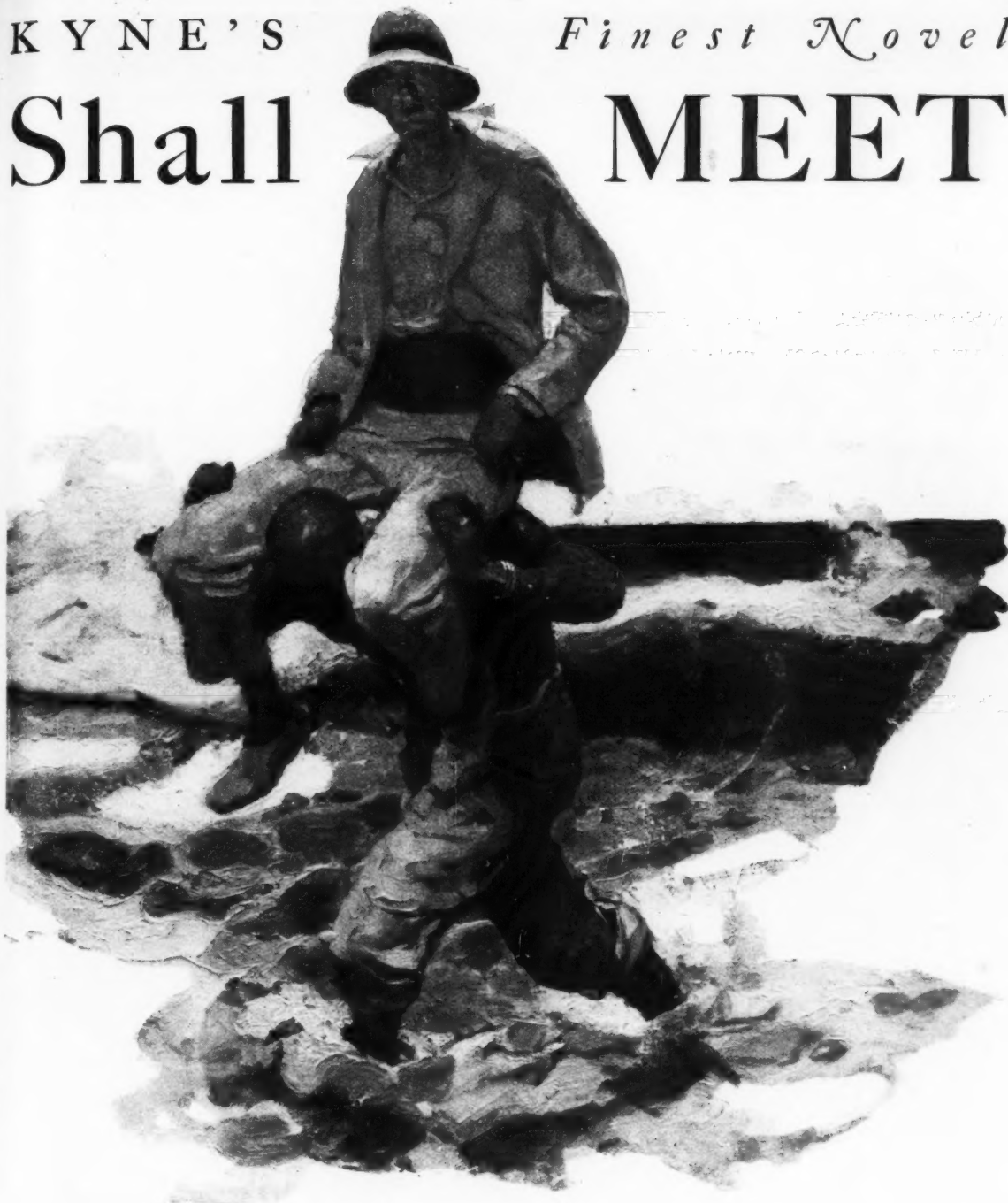
"Thank you, Mr. Muggridge," said Dan gratefully. "I shall be most happy to accept—for the present at least. May I ask you to point out to me Miss Larrieau's habitation?"

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Mr. Muggridge's eyebrows went up perceptibly. What a hurry this well-bred, respectable looking stranger was in to see that half-caste Jezebel! "Follow the road up past the church yonder until you come to the river, which you will cross on two coco-palm logs. They are very slippery. Be careful. Having crossed the bridge, turn to the left and follow the path up the hill to a house that is as distinctly a white man's dwelling as my own. You should find the lady you seek asleep on the veranda."

"Thank you, Mr. Muggridge. If you don't mind, I think I shall run up to Miss Larrieau's house."

"Dinner will be served at five thirty," the missionary warned him. "I shall have my servant help your man bring the baggage up to your room."

Tamea's home stood in a grove of coco-palms, interspersed with some flowering shrubs and a few lesser trees with luxuriant green foliage. The house had been built on a solid foundation of

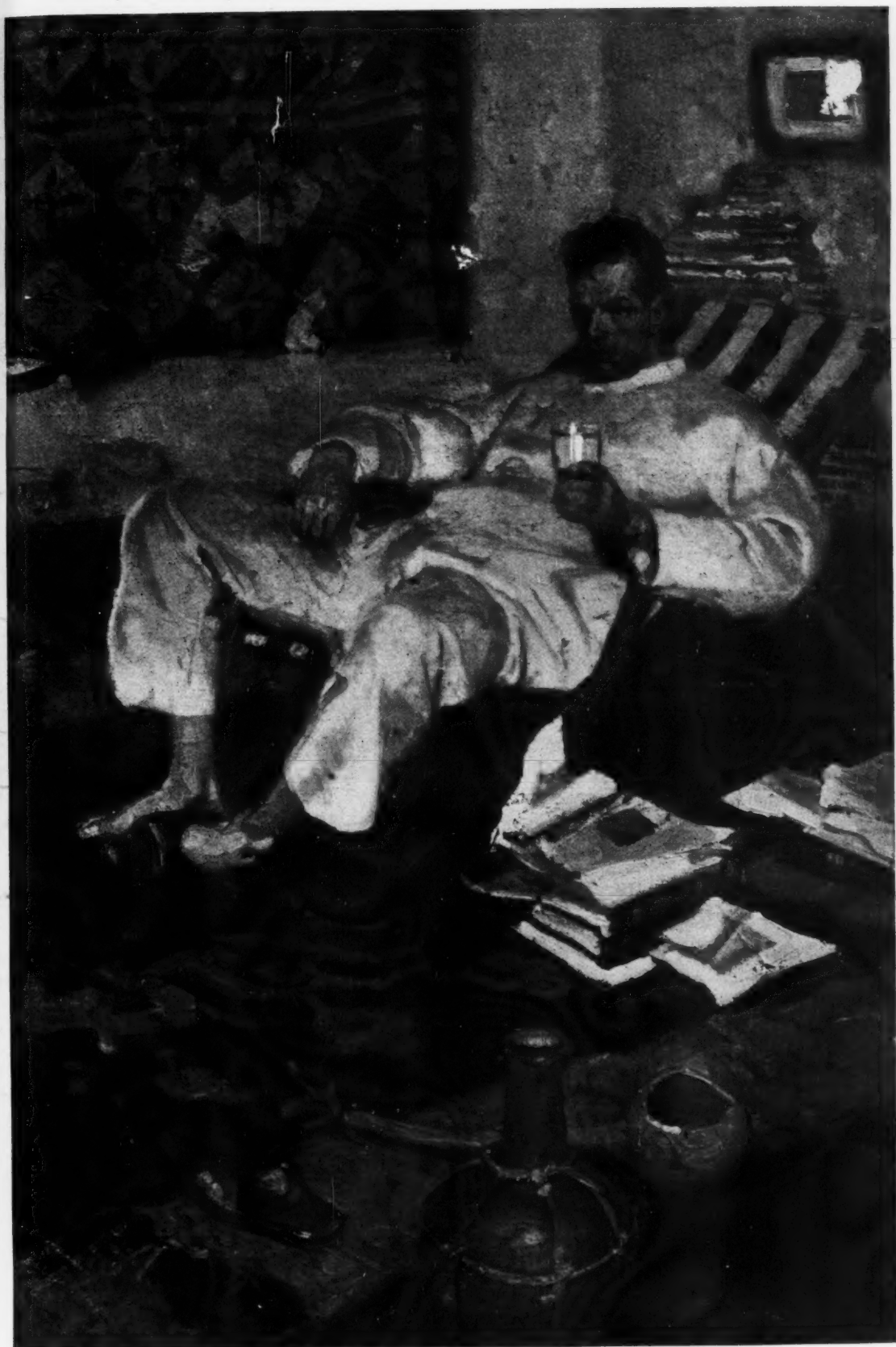
cement and creosoted redwood underpinning to protect it from the native wood-devouring insects. Dan suspected that the green paint which had at some distant date been applied to the house was anti-fouling—the sort of paint used on ships' bottoms to protect them from teredos. From under the house the snouts of half a dozen young pigs, taking their siesta, protruded, and in the yard a stately gamecock and some hens were prospecting for worms. The place smelled a little of neglect, of semi-decayed vegetation, of insanitation—the smell peculiar to the homes of native dwellers in the tropics. A well worn flight of five steps led up from the front of the house to the veranda, from which one might glean a view of miles of coast-line. About the place there was a silence so profound that Dan feared he might have come too late, after all.

He mounted the steps and rapped at a door with bronze screening on it. There was no answer, so he opened the door and gazed





Ten months had passed since Dan Pritchard had seen a human



being whiter than Tamea, or talked English to a white man.

into a large living room. On the floor was a huge, blue, very old and very valuable Chinese rug; in the center of this rug stood a large, plain table of native hardwood and—so Dan judged—native workmanship. In a corner he saw a grand piano and on top of the piano Tamea's accordion and a mandolin and some scattered music. A few chairs and hardwood benches arranged along the wall under windows which ran the full length of each wall and which, when it was desired to ventilate the house, dropped down into a pocket after the fashion of a train window, completed the furnishings, with the exception of half a dozen rudely framed sketches of native life and ships at sea.

"Nobody home," thought Dan, and walked around the veranda on three sides of the house. On the fourth side, which gave upon the vivid green mountain peak in the background and into which the late afternoon sun could not penetrate, Dan paused.

Before him, on a folding cot with a native mat spread over it, Tamea lay with her head pillowed on her left arm and her face turned slightly toward him. Her eyes were closed, but she was not asleep, for even as Dan gazed upon the beloved face he saw tears creep out from between the shut lids, saw the beautiful, semi-naked body shaken by an ill suppressed sob. Two swift strides and he was kneeling beside her, and as she opened her eyes and sought to rise at sight of him, his arms went around her and strained her to his heart while his lips kissed her tear-dimmed eyes.

Thus, long, he held her, while her heart pounded madly against his breast and the pent-up sorrow of weeks struggled with the rhapsody of that one perfect moment and left her weak and trembling, able only to gasp:

"Ah, beloved! Beloved! You have come! Is it then that you love your Tamea—after all?"

He held her closer and in that tremendous moment his soul overflowed and he mingled, unashamed, his tears with hers. "Yes, love, I have come," he answered chokingly. "You could not be happy with me in my country—so I have come to be happy with you—in yours."

"You come—you mean you come to stay—that you have left—Maisie—your friends—"

"I am here, Tamea. I love you. I cannot live without you. I need you—when you left me you did not understand."



"Everybody klazy.  
Pitty soon Sooley  
Wan klazy too."

"I understand now," she whispered. "Captain Hackett of the Pelorus was at pains to explain for you, but I could not believe then. But—you have come to Riva—so now I understand. Captain Hackett was right, so let there be no more explanations. Ah, dear one, my heart is bursting with love for you. If you had not come life would have lost its taste and your Tamea would have died."

"Don't," he pleaded, "don't," and held her closer. "From this moment until death we shall not be separated. Tonight we shall go to Mr. Muggridge and be married."

Tamea was suddenly thoughtful. "Since I have been away the wife of the missionary has died and he is mad about your Tamea. Before I left Riva it was his habit to follow me about and in his eyes there was that look I know and hate. I have been home a week and his madness has increased a hundredfold. Dear one, I am afraid of him."

"You need not be," Dan assured her and stroked the glorious head of her. "I met Mr. Muggridge half an hour ago when I landed and I observed that he seemed interested when I asked about you. He looked to me like a man with a fire in his soul . . . Well, he's a minister of the Gospel, however, so I dare say if he struggles hard enough he can put the fire out long enough to pronounce us man and wife."

"But—a license is necessary if we would marry after the fashion of your people, beloved," she reminded him. "And there is no law in Riva although the island is claimed by the French government."

"It will be better than no marriage at all, Tamea."

She smiled. "Such a queer, strange people, you all-whites," was her comment. "It is not a marriage but a substitute, yet you would ask this man to perform a mummery to satisfy something in you that is a heritage from your ancestors. I have no heritage. For me, no mumbling of words by this mad priest is necessary to happiness."

"Well, they are necessary to me, strange as it may seem to you, Tamea," Dan replied with his shy smile. "You are half white and I am all white and it is my purpose to dwell with you on a white basis." Therefore, we will wed according to the custom of my people."

"As you will," Tamea agreed. "Is it that this matter touches your honor if I will it otherwise?"

He nodded. "Then come to Mr. Muggridge," the girl urged, and led him by the hand down the hill to the missionary's house. Sooley Wan was standing in the doorway and at sight of Tamea he uncovered respectfully.

"Faithful one!" Tamea hailed him and gave him her hand in huge delight. Sooley Wan shook it gingerly, his yellow teeth flashing the while in an ecstatic grin.

At the sound of voices and footsteps on the veranda, Mr. Muggridge came out.

"You have returned quite soon, Mr. Pritchard," he began, and then his glance rested on Tamea. "Well?" he demanded irritably.

"Mr. Muggridge," Dan said to him, "it is my desire that you should marry Mademoiselle Larrieau and me at once."

The missionary grew pale and his somber eyes grew even more somber. "I shall require her father's permission before performing the ceremony, Mr. Pritchard," he said with an effort.

"Her father, my old friend, is dead, Mr. Muggridge."

"Have you a license of any sort?"

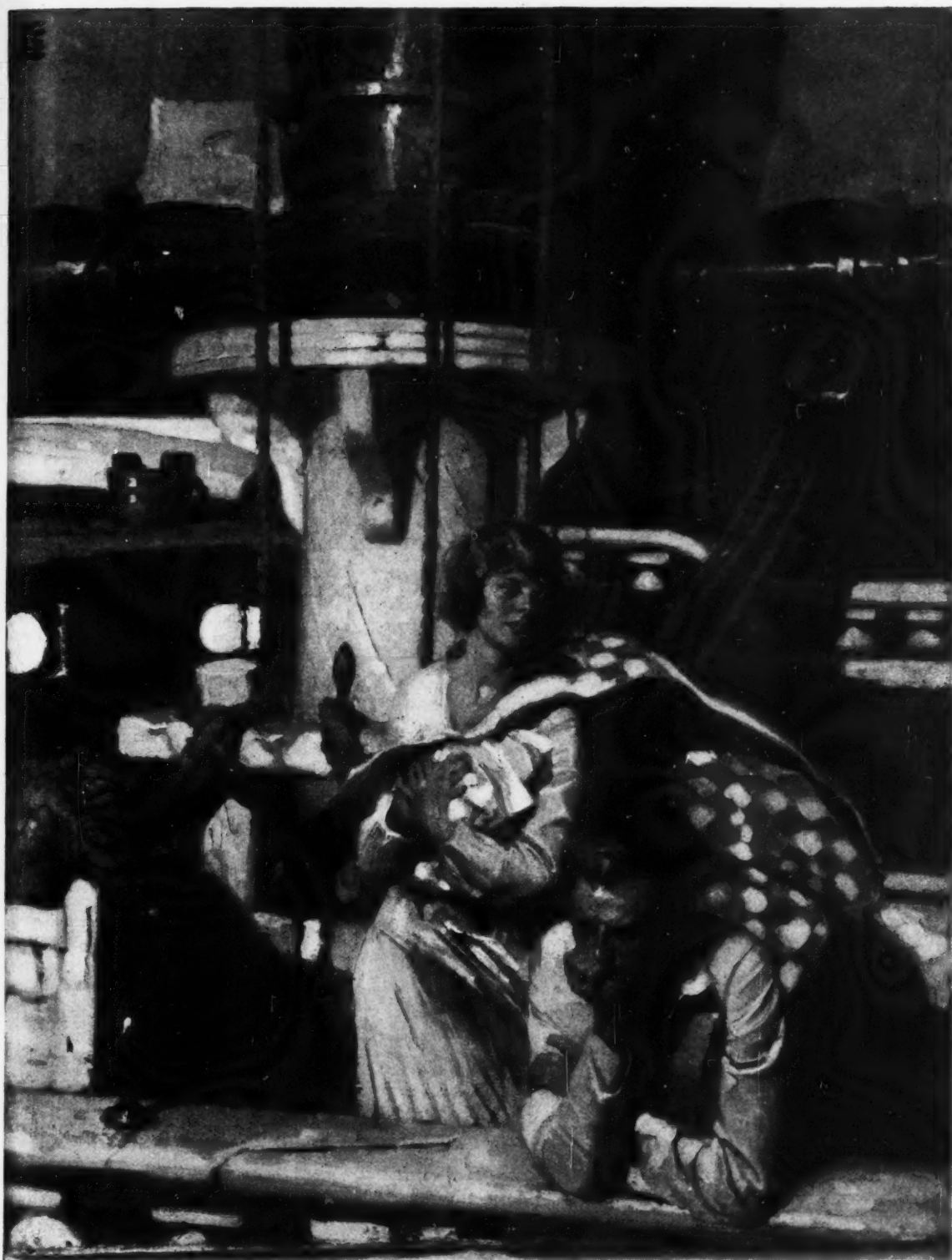
"No. Is it your custom to require a license when performing the marriage ceremony between two of your converts?"

"No indeed. My people do not understand what a license is, and it has been deemed unnecessary to insist upon it with these primitive people. In your case, however—"

"I understand that white man's law is non-operative in Riva," Dan interrupted. "The sole regulations of this island have been promulgated by *you* and other missionaries, have they not, Mr. Muggridge?"

He nodded, his blazing eyes still fastened on Tamea.





"Don't be ashamed of it, Dan dear," said Maisie. "I understand. Truly, I do."

"Well," Dan explained earnestly, "in the absence of white law I desire you to marry me according to missionary law. I wish to feel that my marriage has been sanctioned by a representative of a Christian faith. I am a Christian."

"A true Christian would not marry this woman, sir."

"I did not come here to argue with you, Mr. Muggridge. It is my firm intention to dwell in Riva with Tamea and I prefer to

dwell with her in accordance with the custom of my own people."

"I must decline to perform the ceremony," said Muggridge doggedly. "In your case, without a license, should I perform this ceremony I would be sanctioning your right to live with this woman in defiance of the law of the land."

"But there is no law, Mr. Muggridge."

"There is," said the missionary tersely. "I am the law, and in this matter I am inexorable."

"You're a lunatic. You're as crazy as a March hare," Dan retorted hotly.

"It is because he has looked upon me with desire," said Tamea coolly. "Come, beloved. It is foolish to argue with one who is quite mad."

She took his hand and led him back up the hill and out on to the edge of the high headland that gave a view of the entire eastern coast of the island. Inland a high conical peak, which Dan now realized was a volcano, lifted some four thousand feet into the sky, now rapidly darkening as the sun sank. Still holding Dan's hand, Tamea took her stand beside him.

"Dear one," she said, "if you would take me to wife, then must it be after the fashion of my people, since it is plainly impossible that it can be after the fashion of yours. I think I understand how it is that you would take me to wife. You would be very serious, very sincere, very solemn. It is something you would not do lightly."

He nodded and the girl, turning, pointed to the volcano. From the crater a rosy glow was beginning to appear, cast against the sky, and as twilight crept over Riva this glow deepened.

"My heart," said Tamea softly, "is like unto the hot heart of Hakataua yonder. Throughout the day the sunlight beats down the glow so that no man may see it, but with the coming of night comes the glow that all men may see it, even those afar at sea in ships. With the coming of night I yearn for you, beloved; the flame of desire burns high and I am unashamed that I desire you as all true women must desire a mate."

She turned and kissed him solemnly and tenderly.

"I love you, heart of my heart," she told him, "and though I live to be as old as Hakataua, I swear by your God, never shall I love any man but you, Dan Pritchard. And, loving you, I shall respect you and obey you, nor shall I bring dishonor or shame upon you, my husband. Here, in the presence of the sea and the earth and the sky, I make my promise. While I can make you happy that promise shall hold, but when I can no longer please you then are you released. For that is the way of my people."

"Here in the presence of God," Dan Pritchard murmured, with bowed head and a full heart, "I take thee, Tamea, for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, in honor, always." And he kissed her now, solemnly, tenderly, without passion.

"My husband," she said happily, "now it will not be necessary to beg that mad Muggridge to quench the fire in his soul."

"Poor devil," Dan answered her, and together they returned to the green bungalow.

They found Sooeey Wan sitting on the steps, mopping his high, bony forehead.

"Kitchen lady queen no hab got. Cookee no can do," he complained bitterly. "House where leavee thunk kitchen hab got. Cookee can do."

"You mean the missionary's house, Sooeey Wan?"

The old Chinaman nodded.

"Well, we'll have to get along without his kitchen, I think, Sooeey Wan." He turned to Tamea. "Have you no kitchen, dear? Strange that your father should build and furnish a house such as this and yet not provide a kitchen."

"When my father and I left Riva, we did not bother to take anything out of this house. Upon my return many things were missing. All were returned by my people with the exception of the stove, which fell from the shoulders of the men who carried it and was destroyed."

"Sooeey Wan isn't accustomed to cooking over an open fire. He will be continuously peeved and develop into a nuisance."

"I shall have my serving women wait upon my husband," Tamea assured him lightly. "As for this servant of yours, let his task be the catching of fish, which will provide him with amusement. He has labored long and faithfully in your house, dear one. He has earned his rest."

"I hope he can see his way clear to take it," Dan sighed. Then, turning to his servant: "Sooeey Wan, you're retired. You do not have to cook any more. From now on your job will consist in enjoying yourself. Tomorrow we'll find some sort of habitation for you, but for tonight park yourself on the veranda."

Sooeey Wan vouchsafed no reply until Tamea had entered the house and he found himself alone for a moment with his master. "Boss," he then said confidentially, "missionally heap klazy. Look out. Sooeey Wan look out," and he permitted the butt of a long-barreled Colt's .45 to slide down from his voluminous sleeve. "Sooeey Wan no likee. That missionally ketchum devil inside heap plenty."

## CHAPTER XXIV

TEN months had passed since Dan Pritchard had seen a human being whiter than Tamea or talked English to a white man. He was acutely conscious of this flight of time as he sat on the veranda of the green bungalow and watched a schooner beating up the coast of Riva.

"I wouldn't be surprised if that's the Pelorus, Tamea," he remarked. "Even at this distance her lines look too fine for an ordinary trading schooner. I hope she drops in. I'd like to have a visit with Hackett. That man has a superior mind."

Tamea glanced sharply at him from under lowered lids. Her lips trembled ever so slightly and she bit them to stop the trembling. At length she said: "Yes, that is the Pelorus, dear heart. She will drop anchor in the lagoon for the night and Hackett will come ashore to visit us. Doubtless he has supplies for the mission."

"Won't it be splendid to have him up for dinner, Tamea? Confound it, I wish we had a really decent dinner to offer him. He must be as weary of

canned goods, chicken, fish and pig as I am."

To this Tamea made no reply, but her sweet face was slightly clouded as she sat down at the piano and commenced picking out a hymn by ear. Her basses were not very good, and the piano, hard driven for many a year without tuning, rendered sterling assistance in the attack upon Dan's nerves.

He rose and walked out of the house and down the hill to the beach, where he sat on an upturned canoe and waited patiently for the Pelorus to negotiate the opening in the reef.

She did it prettily enough, and as her anchor splashed overboard and the harsh grating of the chain in her hawse-pipe floated across the lagoon to Dan, for a reason scarcely possible for analysis, a lump rose in his throat.

Perhaps it was the impending drama of a meeting with his own kind after ten months of alien association that thrilled him so, for he rose and ran down to the wash of the surf on the white shingle, hallooing and waving his arms. Two men on the poop waved back at him. One wore a singlet, a short pair of white trousers and a Panama hat. The other was arrayed in white linen and, at that distance, reminded Dan of a yacht owner out with his guests for a cruise.

The whale-boat splashed overboard and the two men dropped overside into it and were rowed ashore. The man in the short breeks and singlet was Captain Hackett. He leaped overboard as the whale-boat grounded and splashed through the wash with outstretched hand, his face wearing a hearty but cynical smile.

"How do you do, Mr. Pritchard?" he cried. "Do not bother to answer. I know. You don't do (Continued on page 122)



PETER B. KYNE

PETER B. KYNE breezed in the office the other day—"breeze" is the only way to describe the entrance of this wonderfully likable Irishman.

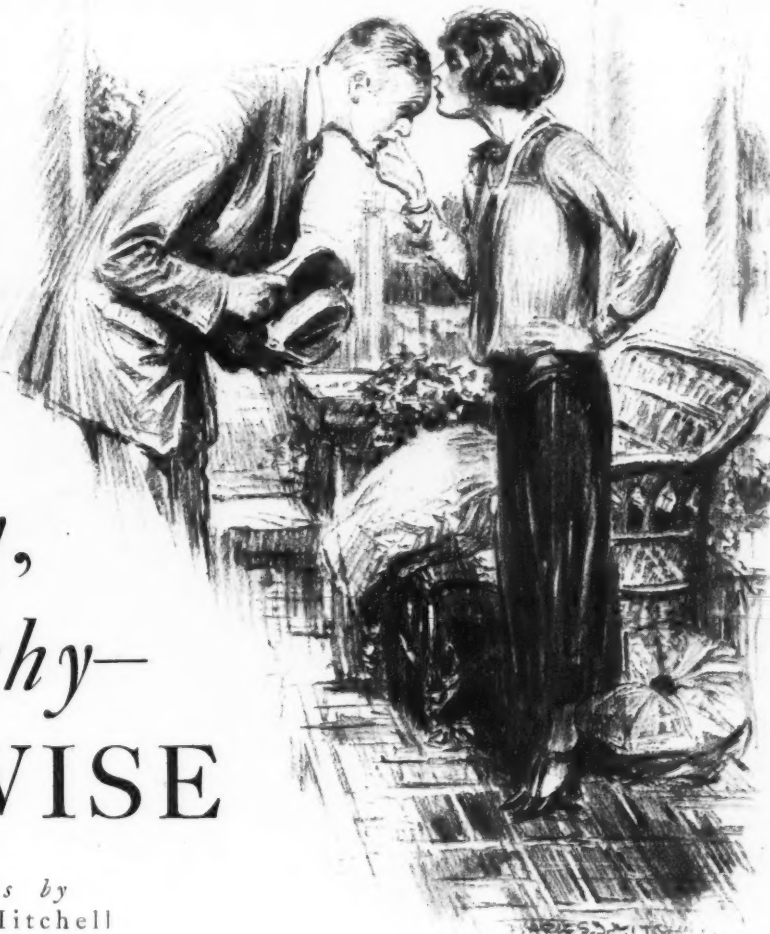
"Now this story," said he, laying a manuscript on my desk, "really should end in tragedy. All the characters you like should be killed off at the end. But, confound the luck, by the time I got to the end I'd grown so fond of them that I hadn't the heart to kill them. So here they are, all headed toward living happily ever after."

The story is, as the motion picture people say, "a Western." It's called "Cornflower Cassie's Concert," and you'll enjoy it next month. [R. L.]

*A Love Story by that Vigorous Young Writer*  
**Phyllis Duganne**

*Healthy,*  
*Wealthy—*  
**& WISE**

*Illustrations by*  
**Charles D. Mitchell**



CARRINGTON FARRADAY had looked forward to his twenty-first birthday as a point from which everything was going to be "different"; but now, as Madison set the cake with its lighted candles before him, he looked across the oval table into the bright eyes of his grandmother and acknowledged his mistake with a moroseness quite out of keeping with such an occasion. No matter how old he became, Victoria Delano Farraday would always be fifty years his senior.

As though to escape the weight of that realization, he turned his gaze to the guest who sat between himself and his grandmother, but in Louisa Bradley's politely ladylike face he read again the overwhelming seniority of Mrs. Farraday. Why, when he liked girls who had pep, girls who chattered and sparkled and flashed, girls, in short, like Georgianna Poole, should Grandmother persist in surrounding him with girls like Louisa? It was true that, by himself, he had little fascination for girls of the Georgianna variety; he was always left floundering far, far behind them, still puzzling about something they had said and forgotten five minutes before. But if Grandmother had wanted the old house echoing with Georgiannas, she could have had it so. Grandmother, fragile, soft-voiced, wispy Grandmother, could do anything that she wanted to do.

"You must blow out your candles," she prompted now, and Louisa laughed softly.

Carrington looked at her again, wondering why Louisa, who was after all only twenty, should have a laugh like a spinet, when Grandmother, in spite of her lace cap and long gray linen gown, reminded him far more of a jazz orchestra.

He blew prodigiously, and seven of the twenty-one candles flickered and went out. Grandmother frowned; Louisa discreetly seemed not to have noticed, and Carrie wondered whether Grandmother could blow out all the seventy-two candles of her next cake in one breath. She probably could! He drew himself together, puffed out his round pink cheeks until he looked like a goblin, and blew. All but one this time. What a fool thing for a man to be doing, anyway! He extinguished the last, and Louisa murmured genteel appreciation of his prowess. Carrie wanted to fling the cake through the French windows, out among the fragrance of Grandmother's rose bushes. But now he must cut it . . .

He lifted his wine-glass, which Madison had pityingly filled a moment before, drained it of Grandmother's exceedingly good Burgundy, and cut the cake. Madison refilled the glass, and the master of the house looked up at him and winked.

The dining room of the Farraday home was oval in shape, its high ceiling a cerulean blue which, at evening, melted away above the smoke of Carrie's cigarettes and the flames of the candles; the walls were painted in a landscape design which was not half so bad as one felt it would be at first glance. Half of the oval was walled with French windows, opening to a pale pink brick terrace and Grandmother's gardens.

Grandmother Farraday faced her gardens, and the sun—Grandmother's only dissipation was a passion for going to bed early, so dinner in her home was in the middle of the day—shone over a face that was wax-like in its smoothness, colored only in the cheeks with a flush which Carrie had been investigating for eight years now. On never could find out things about



Victoria Farraday, and if the flush did, as he suspected, find its birth in a round little box, at least she kept her secret as closely as she kept her decisions. Her hair and gown matched exactly; silvery gray, each obviously of good material, each arranged by the hands of a Frenchwoman who knew her business. Diamonds set in platinum—she had had all her jewelry, even the wedding ring which Franklin Farraday had placed on her finger half a century before, “done over”—glistened on her small hands, and a single diamond hung from a chain over the hollow of her wrinkled throat.

Carrie faced her, his back to the fragrant garden. Carrington Farraday was one of those young men who ought to have been exceedingly good looking, but who somehow miss the exact mark. He was tall and broad, but instead of an impression of strength, one received only a suggestion of unwieldy softness. His complexion was pink and white, and in his blue eyes was a beaten, subdued expression which showed only when he could exert enough strength to lift the heavy lashes which constantly veiled it. He looked tragically what he was, the last of a fine family which had flourished by virtue of its strength during the American Revolution, by virtue of its wealth through the Civil War, and which could hardly be said to flourish at all now.

Grandmother chattered—if her crisp, incisive speech might be called chatter—throughout the meal; Louisa agreed politely, smiled, nodded her head, met, or tried to meet, the eyes of her host approvingly; and Carrie maintained a displeased silence. Finally it was over, and in the drawing room Grandmother brought forth an envelope and a box.

The envelope was put into his hands first, and the pink in Carrie's cheeks deepened at the amount of the check. The box, an oblong of heavy cardboard wrapped in white tissue paper, Grandmother held on her lap.

“This,” she said, smiling brightly at Carrie, “is a sentimental present, but I am sure you will value it far more than the other. It means a great deal to me.” She nodded to Louisa, patted the box with her glittering little hands. “You know, of course, how much it has pleased me that you followed your grandfather's—and your father's—footsteps to Cranford.” She turned again to Louisa. “Carrington's grandfather was quite a figure at Cranford, my dear,” she explained. “When we first met, he was captain of the Cranford football team. He was a powerful man—like Carrington, in a way.” Her grandson flushed at the qualifying phrase. “For several years he held the American championship as a runner. Farraday Field was named in his honor, you know.”

Carrington's blue eyes were fixed apprehensively upon the oblong box; he was silent.

“When I first saw your grandfather, he was wearing one of these,” Mrs. Farraday continued. “He was about your size, Carrington, and your coloring. He—but I am making quite a little speech, am I not? Open it, child—open it!” She held out the box to him, and Carrington fumbled clumsily with the orange and green ribbons—Cranford colors—which held it.

As he drew forth the heavy sweater, with the Cranford “C” standing out proudly upon the white wool, Louisa drew an audible appreciative breath, and Grandmother's excitement was electric.

“Why—Grandmother—” Carrie began.

“Oh, put it on!” cried Louisa. “Do put it on, Carrington!”

“Why—” Carrie held the sweater awkwardly, like a bachelor holding a baby. “It's ever so dear of you, Grandmother. I—but gosh, Grandmother, I can't wear this!”

Victoria Farraday sat erect. “What do you mean?”

Carrie was blushing. “Why—you see, I don't rate it, Grannie. I couldn't wear it till the end of next year, even if I did. You don't get your C until then. But you see, dear, I won't get one anyway. I'm not going in for any athletics. I—I couldn't wear it.”

“I don't know what you're talking about,” said his grandfather sharply, with the air of not wanting to know, either. “Franklin always wore one of those sweaters, and I've been waiting twenty-one years to see you in one. I've dreamed of it! Put it on, Carrington.”

“If they won't let you wear it around the university, at least you could wear it up here,” suggested Louisa hopefully.

“Let him! They!” said Grandmother scornfully. “Of course he's going to wear it! Carrington Farraday, put that sweater on this minute!”

One of those gently stubborn looks which can cover the features of a sweet tempered person settled upon Carrie's countenance. “I'm awfully sorry, Grandmother, but it's one of those things that just isn't done. It's worse than bad taste. It's—well, it isn't done!”

The three were silent for a moment, Louisa breathless at this defiance of an empress, Grandmother shattered at this ignoring of her command, and Carrie still gently, sweetly stubborn.

“Do you mean to say,” demanded Mrs. Farraday at last, “that the authorities wouldn't let you wear it? You're a Cranford man.”

“But only the men who win their C can wear it, Grannie. You have to win it in some branch of athletics. It's—it's like a *Croix de Guerre* or a Congressional Medal or something. Of course you can buy all the medals you like in stores, but it just isn't done.”

Victoria Farraday snorted. The only things that “weren't done” in her life were the things she didn't want to do.

“What?” asked Carrie anxiously, as she regarded him.

“I will make them let you wear that sweater!” she announced decidedly. “You needn't worry, my dear. Cranford needs a new stadium, doesn't it? Yes? All right, I'll give it to them! The Carrington Farraday stadium—they can have the best in the country—but you shall wear that sweater!”

Carrie grew purple. “You don't know what you're talking about!” he said, in an agony of apprehension. “You'd ruin me forever! You—”

“Sir!” exclaimed Grandmother, rising to her four feet eleven inches of towering wrath.

“Carrington!” said the appalled Louisa.

Carrie rose, too. “I beg your pardon, Grandmother. But you will do nothing of the sort.” For an instant they stood, eyes meeting squarely. “If you make one step towards getting permission for me to wear that sweater, I shall leave this house and never enter it again as long as I live!”

Grandmother's fierce little blue eyes did not falter, nor did Carrie's softly sullen ones. Louisa's frightened breathing alone could be heard in the still room; it seemed as though they would stand there forever, when Madison entered quietly.

“Mr. Everett on the telephone, Mrs. Farraday.”

“Tell him—” began Grandmother, eyes still fixed on her grandson. She paused and turned slowly. “Tell him I shall be there directly,” she pronounced, and left the room regally.

“Oh, Carrington—” began Louisa, adoration, awe in her lady-like voice.

“You shut up!” announced Carrington Farraday firmly, and strode out. Not every day does a man become twenty-one!

There were three other gleaming cars drawn up outside Georgianna Poole's house when Carrie stopped his Spitz at the side of the driveway and stepped out. It was late June, and the cars which carried the younger set of Darnton about their various affairs were still new and for the most part un battered.

“Looks like a confounded country club!” Carrie muttered as he strode, still filled with that sense of power which the scene with his grandmother and Louisa had given him, up the broad steps to the veranda, with its bright awnings and cushions.

The Poole house always reminded him of Georgianna herself; new, spotlessly white, with shutters of that vivid green which Grandmother so disapproved, with windows gleaming above flower boxes overflowing with brilliant blossoms, shadowed by the green, yellow and purple striped awnings.

The phonograph was playing—Carrie had never heard it still at the Pooles'—and the owners of the three spotless cars were grouped together on the veranda, on their knees, heads close together. There were five young men; from the angle at which Carrie approached them, precisely alike, in flannels and blue coats, differentiated only by the various shades of their close-cropped hair. There were two young women, Patty Poole, seventeen years old, a tall, well developed young creature, with a deep voice and a swirl of black hair drawn horizontally across her forehead above a pair of blazing blue eyes, and Georgianna.

“Aw, come on, Mr. Nine. Please come. Honest, I'll be a good girl forever after. Come on—darn!” It was the amazonian Patty, trying to develop her own “line” with the d'ce, trying valiantly to become a distinct personality in spite of the fact that she was kid sister to the most popular girl Darnton had ever known.

“Georgianna!”

Black hair, thick and straight, tossed back in a gleaming mop, and an oval brown face appeared between the blue shoulders of two of the men; a pair of round violet eyes looked up at Carrie. Surprise, amazement were written swiftly upon Georgianna Poole's expression. She opened her small red mouth, closed it again. She scrambled to her knees, grinning.

“Well—do tell!” she announced flatly. “The heir to the Farraday cellar! Would you mind (Continued on page 167)”

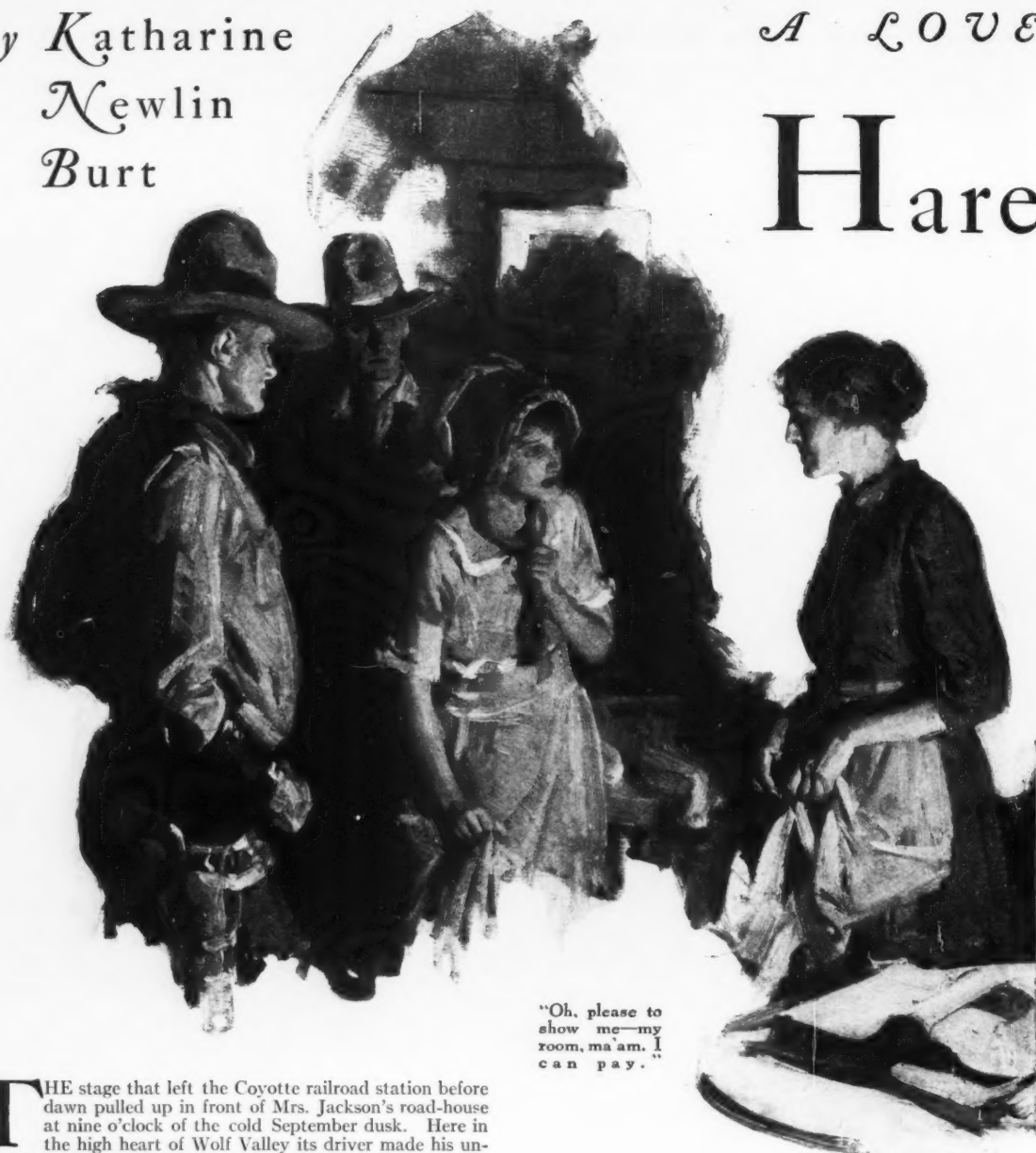


"You shall wear that sweater!" "You don't know what you're talking about!" said Carrington Farraday in an agony of apprehension. "You'd ruin me forever! You—" "Sir!" exclaimed Grandmother, rising to her four feet eleven inches of towering wrath.

By Katharine  
Newlin  
Burt

A LOVE

# Hare



"Oh, please to  
show me—my  
room, ma'am. I  
can pay."

THE stage that left the Coyotte railroad station before dawn pulled up in front of Mrs. Jackson's road-house at nine o'clock of the cold September dusk. Here in the high heart of Wolf Valley its driver made his unwilling half-way halt between Coyotte and Trail.

The road-house with its store and its stable squatted expressionlessly in the valley's level bottom like some brown toad whose eyes had an inhuman jewel-like fixity. Mrs. Jackson had opened these eyes by lighting her lamps to greet the stage. They were the only visible lights between two vast ranges which tilted their snow-filled rocks against the early stars. Mrs. Jackson came out from her kitchen and stood on her threshold to calculate the number of extra mouths brought to her table by the stage.

Ed Quickley, just jogging down from his cranny in the hills, desperate for the sound of human speech, tied his pony to the fence post and watched with the greedy eyes of loneliness the unloading of the white-topped wagon. It held two passengers, Tony Blake, a familiar of Wolf Valley returning from a business trip across the big divide, and, breathlessly unfamiliar, a girl of eighteen or so, slight, freckled, hazel-eyed, dressed in a chill faded calico frock and sunbonnet as though she had just stepped out of some kitchen dooryard full of clacking hens. Before the four horses had come to a stop, she dropped from her high perch and fled into the road-house like a rag before the wind. She had the look of such a driven remnant. Tony Blake was only six swaggering steps behind her and Ed Quickley, flinging himself through the gate, was only a dozen steps

behind Tony, so that both men heard her breathless account of herself to Mrs. Jackson.

"I'm going to the Ray ranch," she said before the slow-spoken and quick-eyed hostess could do more than step back before her into the front room of the house. "I'm Mr. Jim Ray's daughter."

To this swift announcement Ma Jackson made no reply. A couple of teamsters near the stove looked up with a slow silent stare and a salesman, traveling for the Trimfigger Corset Company, who had not yet discovered that Ma Jackson was the only woman in Wolf Valley, screwed up his eyes and looked brightly about from face to face, inquisitive concerning the significance of this queer pause, this abeyance of any natural comment or encouragement.

The three men sat near the central iron stove. Back of their heads, turned towards the newcomers, an old-style graphophone with a wax cylinder lifted its morning glory trumpet as though searching for a breath of cooler air. From a table covered with a worsted square, old magazines, the Book of Mormon and some huge mail-order catalogues, a kerosene lamp threw a strong light across their, sun-reddened faces. Through a wide opening curtained in strings of red beads appeared the narrow table



# STORY OF THE BAD LANDS

## and

## Hounds

*Illustrations by*  
Pruett Carter



covered with linoleum on which Ma Jackson's son, a small tow-headed youth with nervous skipping movements, was laying some thick white plates.

Ma Jackson wiped off a chair back with her apron, sucked in her copper-colored cheeks and looked the girl over from experienced eye- corners before she relieved that abrupt silence which had extinguished the murmur of her young and urgent voice.

"You must have been cold travelin' without no coat nor nothin'," she said softly. "Where's your stuff?"

The girl's tiny freckles were washed over in scarlet. "I've not got any, ma'am," she said in a small scared voice. "I came off in a hurry."

Ma Jackson's eyes bored. "Your pa know you're comin'?" A difficult gulping ripple disturbed the child's long throat. Her eyelids trembled. "No, ma'am," she whispered.

Ma Jackson laughed with grimness, and a sympathetic echo went about the little masculine group beside the fire.

"You've got your nerve all right, gal. Since when've you seen pa?"

"Not since I was a baby—well, ma'am, I guess—just the same as never—"

Blake, standing back of the girl, overshadowing her as a great steamer overshadows some little tugboat in a harbor, spoke with a smile of patronage upon his lips.

"She's not going to Ray's Ranch, folks," he said and thrust his hand into a broad studded belt. "She's coming to mine, aren't you, Bess?" He turned about in a half-circle, his chin tilted, half to propitiate, half to bully his audience. "I've asked Miss Betty Ray to marry me. We are driving over to Trail tomorrow on the stage to visit the parson."

A grin of discomfort went round. The girl moved a step closer to Mrs. Jackson and half closed her eyes. She seemed to be in a bewilderment of fear and of distaste.

"He kept telling me, ma'am, he loved me—all the way over the mountains——" Blake joined, loudly and vacantly, in the gusty uncertain rattle of laughter which greeted this confession. "I don't like him," she faltered, ready for tears. "Can I go to my room? Can I start for Mr. Ray's ranch tomorrow morning?"

"Sure you can, kid. Don't let these rough-necks get your goat. Just back of you there stands Ray's neighbor." Ray's daughter wheeled and looked up into Quickley's face, which rearranged itself abruptly under the searching gaze, turning as blank as a faro player's, cold eyes dropped to a hand concealed. "Say, Ed, you'll take this young lady up behind your saddle and be pleased with the experience, eh?"

Betty moved her exquisite and troubled eyes right to left, from Quickley to Blake, and gripped her faded calico skirt in

both hands, held down tightly at her sides. "I don't want to go with him," she whispered. She drew herself back almost against the wall. "Oh, please to show me some place—my room. I've got some money—honest! I can pay."

"Number five—right at the head of the stairs, dearie," Ma Jackson advised, grimly smiling, and before the words were out the child stumbled from the room and was whisked up the narrow staircase on her fears like a wisp of smoke by wind.

Ma Jackson turned on Blake. "You had oughter to be ashamed of yourself, Tony," she scolded. "Yes, sir, and you too, Ed Quickley, scarin' a little rabbit like that out of her five senses."

Blake gave his shoulders a cave-man roll; Quickley twisted his lips. "What'd I do to scare her?" he protested. "I haven't unlocked my face. She'll be worse scared at Ray's shack if you let her get there. There's Flea," as the tow-headed meager youth hopped into the opening between the beaded portières with a nasal pipe of announcement: "Grub's ready."

Ma Jackson blocked the way. She seemed for an instant to be caught up from her surroundings into a cloud of speculation. Again she polished the chair back with her apron and sucked in her cheeks. She spoke thoughtfully, in confidence, to the stove.

"I ain't a-goin' to let her get there . . . I'm a-goin' to keep that gel. She's just the help I'm lookin' for—pretty and quick and trim and easy broke. Flea here, he's been bent nigh double with work inside and out since Jack Jackson died on me. Can't hold a kid with his nose to the grind for always. Likely some day whilst I'm out feedin' the hens Flea'll make his getaway and seek him a wife." She came to herself and smiled widely. "Grub—grub!" her uplifted voice bugled through the little house. She led the way into the dining room, elbowing Flea out of her path.

"Say," remarked the animated salesman of the Trimfigger Corset, "this is the soft spot for a disregarded spinster. That girl has been in Wolf about twenty minutes and she's got herself two husbands."

Tony Blake pushed his way through the beaded portières, head down like a bull through rushes. "No, sir," he sang, smiling with his teeth shut, "she's only got herself just one."

With a clatter and a scraping and sliding of boots on boards the men settled themselves along the narrow board. Flea and his mother waited on their needs, the youth skipping in and out of the kitchen with a wet and harried face. A special summons brought down the girl, who fluttered in and took the place left for her at the table end. Her face was tear-stained, her eyes wide and vague with weariness. She sat with bent shoulders looking straight ahead of her.

The beauty of her unconscious young mouth drew the eyes of these men, starved for the softness of wet garden roses, of childhood, of something weak and warm and tender. Flea hovered mutely sentimental, Blake stared and smiled, Quickley's eyes crept, fluttered, settled and fled away. The drummer sneered, conscious of superior experience. A teamster thought of his wife over the divide in the open country and of a little girl whose bare soft arms held his great red neck afresh. If he was going back now, instead of on to Trail, he'd give that daughter of Ray's a lift.

Likely she'd be ready to go back home, little runaway fool! Tired of maternal discipline, he figured, of housework, dish-water and laundry soap. Likely Ray had left a wife when he'd made his getaway into Wolf Valley seventeen years back. Likely this kid had never heard the rights about her father. Likely he'd seemed a hero to her. That maternal shrew with her heavy hand had justified to a childish victim any desertion. She had merely followed a brave example when she made her own rash little angry getaway, stumbling across the stubbled fields, blind with her tears and smarting in her self-respect, getting herself just as she was, calico sunbonnet and all, up on the stage and setting her little angry teeth against retreat.

The poor fool kid! And she had come to Wolf Valley! There was all the good open cattle country, there were mountain valleys of clear-eyed homesteaders with their mates where Ray's little daughter would have found the chivalry upon which she had dumbly counted in her adventure. Not, however, in Wolf Valley. It had a reputation quite its own. Teamster and stage driver and drifting cowboy went through it with wary eye and ear and ready gun. It was a bad man's hole. Every thief and hold-up man, every "Man Wanted" with his face tacked up on lonely trading post and main office sooner or later found his way into Wolf Valley. Here he would linger and pass, or, if slackening pursuit allowed, here he would stop. The stage road went through it like a clean thread. Rarely did a respectable traveler leave Ma Jackson's for further exploration north or south. If he did the query was, "Who's he after, or who's after him?" And now—this girl!

The teamster fingered over mentally, as a man might finger over a deck of soiled cards, the recognized settlers of Wolf Valley. Ray, the surly, half mad trapper, drunk on his unholy brews, fierce as a cornered bear, unsightly with his hairy face and chest, gapped teeth and bloodshot eyes. Quickley, handsome scapegrace, gambler, perhaps confidence man, tied to a cranny in the hills until some cloud had blown free from the sky of his greedy vagabondage. Larch, of whom no man knew anything except his gloomy silence and cold eye.

Blake, the remittance man, the son of Middle Western wealth, with something at once crazed and tarnished about his loud expansiveness; Blake, with his acres fenced and watered, with a small herd of cattle and a range-menacing flock of sheep, with all the confidence of his pocketful and a queer streak of luck in money matters; Blake, with his noisy insolence of a bucolic parvenu; Blake, who shouted out his wishes before he gathered them into his big uncertain hands. The teamster, calculating Betty's chances, figured that by the time he creaked and plodded back through Wolf three weeks from now the girl would be married to Big Blake.

He thought again of his own tiny girl-child and he had a distaste for the dish of wet potatoes and fried meat smothered in thick white gravy, which had been placed before him. He pushed it away and rose. He went slowly along the table past Blake's broad yellow-shirted back and Quickley's tapering waistcoated one, and stopping by the girl he rested a rough hand beside her plate, set his shoulders between her and the observant eyes and spoke softly and with emphasis.

"I'll be passing through Wolf three weeks from tonight, Miss Ray. If you want to go back home by then you can meet me here and I'll give you a lift and welcome."

She stared up at him. Her lips moved to a soft "Yes, sir" and she smiled very faintly, but he was not sure that she had understood.

"Three weeks from tonight," he repeated, pressed her hand with a fatherly and reassuring palm and passed through the parlor to look after the needs of his mud-spattered team.

A jug of hot water, brought at sunrise before even the teamsters had been knocked awake, was Mrs. Jackson's instrument for forcing the locked door of number five. It opened even to this refreshment with reluctance and revealed the small flannel-nightgowned occupant, whose long brown hair swept on either side of her large dark eyes, from which drowsiness had already been routed by renewed anxiety. She took the jug, set it down on the wash table and crept back into her bed, where she sat with the dingy blanket pulled up over her knees looking up at Mrs. Jackson with a look so childish and so large that the keeper of Wolf Valley Road-house obeyed an impulse to smooth the countenance close to a small tight hand before she spoke.

"Dearie," she said, "you still thinking to go up country to your pa?"

"Oh yes ma'am, as soon as I can. Only—only I don't want to go with that man—you know—the one with the straight face who lets his eyelids drop."

"U-hum, Quickley." Mrs. Jackson seated herself at the foot of the bed in spite of its noisy protest. "Now, girlie, you don't care if I give you some advice?"

"Oh no, ma'am!" The girl blinked, tears pricking her lids.

"You send a little letter to your pa by Ed tellin' him where you are so's he kin come and fetch you. How about that? Wouldn't it likely be better for him to know you're comin'? Likely he'll have to make some preparations for you. It's a rough country and your pa—well, girlie, he is sure a rough man."

"Is he? Oh!" This was a blank exclamation and the exclaimer crouched down against her flat hard pillow.

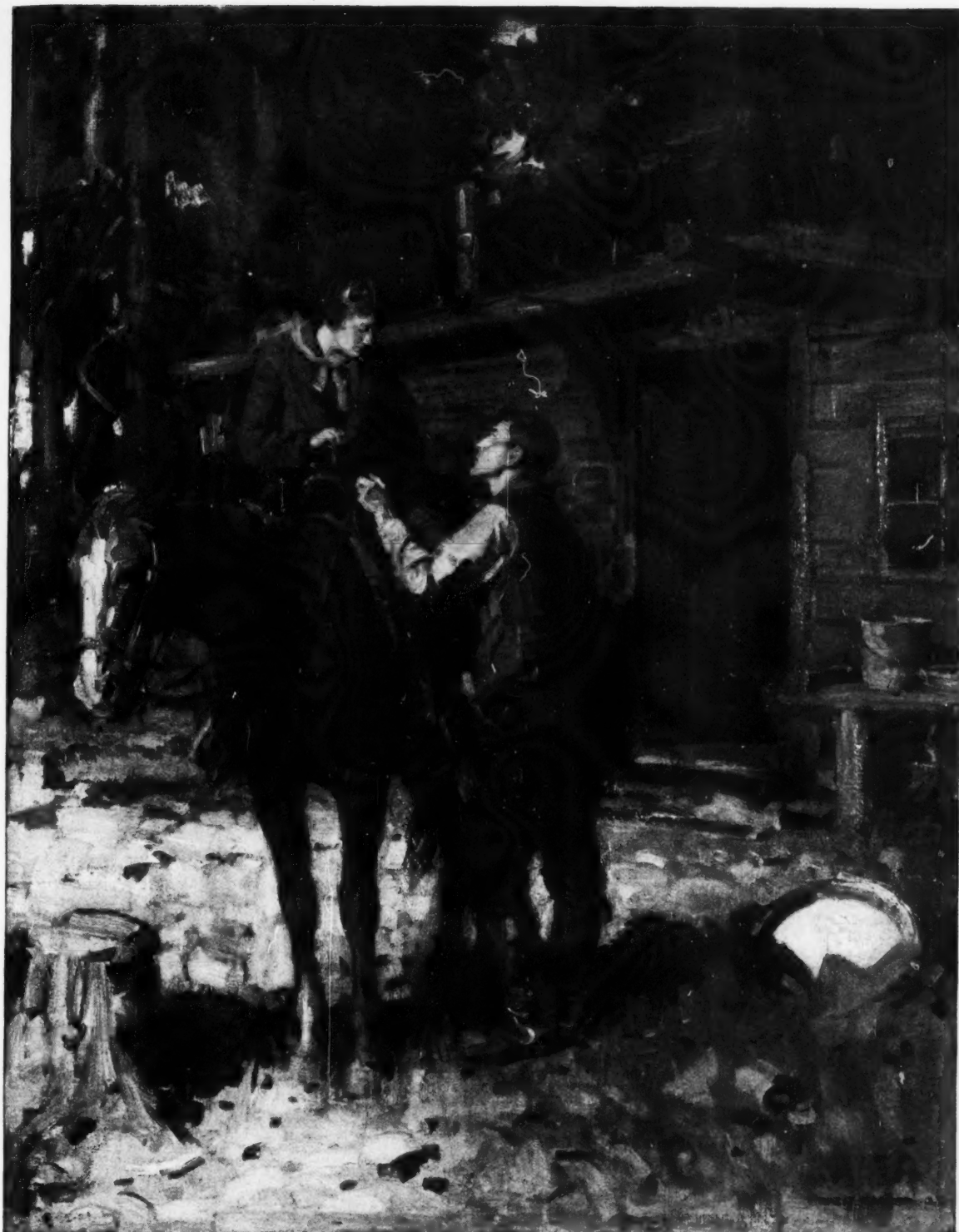
"Most folks in Wolf Valley are rough-like," said Mrs. Jackson, speaking euphemistically rather as if there were a goodly crowd from which to make selection. "Blake's our slickest citizen."

"Oh, I don't like him! I don't like him."

"Well, I'm not blamin' you for that, girlie. He's kind of cracked-like in a way. But he's got money and a good layout half-way between here and your pa's cabin. He's kind of a good match. Yes ma'am, he sure is—if you don't get too finicky. He's got a rich father back in Kansas. Tony was sent here because he was sort of loco, I guess—kind of a trashy bad actor."

"Oh yes, ma'am. He's not like other people—his eyes and his smile and that big cracked high voice."

"You're right. But he's shrewd too and knows how to get what he wants. Well, sister, how about stoppin' here with me whilst Quickley takes your news to Ray and gives him a chance to come down here and fetch you? You two—you and your pa—



"You can go off now and then if you like," said Betty. "Even the swallows come back, don't they?"

can give each other a once-over before you start housekeepin'. Your pa which you've never set your eyes on——"

"Yes. That would be nice. Only——only——"

"Only what? Let 'er buck."

"I haven't enough money, Mrs. Jackson. I can just about pay for tonight. The railroad ticket took the most of what I had and then—the stage. I can pay you for tonight——"

"Humph!" said Mrs. Jackson, rising with a reassuring snort.

"You can earn your board for a few days, I guess," she continued. "This is a road-house and a stable and a store. Me and my boy Sam runs it since Jack Jackson died on me. We're about crazy with the work. Turn your hand to dish-washin' and table-waitin'. You've done it afore now, haven't you?"

"Yes, ma'am." A rather pitiful look of weary resignation settled on the slender little figure in the bed. "Yes, ma'am. I'll work for my board until father comes down for me. That would



be best." Her eyes lifted and went searching across the broad sun and fire-burnt face before her. It was printed in characters cryptic to her experience; hard, smiling and kind to a shallow depth and, below that, wooden. The shutters were closed. Ma Jackson's face was a serviceable mask.

After that business interview in number five Betty settled down to a life monotonous and alarming, commonplace and strange. It was not very long before she became aware of Flea otherwise than as a quick-handed and spasmodic-minded helper. At first her own mind was so distracted by eagerness for an answer from her father and by her nervous terror of Tony Blake that she thought of the tow-headed youth's companionship only as a sort of impersonal refuge.

About her incessant work she moved like an automaton during her suitor's almost daily visits; she fluttered in aimless circles like a moth, incapable of consecutive work or speech. That loud prophecy of "tomorrow's wedding" when she would ride over with Tony to Coyotte and be "tied up" to him "for keeps, eh, what say, Bessie?" repeated and repeated until she was dumb and blind and sick, haunted her dreams. By its mere empty insistence it was flogging her spirit into a senseless submission. Anything to silence him—anything—anything . . .

From his swaggering hollow-voiced presence she rushed back to Flea and to labor with a lightened spirit. But on a Monday morning, after the interminable Sunday persecution, Flea did skip nimbly into her consciousness by tiptoeing up behind her in the yard where she was hanging wet dish-cloths on the slab fence and kissing her with an insect-like sharpness and dexterity on the nape of her small sun-brown neck.

She swung about at him, lifting one of the wet and heavy towels, her face flaming with the sudden nervous rage of timid people, and he, seeing that unexpected fury, made a comic leap, caught his run-over heel in a ditch and sat down under a stinging chastisement.

"Oooo, Betty—quit it—ow!" He scrambled up and fled, the girl, unsatisfied, raging after him in a passion of tears.

Ma Jackson came out upon the disturbance and made short work of it. She scolded, commanded, petted, soothed, treating them like quarrelsome inmates of the nursery; but afterwards in a corner of the kitchen she gave Betty to understand with considerable cold emphasis that her son was not to be slapped about the face and neck with wet dish-cloths for any reason whatsoever. "S'pose he did kiss you! Ain't you never been kissed before?"

"No, ma'am," sobbed the culprit, seated on a bench, her apron over her head.

"Time you was, ther. Sam's sweet on you. He's a good, steady, honest boy. Now I ask you, girlie—him with the road-house business back of him—could you do yourself better?"

Betty twisted her shoulder against the wall. "I don't want to do myself. I want to go to my father. I hate men. I hate Sam. I'd like to—to bite him—so I would!"

At that Ma Jackson assumed a contemptuous dignity.

"You go upstairs to your room, you silly little rabbit. You think things over. I can send you up country to your pa tonight when Ed Quickley passes through. And I've a mind to." She



"Get on Ed's horse," commanded Betty. "ride as fast as you can."

banished her smile or rather allowed it to move away from her face slowly as the sun moves from a shuttered window, and she screwed up her eyes to look down across her cheeks. "You little stampin', screamin', bitin' rabbit, you'd better be glad that my Sam's got a mind to you. I'll bundle you off with Ed tonight, I will."

"I'll go with him." Betty stood up in her corner and drew her apron down. She looked dull and pale; her face had shrunk under its brief flame. She seemed a creature made for flight and fear but stunned by a sudden excess of the latter emotion.

Ma Jackson, smiling again, let her drag by, patted her shoulder as she went.

"Take it easy, girlie. You go tonight with Ed. You can come back just whenever you've a mind, just whenever you get a hankerin' for a quiet, good, respectable home with Ma and Sam. Experience maybe will change your temper. Likely—likely . . . Kissin' and bitin'—well, well! Go out and break your little teeth on somethin' tougher than my Sam."

On her way upstairs the hard remnants of Betty's anger crumbled and with them something that felt like her heart. She was heard to weep loudly and to strike at the banister with her despairing hand.

"Poor kid!" commented Mrs. Jackson calmly, already kneading dough beneath the kitchen window. Through it she could see Sam standing, vacant and still for once, his pale small face streaked with punishment, staring across the level green-gray spaces to a sky of level gray.

"There'll be snow before mornin'," his mother decided comfortably, working in deep her masterful red hands.

Ed Quickley took the unexpected commission entrusted to him that evening with the face of an expert who has been dealt a fresh hand of cards. His eyes, his mouth betrayed nothing



Never come back. I'll be here ready for you, all day, every day, to shoot you on sight."

either of dismay or of elation. He tied Betty's bundle to the front of his saddle and put Betty up behind it with the cool precision of a muscular machine. To her timid, necessarily clinging hands his body felt like sheathed and sentient steel.

Ma Jackson, grimly smiling, and Sammy, tear-stained, stood beside the gate to watch her go.

"Good-by, dearie, come back as soon as they will let you—as soon as you can make your getaway. Glad to see you—any time and always."

Sam waved, choked and fled into the house. His mother glanced at him expressionlessly over her shoulder, then set herself to a stony watching of the diminishing blue figure jogging on the tall gray horse.

That little jogging figure shivered and clung with nervous reluctance to the hard rippling body of its present master.

"Did—did my father send me a message, Mr. Quickley?" she cleared her throat to ask.

"Mister"—Quickley too cleared his throat. "I didn't get to give him your letter, ma'am. I'm right sorry. It's kind of out of my way. And I found when I got back to my place this side of Ray's that I had to set right out again. I'm on my way back home for the second time and I've got your message in my pocket. You and your letter are likely to reach Mr. Ray at the same i-dential minute."

"Then he don't know anything about me?" Betty murmured low and fearfully.

The tall gray horse stepped nimbly forward, crossed the river bridge and nosed toward emptiness. Beside and above his insignificant progress the wall of snow-streaked and enormous rock flanked the world. The raw sharp heads accompanied, as with heavy and unchanging chords, the small silent rhythm of their advance.

"And," said Ed softly perhaps twenty minutes later, "what's more, Miss Betty, you don't know anything about him."

He felt her thin soft arm tighten, her warm body shrink away from and then towards the shelter of his.

"What ought I to know?" her small voice seemed to force itself to ask.

Ed hummed a tuneless air through his teeth.

"Well, I suppose you'll see for yourself. What fetched him here, Miss Betty?"

"I don't know, I always thought it was my mother's ways. She—oh, Mr. Quickley, she is awful hard and cross and angry!"

"Humph!" The gambler's shoulders moved in a sardonic gesture, tired and worldly-wise. "It ain't any of my business." He waited. "If a man got weary," he allowed himself to suggest, "of his wife's tongue, there is gayer and softer spots to get rested in than Wolf Valley. Was you livin' in the place he left?"

"No, sir. Mother moved when I was about two years old. She said her neighbors made life ugly for her. I guess it was her fault, though, if they did. It's kind of awful to speak about my own mother this-a-way, Mr. Quickley, but,"—she heaved the spasmodic unexpected sigh of childhood—"but you see you don't know her."

"No, ma'am, I don't. The Lord's been fairly good to me—in spots. But I've a notion, Miss Betty, that the neighbors, whilst maybe they didn't like her, had a useful weapon ag'in her in what they knowed about Jim Ray."

"You mean?" To that small chilled traveler it seemed at the instant that the mountains strode close and hung above her head. The sky was lost and she felt giddy.

"I mean, your father must have been getting away from a place where the law and public opinion had kind of went against him. Ain't that the look of it? He did somethin', Miss Bettv, you hev to be sure, that he— (Continued on page 106)



W. Somerset Maugham  
*Novelist and Globe-Trotter,*  
*Relates the Strange Case of* **German**

I FOUND myself in Thursday Island and I wanted very much to go to New Guinea. Now the only way in which I could do this was by getting a pearling lugger to take me across the Arafura Sea. The pearl fishery at that time was moribund and a flock of neat little craft lay anchored in the harbor. I found a skipper with nothing much to do—the journey to Merauke and back could hardly take him less than a month—and with him I made the necessary arrangements. He engaged four Torres Straits islanders as crew—the boat was but nineteen tons—and we ransacked the local store for canned goods. But a day or two before I sailed a man who owned a number of pearlers came to me and asked whether on my way I would stop at the island of Trebucket and leave a sack of flour, a sack of rice and some magazines for the hermit who lived there.

I pricked up my ears. It appeared that the hermit had lived by himself on this remote and tiny island for thirty years, and when opportunity occurred provisions were sent to him by kindly souls. He said that he was a Dane but in the Torres Straits he was known as German Harry. He was an able seaman on a sailing vessel which had been wrecked in those treacherous waters. Two boats managed to get away and eventually hit upon the desert island of Trebucket. This is well out of the line of traffic and it was three years before any ship sighted the castaways.

Sixteen men had landed on the island but when at last a schooner, driven from its course by stress of weather, put in for shelter, no more than five were left. When the storm abated, the skipper took four of these on board and eventually landed them at Sydney, but German Harry refused to go. He said that during these three years he had seen such terrible things that he had a horror of his fellow men and wished never to live with them again. He would say no more. He was absolutely fixed in his determination to stay, entirely by himself, in that lonely place. Though now and then opportunity had been given him to leave, he had never taken it.

A strange man and a strange story. I learned more about him as we sailed across the desolate sea. The Torres Straits are peppered with islands and at night we anchored on the lee of one or other of them. Of late, new pearling grounds have been discovered near Trebucket, and in the fall pearlers, visiting it now and then, have given German Harry various necessities so that he has been able to make himself sufficiently comfortable. They bring him papers, bags of flour and rice, and canned meats. He has a whale-boat and used to go fishing in it, but now he is no longer strong enough to manage its unwieldy bulk. There is abundant pearl shell on the reef that surrounds his island and

this he used to collect and sell to the pearlers for tobacco, and sometimes he found a good pearl for which he got a considerable sum. It is believed that he has hidden away somewhere a collection of magnificent pearls. During the war no pearlers came out and for five years he never saw a living soul. For all he knew a terrible epidemic had killed off the entire human race and he was the only man alive. Afterwards he was asked what he thought.

"I thought something had happened," he said.

He ran out of matches and was afraid that his fire would go out, so he slept in short spells, putting wood on his fire from time to time all day and all night. He came to the end of his provisions and lived on chickens, fish and coconuts. Sometimes he got a turtle.

During the last four months of the year there may be two or three pearlers about, and not infrequently after the day's work they will row in and spend an evening with him. They try to make him drunk and then they ask him what happened during those three years after the two boat-loads came to the island. How was it that sixteen landed and at the end of that time only five were left? He never says a word. Drunk or sober, he is equally silent on that subject, and if they insist he grows angry and leaves them.

I forget if it was four or five days before we sighted the hermit's little kingdom. We had been driven by bad weather to take shelter and had spent a couple of days at an island on the way. Trebucket is a low island, perhaps a mile round, covered with coconuts, just raised above the level of the sea and surrounded by a reef so that it can be approached only on one side. There is no opening in the reef and the lugger had to anchor a mile from the shore. We got into a dinghy with the provisions. It was a stiff pull and even within the reef the sea was choppy.

I saw the little hut, sheltered by the trees, in which German Harry lived, and as we approached he sauntered down slowly to the water's edge. We shouted a greeting but he did not answer. He was a man over seventy, very bald, hatchet-faced, with a gray mustache, and he walked with a roll so that you could never have taken him for anything but a sea-faring man. His sunburn made his blue eyes look very pale and they were surrounded by wrinkles as though for long years he had spent interminable hours scanning the vacant sea. He wore dungarees and a singlet, patched, but neat and clean. The house to which he presently led us consisted of a single room with a roof of corrugated iron. There was a bed in it, some rough stools which he himself had made, a table and his various household utensils.





*Illustration by*  
Charles N. Sarka

# Harry

Under a tree in front of it was a table and a bench. Behind was an enclosed run for his chickens.

I cannot say that he was pleased to see us. He accepted our gifts as a right, without thanks, and grumbled a little because something or other that he needed had not been brought. He was silent and morose. He was not interested in the news we had to give him, for the outside world was no concern of his; the only thing he cared about was his island—he looked upon it with a jealous, proprietary right, he called it "my health resort" and he feared that the coconuts which covered it would tempt some enterprising trader.

He looked at me with suspicion. He was somberly curious to know what I was doing in these seas. He used words with difficulty, talking to himself rather than to us, and it was a little uncanny to hear him mumble away as though we were not there. But he was moved when my skipper told him that an old man of his own age whom he had known for a long time was dead.

"Old Charlie dead—that's too bad. Old Charlie dead." He repeated it over and over again.

I asked him if he read.

"Not much," he answered indifferently.

He seemed to be occupied only with the most trifling subjects, his food, his dogs and his chickens. If what they tell us in books were true, his long communion with nature and the sea should have taught him many and subtle secrets. He was a savage. He was nothing but a narrow, ignorant and cantankerous seafaring man.

As I looked at the wrinkled mean old face I wondered too what was the story of those three dreadful years which had made him welcome this imprisonment of more than a quarter of a century. I sought to see behind those pale blue eyes of his what secrets they were that he would carry to his grave.

And then I foresaw the end. One day a pearl-fisher would land on the island and German Harry would not be waiting for him, silent and suspicious, at the water's edge. He would go up to the hut and there, lying on the bed, unrecognizable, he would see all that remained of what had once been a man. Perhaps then he would hunt high and low for that great mass of pearls which has haunted the fancy of so many an adventurer. But I do not believe he would find it; German Harry would have seen to it that none should discover his treasure and the pearls would rot in their hiding-place.

Then the pearl-fisher would get back into his dinghy and the island once more would be deserted of man.

I cannot say that German Harry was pleased to see us. The outside world was no concern of his—a strange man and a strange story.

# Keeping

*The NOVEL*

Gouverneur  
Morris

*Tells why*

*HATE*

*Women They*

*Illustrations by*



The oftener Edward drew  
Alice the more exquisite  
she seemed to him.

## *The Story So Far:*

THE life of Edward Eaton was a history of his relations to women; and these began with his mother, who shaped the lives of her family in quite a remarkable if negative way.

She was a large, dominating woman with a face like a horse, and with a glance she could inspire cold terror in anyone—and often did. She ruled by fear, whereas her husband, a clergyman and a charming, gentle soul, ruled by love. All of Mrs. Eaton's children had a deadly fear of her, and as opposition to her will never did any good, they early learned to lie in order to keep the peace and get what they wanted. Except the girls; Mrs. Eaton favored her girls.

There was John, for instance. Failing in a school examination and afraid to face his mother, he ran away to sea, thereby sending Mrs. Eaton into a rage. But Mr. Eaton, who was quietly determined that his boys should work out their own destinies, secretly aided and abetted John's escape and was pleased when John turned out well and became a first mate in the merchant marine.

There was Mark, whom his mother tried to force to be a clergyman, but who also ran away, abetted by his father, to fulfill his ambition to be a farmer.

There was Ruth, who married wealthy young Bruce Armitage and then, following in her mother's footsteps, by various ruses compelled him to give up his natural life as a country gentleman and go to the city to study law—an occupation he hated and for which he was totally unsuited.

And there was Edward, the youngest, who after Mark's defection was the next one designated for the clergy. Edward, it should be said, was boyishly in love with Alice Ruggles, a most charming and pretty miss; but Alice's father was by way of being an atheist, or at any rate he was intellectually independent and believed in evolution, so the Ruggleses were anathema to Mrs. Eaton.

Anyway, Edward also appeared to acquiesce in his mother's decision about the clergy; but he nursed a secret ambition to be an explorer and as time went on he showed a remarkable youthful talent for drawing. So much so that when John visited his home once on shore leave he promised to help Edward go to Paris some day if he really wanted to study to be an artist.

But John on this visit had more serious things to think about too. It appears that James, who was the only real hypocrite among the boys and a lady's man and his mother's favorite as well, had had an affair with the Jackson girl in the neighboring village of Westchester. The Jackson girl called one day when Mrs. Eaton was out and told John frankly that James would have to marry her. And John, disgusted with his brother, promised that James would.

So he took James walking and tried to induce him to do the decent thing. And when James refused, John endeavored to knock some decency into him with his fists; and James promised to marry the Jackson girl. But the next morning John found that he had disappeared. "A nice mess I've got myself into,"

# The Peace

*in which*

*Men*

*the*

*LOVE*

M. L. Bower

thought John, "making promises I can't keep to a girl I'm not under any obligations to and trusting to the word of a dirty rat like that James. I wonder where the skunk is hiding."

JOHN was to find out what had happened to James when he had pulled himself together and joined the family breakfast. Dear Mother had had the *dearest* letter from dear James. He had been invited to go yachting with the Montgomery Stairses and had refused, but during the night he had found himself wishing that he had not refused, and what had the dear, original, adventurous fellow done? He had packed his grip and set out on foot for City Island so as to join the Winona before daybreak, when she was to sail. The party had all spent the night on board, and wouldn't they be surprised and delighted when they found her darling at breakfast waiting for them?

Dear Mother then wandered off into speculations concerning rumors which she had heard hinting that between Miss Winona Stairs, who was a great heiress, and her James there was more than a passing interest.

"I only pray," said Mrs. Eaton, "that if it is true, she is good enough for him. He is so sensitive . . . He has never given me a moment's doubt or anxiety. It is a blessing to have at least one son who loves his home and his old mother."

John, who was usually hearty at meals, ate next to nothing. The praises of James sickened him, and a dozen times his outraged sense of justice almost caused him to leap to his feet and roar out the whole truth about the precious rascal to an accompaniment of breaking glass and china. But no good purpose would be served, and he managed to restrain himself.

There was about an hour before train time and this was punctuated with many awkward silences. Mr. Eaton kept thinking: "How long will it be before I see this fine boy of mine again? Perhaps I shall never see him again."

Mr. Eaton while reading in his study had recently suffered from a curious and painful attack. It had been as if a huge hand had suddenly seized his heart and squeezed it while it struggled and fluttered. He had not mentioned this to anybody. But the memory of it did not leave him often—the pain had been very great—and he lived in fear of a repetition.



## Keeping The Peace

Mrs. Eaton kept thinking that John's ways were not her ways, and that people whose ways were not hers, and who did not smugly and with exaggerated cheerfulness fall in with hers, were better off at sea. To Sarah, John's visit had been anything but a pleasure. She felt that his occupation dragged the family down socially. Why hadn't he stayed in the United States Navy? That was bad enough. But surely it wasn't gentlemanly to be in the merchant marine. Edward was silent because of grief. He loved his big brother with all his heart, and believed that everything John did was exactly right, and that he was the wisest, kindest and most accomplished gentleman in the world.

Edward and his father accompanied John to the station.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Eaton, "good-by and may God bless you."

"And may God bless you, father," said John. . . . Then suddenly: "Father," he said, "if you hear about me doing anything and don't understand how I came to do it, please don't be in a hurry to condemn me. I try to live the way I think you would live if you were a sailor. . . . Eddie, will you do me a favor? Will you please grow up to be as good a man as your father?"

Poor Mr. Eaton was embarrassed at this frank and open praise. His hand closed tightly on Edward's, and as the train pulled out from the station and John waved to them from the platform, tears gathered in his extraordinary black eyes and rolled out of them. He pulled himself together with a laugh and dashed the back of his hand across his eyes. Then he clapped Edward cheerfully on the back and exclaimed:

"And you've got to do me a favor too, young man—you've got to grow up to be as good a man as your brother John."

To run off to sea without doing something to square matters for the Jackson girl never entered John's head. So he got off the train at the old familiar Westchester station, left his valise with the ticket agent, who remembered him, and set out on the old familiar walk of his school days. He felt immensely older and very sad.

Here was the shop where the children used to buy "suckums" and licorice "shoe laces." Next the fork of the roads with the triangular blacksmith shop. And John still saw and admired through the open door in the murky light the skilled play of the old smith's vast brown muscles.

The harness shop came next, the littlest shop in the world, with the family quarters above it. There was a "For Sale" sign on the building, but in answer to John's knocking the Jackson girl herself came to the door. It was obvious that she had relied on John's promise. For she had put on her best dress and done all she could to make herself look neat and attractive. But her face fell when she saw that John was unaccompanied.

John stepped quickly into the little leather shop and shut the door behind him. "My brother," he said, "promised me that he would come. He gave me his word of honor. So I went to sleep with a clear conscience. This morning I found that he had run away. . . . I think you are well rid of him."

During this recital her face had turned hard and scornful. "I may be rid of him," she said, "but he's not rid of me."

"I feel the same way about him," said John. "I want to see him punished."

"He will be," exclaimed the girl, and she clenched her fists.

"They usually are—in the end," said John; "at least I hope they are. Meanwhile what you need is money so that you can live and a name to protect you against gossip." He tried to show her a light-hearted smile. "Will you take mine?"

She did not understand at first and he had to explain.

"You're all dressed up and expecting to get married, and I don't choose to have you disappointed. James is out of the question. Will I do?"

Her face softened and her eyes began to fill. She came a step closer to him. "Say," she said, "you're a real man, you are."

"It's about the only thing we can do," said John, and he blushed because of the admiration in her eyes.

"It's a dirty trick of me to take you at your word," said the girl. "But I don't see what else I can do. Honest I don't." John put his arm around her shoulders and patted them in a fatherly way. She had begun to cry. "Do you mean it?" she asked after a while. "Truly?"

"Truly," said John.

"Will you wait here while I tell mother? Mother don't hardly speak to me."

"I want to meet your mother."

The girl seemed a little taken aback. Then she appeared to smile. "Your voice," she said, "is like James's—a little. Mother's blind. Will you let her think you're James? She thinks

it's James that's coming to marry me. It would take forever to make her understand what has happened."

"All right," said John. "But before you talk with your mother I want you to know just what I can do and just what I can't. It isn't much. . . . I'm a sailor, you know, so I won't be—I won't be at home much. I have a hundred and sixty dollars that I can spare and I can send you thirty dollars a month out of my pay. It won't ever be less and when I get to be master it will be more. I'd want you to move away from Westchester. You'll be getting something for the shop, won't you, when it's sold? I don't know where you'd better go, but somewhere where we're not all so well known. A fresh start won't do any harm."

"Mother's from Flushing," said the girl. "She's always wanting to go back. We could go to Flushing."

"And," said John, "I wouldn't think of lying to my father; but if he heard that we'd been married he'd have to learn about James. I think we'd better get married in New York. Nobody knows us there. You could come back to your mother then, and move to Flushing when you were ready. My ship sails from Boston in the morning, and I have to be aboard by midnight."

"It's more than I deserve," said the girl. "I've been a fool and a disgrace. But if you was to stay around, I'd show you there was some good in me. I'd work my hands off to the bone for you."

"I believe that I am getting a good little wife," said John simply; "and now let's tell your mother that we are going to the city to be married. Perhaps she'd like to come too."

The girl shook her head. "She'd like to, but it's hard for her to get about. It's awful to be blind."

And so John joined his life to another which a member of his family had wrecked, and went to sea feeling very much as if he had tied a millstone around his neck.

The adventure with Dear Mother's paint-box had shaken Edward's ambition to be an explorer. And he read no more about dwarfs and gorillas and elephant guns. He had now an intense wish to be an artist. He wished that he had been more attentive at the clay-modeling class where Alice Ruggles had showed so much talent. He might have learned something. But he had missed that opportunity. And now he had no clay to work with, nor paints nor brushes.

There were stubs of pencils to be filched from father's study, and the groceries were usually delivered in wrappings of brown or white paper which could be dampened and flattened out with a warm iron, and upon which it was possible to draw.

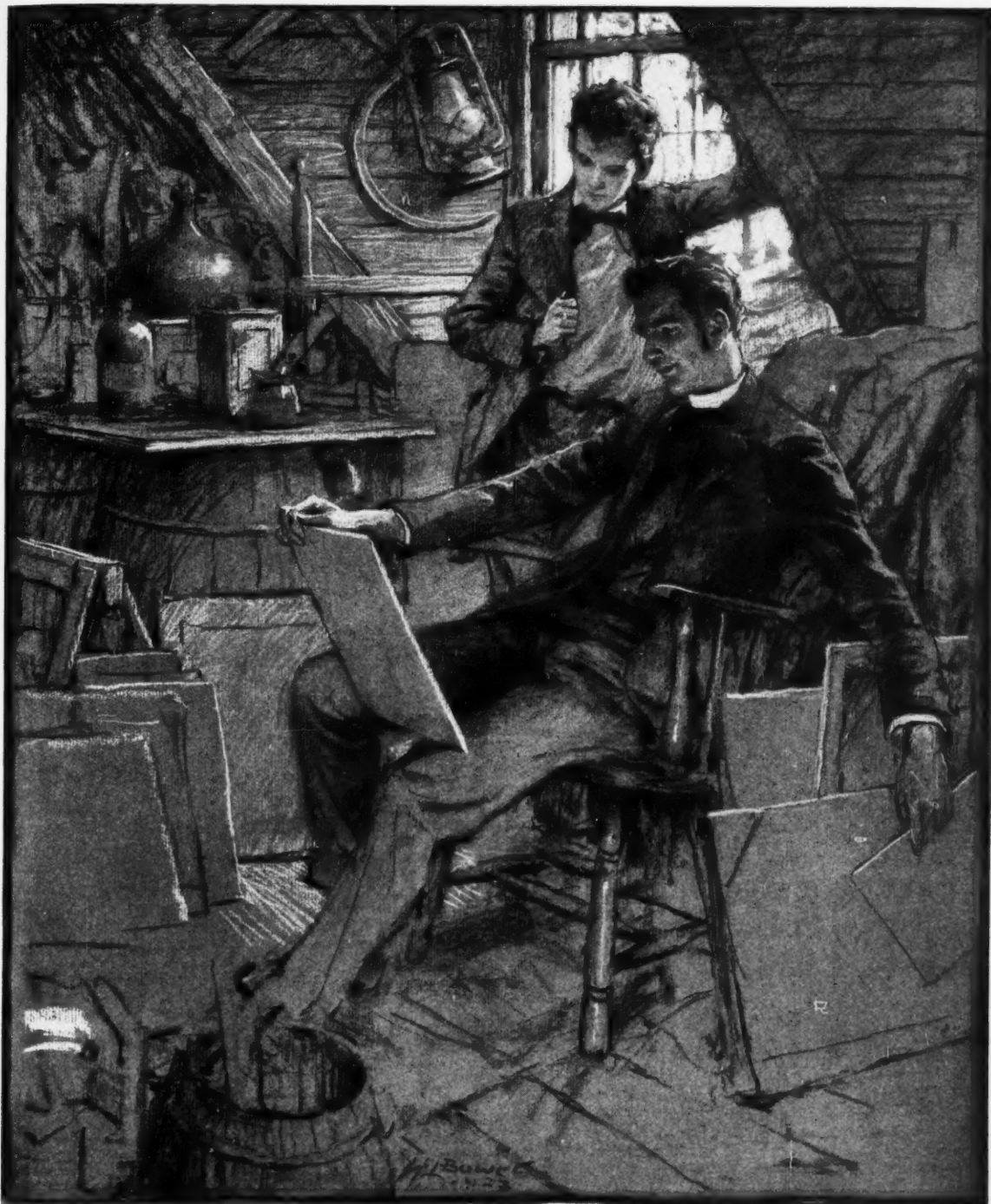
Being now keen to learn, it was a pity that Edward could not have had a teacher, for having a fine pair of observing eyes in his head and a flexible hand he must have made quick progress. But in the long run it did not matter. For in a few years' time his own experience and experiments turned teacher, and he could draw anything in creation very swiftly, surely and beautifully.

Dear Mother was down on artists, except Raphael and the old Italians who depicted religious subjects. Artists were low people who lived loosely. If Edward had said that he wished to be an artist, he would have been deprived of all pencils and grocery store paper. But Edward was a wise child. And he believed in being praised and encouraged instead of being scolded and opposed. Wherefore, although the two large library volumes filled with reproductions of masterpieces contained also pictures of battles and pagan odds and ends, he confined his copying to the religious subjects.

To this day Edward, with his eyes shut, can do a very forceful head of Christ, or having placed four or five curling and apparently meaningless lines on a sheet of paper can convert them with three or four touches of pure magic either into a classic Madonna and child or into the five little pigs who went to market.

The little hypocrite went to even greater lengths in order to win his mother's favor and praise. He confined himself to religious subjects, and when as sometimes happened the Old Master had omitted a fig leaf, Edward tacked one on. When in later life he was painting the shadowed fig leaves on the gleaming white wall of the Sicilian brigand's house in that fascinating little landscape which the Luxembourg bought, he smiled often to think under what circumstances and for what purpose he had first given his attention to the anatomy of that particular kind of leaf.

For a little boy who intended to be a minister to develop a passion for drawing Saints and Christs and Madonnas and bambini seemed normal enough to Mrs. Eaton and beyond censure. And if a little too much realistic blood sometimes flowed from the arrow wounds of his Saint Sebastians, she overlooked it. It wasn't quite nice; it would have been as well to have stuck the arrows in the Saint as one sticks pins in a cushion or



"Eddie," said the Reverend M. Eaton, "I think they are amazing. You have a strong and definite talent."

cloves in a ham, but the main thing was that he had chosen to depict a Saint.

One day he tackled the three Marys and outdid himself. He made a drawing full of faults, no doubt, but filled also with grace and a certain flowing quality achieved by the sweetness and cleanness of the lines. And he knew at once that he had drawn better than he had ever drawn before.

He hid his masterpiece away until the next day, which was Dear Mother's birthday, and when she was alone after breakfast he presented it to her, with an assortment of well chosen and propitiating lies.

"I drew it especially for you, Dear Mother, for your birthday," he said, "and it's the nicest one I've ever done. It's the three

blessed Marys, Dear Mother; and see, I didn't have to hide their feet with bunches of grass the way I used to do. And the hands *do* look like hands, Dear Mother, *don't* they?"

They certainly did, and Mrs. Eaton said so. She was in a good humor. And even in her lay, false-seeing eyes, the picture had a certain charm.

"There weren't any halos in the original," continued Edward. "I put them in out of my own head. I wouldn't want people to look at this picture and think I'd just gone and drawn three ordinary ladies." He looked now up into his mother's face and said: "Dear Mother, it will be my birthday in February, and if you'll only give me a little box of paints I'll color their lovely robes for you, and the trees in the distance. Mary Mother ought

to have a sky-blue dress, and Mary Cleophas would look nice in pale yellow. Mary Magdalene is drawn after she stopped being had and had repented and been forgiven. So we could make her dress pink instead of red, don't you think? . . . I do wish you'd think over about the paints."

Mrs. Eaton did. She thought over about the paints then and there and concluded that Edward should have them. But she did not tell him this. She believed in discipline. She did not believe in children having things *just* when they wanted them. It was far, far better for them to wait.

So she said that she didn't know about the paints. One would see. It depended perhaps not altogether upon whether it was good for a little boy to have a box of paints or not, but much on whether between now and his birthday, during all those intervening months, not some of the time, but all of the time, he was a good boy, a good, God-fearing, Christian little boy in whom his Dear Mother might repose a certain amount of confidence.

Now to obtain paints at this period in his career Edward would have committed any crime, would have stooped to any lie, duplicity or hypocrisy. He was even willing to be a good, well conducted little boy for every one of all the long days of a good many months. It seemed a small price to pay.

The school year had opened and he had not now so much time to draw. The boys teased him because he was going to be a clergyman, a career which seemed rather girlish to them. And his voice seesawed so violently between high and low that when he was called upon to recite the whole class tittered, and was reproved by a tittering teacher.

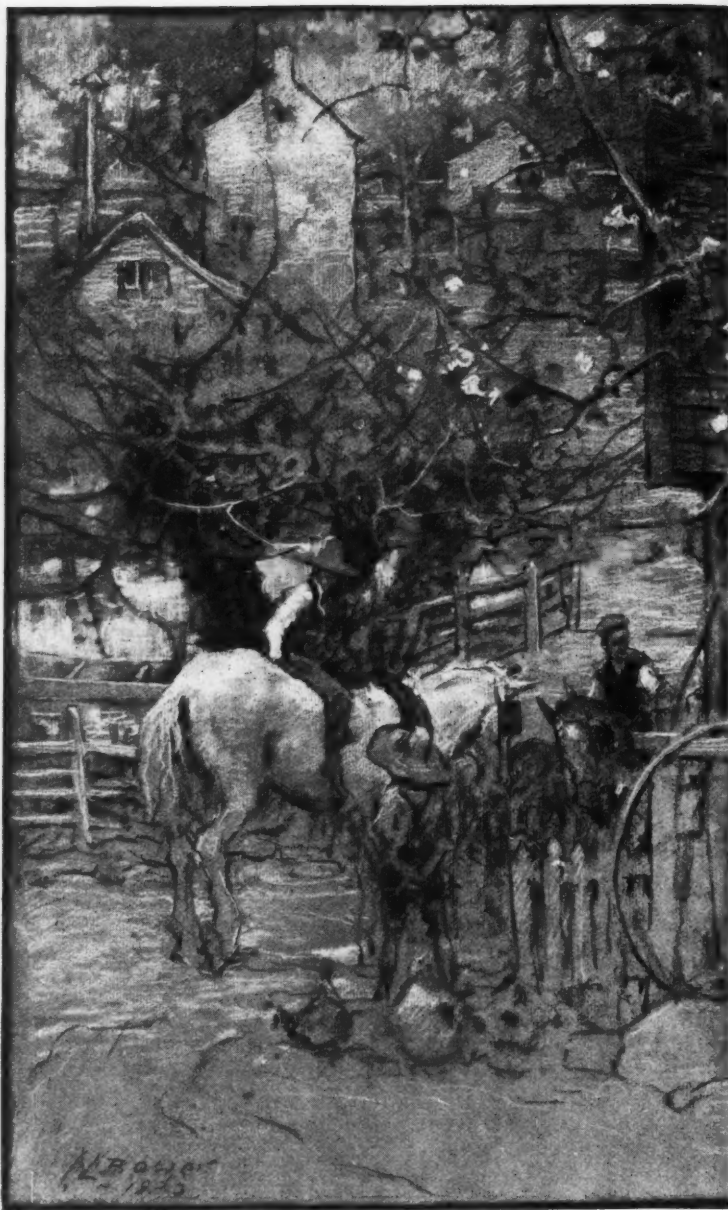
Toward Christmas, however, Edward's voice settled into a pleasant engaging place—rather low down in the scale, with a husky quality. One day at recess he fought a battle in the hickory wood back of half-way house with a boy slightly larger than himself, and came out about even—so even, indeed, that although each boy claimed a victory and asked only to be let at the other again to prove it, each had already determined in his heart that his next fight would be with somebody else.

This fight did Edward a lot of good. He had been considered something of a sissy. That phase was over. Asked by a stern mother to explain a purplish greenish circle about his left eye, he had told a long rigmarole about a religious dispute with another boy who had made fun of the miracles in the Bible. Mrs. Eaton could not approve of fighting, but the cause in which her little boy had fought softened her judgment. He was forgiven, but he was not to fight any more. He could show his contempt for scoffers in more telling ways.

But the true inwardness of the battle was altogether different. Between the boys' playground and the girls' at Mr. Harrington's school there was a high fence of pine boards. Here and there a knot had fallen or been punched from its socket, and through these peep-holes the boys and girls sometimes communicated, if only for the reason that during school hours such communication, even between brothers and sisters, was strictly forbidden. Edward and Alice Ruggles were frequent offenders.

But their reason was different. There was really a sincere attachment between them. And each hankered after the society of the other. Sometimes they exchanged through a knot-hole choice tidbits from the school luncheons with which their respective mothers had provided them.

On the day of the battle, the Jepsom boy had seen Edward receive at the fair and somewhat ink-stained hands of Alice, a luscious sandwich of thin bread and apricot jam. In places the jam had soaked through the bread. It was a morsel for the gods.



The girl's face fell when she saw that John was unaccompanied.

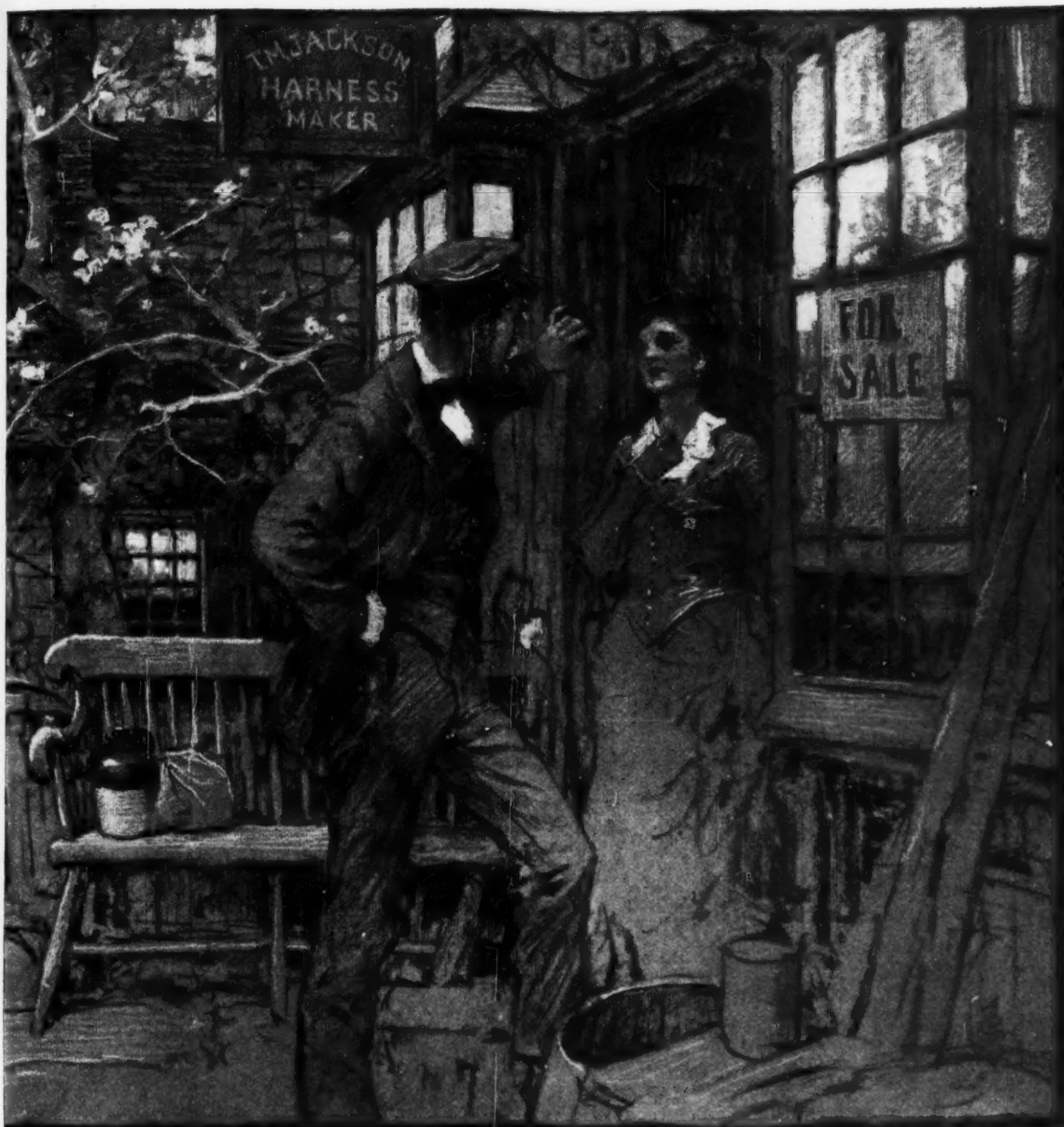
As Edward raised this delectable sandwich to his ravenous schoolboy mouth, the Jepsom boy stepped forward and with a harsh sibilant sneering sound knocked it from his hand. Edward recovered the sandwich and looked at it. It had fallen on an ant heap and was a ruin of sand and struggling red ants.

For a moment Edward looked puzzled. He looked puzzled because he was puzzled. He was puzzled at a series of passions the like of which he had never experienced before. One of these passions was for Alice. Through her gift she had been insulted and belittled. His heart swam with an aching tenderness. Another passion was of disappointment at seeing something of a peculiar deliciousness, which he had been about to eat, spoiled. There were other passions in the mixture. And the least of these was the wish to do murder then and there upon the person of young Jepsom.

As a preliminary Edward stepped suddenly forward and violently scrubbed the Jepsom boy's face with the bread and the butter and the jam and the sand and the ants.

Blows must then and there have been struck had not big boys intervened. A dozen of them scenting a difference of opinion had swiftly gathered like so many buzzards from different parts of the playground, and these now took charge of the affair. Two





"This morning," said John, "I found that my brother had run away. I think you are well rid of him."

appointed themselves Edward's seconds and two took charge of Jepsom. Then the principals were taken at a sharp run—for recess was short and there was no time to be lost—to the hickory wood back of half-way house, and had their jackets stripped off, and were then thrown at each other with a brutal and joyous violence.

Americans believe that the average American is born with a knowledge of how to use his fists, and that in this he differs from foreigners as clearly as any man whose thumb meets up with his forefinger differs from a monkey whose thumb doesn't.

No national belief was ever more charged with error. It is no more natural for an American or a man of any other race to strike straight and true blows with his fists than it is for a cat to kick out backwards like a mule.

Edward and Jepsom were average American boys and their zeal to strike each other terrible blows was for some minutes only exceeded by their failure to hit each other at all. They brandished their fists as beetles brandish their antennae, and they leaped about and embraced and swung their arms like windmills. Something or other at the last moment always turned their most terrible blows into pushes. Edward's most painful injury was to his left instep. And it was not the fist but the heavy boot heel of the Jepsom boy which caused it. It was the Jepsom boy's right

elbow which blackened Edward's eye. And it was the top of Edward's head in collision with the Jepsom boy's soft stomach which, just as the school bell rang and stopped the sport, sickened the Jepsom boy and made him wish that he had allowed Edward to eat his old sandwich in peace.

Through the convenient knot-hole the fair Alice had observed the insult, the challenge, the disappearance of the combatants behind half-way house and their subsequent reappearance. It was not easy to tell which was the winner. Nevertheless her heart beat high and she could not but regard Edward as a hero. She believed in fighting. It was one of her father's beliefs. The Ruggles family were also brought up to believe in wars. Mr. Ruggles believed that occasional wars were beneficial to populations and that what became of individuals if only they didn't revert to monkeys, which, so he averred, they only too frequently did, was of no consequence.

But for this battle, Edward's daily conduct up to the day of his birthday was exemplary and so were his reports from school. Consequently Mrs. Eaton, who had not been allowed to forget that there was a question of paints concerned, made up her mind that she would give them to him.

## Keeping The Peace

It had always been unfortunate for Edward that his birthday came so soon after Christmas. Because Christmas with its gifts to all and sundry had the effect of throwing Mrs. Eaton into a miserly state of mind for the rest of the winter. And it was not until the shrubberies had to be worked over and the grounds put in order in the spring that she again spent small sums of money at all freely. Eatons whose birthdays fell during the summer months always fared best.

Furthermore, during this particular autumn, and especially at Christmas time, James had been a heavy drag on her pocketbook. For this particular ewe lamb her sacrifices were willing and cheerful. For James, as she frequently said, like Ruth, was "taking his place in the world," whatever that may have meant, and like most mid-Victorian Christians, Mrs. Eaton was a social snob of the most rampant nature. James frequented the society of the rich and the magnificent. He was said to be almost engaged to the beautiful and wealthy Miss Stairs. Wherefore money spent on James was well spent. He would do his family honor one of these days and make them proud. That James also frequented the society of the very low, if not humble, was not known to his mother. And sometimes when she imagined that he was spending the night with rich friends, he was not doing any such thing.

James would save up his money until he had enough to go on a tear, and then when his eyes had cleared up, he would come home and tell the most magnificent and satisfactory lies, and begin once more the long and tedious process of wheedling and saving money.

Why the Jackson girl had left Westchester and no longer pestered him with her troubles, and whither she had gone, he did not know. And if only she remained absent and silent he did not care. But once in a while sudden misgivings woke him in the night. The mental picture of that young woman suddenly appearing at the rectory with a baby in her arms and telling Dear Mother all about everything was truly terrifying. But perhaps the fool of a girl had been mistaken about the baby!

Well, Dear Mother made a special trip to the great city to purchase some odds and ends which Edward, who was growing rapidly, really needed, and the paints which she felt he did not really need at all, but which she had made up her mind to give him. In those old days the English made the best and the most expensive water colors. And the Germans made the cheapest and worst. The German cakes were so hard and thin that only intensive rubbing with a brush loaded with water would extract any color from them whatever. Children, however, could eat them with safety, and for this reason they found a ready sale. The English colors had the reputation of murdering little children who ate them too freely.

So, although the honest young woman who waited on Mrs. Eaton assured her that for serious purposes of painting the German paints were of no use whatever, it was the German paints which Mrs. Eaton, feeling miserly from the Christmas spending, finally bought. Edward, she felt, would never know the difference.

But he did. And when he opened the paint-box and saw that for which he had so long waited, he suffered one of the most bitter and poignant disappointments of his life.

But he dared not let Dear Mother read the expression on his face, so he flung his arms about her and buried the expression against her rustling black silk dress.

Later he carried the paints to the little attic over the wood-house and tried them and gave up, and flung himself presently face down on the hard dusty floor and wept in an unmanly way.

His father coming home from the church by the short cut through the woods heard the muffled sound of the weeping and climbed the attic stairs to ascertain the cause.

"Hurt?" he asked.

Edward was about ready to stop crying anyway and he got to his feet and quickly controlled himself, unless we may reckon an occasional sniffle a lack of self-control.

"Mother promised me some paints for my birthday if I'd be good," said Edward, "and I've been good for months and months, and she gave me these. You can't paint with these things."

Mr. Eaton took the jappanned box in his hands and opened it. "I know you can't," he said cheerfully. "I've tried. You scrub 'em and scrub 'em, don't you, and the color won't come off on the brush. They aren't even good colors. I wonder why they make them. I think they are supposed to be harmless if taken internally. In other words, their virtues are all negative. Is this where you come to draw?"

"Yes, sir," said Edward, who was now perfectly composed.

"Will you show me some of your drawings? I haven't asked before. Sometimes, when you're working at something you don't

like to show to people, you like to put that off until you are sure that you've done the best you can."

Edward uncovered a whole sheaf of drawings in their secret hiding-place and brought them to his father. This one seated himself in the one broken chair which the place afforded and began to examine them one by one.

Father's judgments were Edward's gospel. And the little boy stood with an anxious beating heart.

When Mr. Eaton had looked at the last drawing, he smiled at Edward and said with a quiet sincerity: "Eddie, I think they are amazing. You have a strong and definite talent. And I don't blame you a bit for crying about the paints. The disappointment might have drawn tears from a stone. You never can tell. The next time I go to the city I'll get you the best box of water colors there is. You ought to have them. You need them. But let's keep it to ourselves. We don't want to hurt mother's feelings." Once more he looked at some of the drawings. "Do you like religious subjects best?" he asked.

"Not really and truly," said Edward. "But mother wouldn't like me to spend so much time drawing if I drew other things."

"I see," said the Reverend Mr. Eaton. "Well, some of the old Italian masters painted them for similar reasons, I imagine. And some of them didn't draw as well as you do."

"John," said Edward diffidently, "thought that I could be a real artist if I practised hard. He said that in a few years if I wanted to be an artist he would help me."

"I would help you too," said his father.

"But mother wouldn't like it," said Edward.

"No," said Mr. Eaton with a sigh, "your mother wouldn't like it." At that moment a ghastly look came over Mr. Eaton's face and he began to beat the air with his hands. Then his hands clenched, and with a sound half moan and half sob, he slipped from the chair to the floor and lay there writhing and groaning. The crisis of pain passed. "Don't be frightened, Eddie," he murmured. "I'll be all right. Oh dear—dear—dear—that was bad! That was almost more than I could bear."

Sweat burst from his face at every pore. He lay still for a few long moments and then got slowly to his feet. He put a trembling arm around his little son and held him close to his side.

"That was a heart attack, Eddie, old man," he said. "I've had three of them. I didn't want anybody to know. But you know. And I don't want you to tell. Don't worry. I may never have another—and as you see—they are painful, but not fatal."

The minister smiled like a knight.

One important thing happened during Edward's sixteenth year. His friendship with Alice Ruggles, the atheist's daughter, had grown steadily and strongly. The children were never so happy as when they were together. They understood each other perfectly. Alice had turned into a perfect little beauty, and she was sweet-tempered, but Mrs. Eaton did not approve of her and awaited only a good opportunity to put an end to the friendship. During the autumn of Edward's sixteenth year this opportunity occurred.

Sarah at this time was twenty, and although she had been out for two years, Mrs. Eaton's efforts to get her married and settled had miscarried. Sarah had a sharp tongue and the young men were afraid of her. She could be very disagreeable on occasion, and the thought that time was passing and opportunities being missed did nothing to sweeten her temper. Sarah had something of James's temperament. Almost any man attracted her, but at the first sign of a budding romance becoming mildewed or blighted she would make the mistake of wooing her hero too ardently, and then turning bitter and tempestuous when he shied off.

Mrs. Eaton had engineered a little supper dance for Sarah, and had also invited a few boys and girls of Edward's set to keep him company. People liked to go to the rectory dances. The food was always excellent, and the music, taken right out of the heart of an old square Steinway by Mr. Eaton's organist, was capital.

It was a warm night in Indian summer. The library had a good parquet floor which had been cleaned and waxed for the occasion. Most of the chairs had been carried out on the veranda, for when she had a daughter to marry, Mrs. Eaton believed in couples being privileged to sit out a dance. The windows of her own bedroom opened immediately above the veranda, and retiring now and then to this point of vantage she could often overhear what the young people were saying.

The first thing that Alice Ruggles did that night to offend Mrs. Eaton was to look so brilliant and pretty that all the other girls looked plain by comparison. Alice wore a high-necked black velvet dress with an Irish lace collar. Her eyes matched the dress, and her face was like a young (Continued on page 102)



**M**ARION DAVIES, by turns a Princess and a burgher maid in the Cosmopolitan Productions screen romance "Yolanda," wherein bold knights and fair ladies are the background for the star's adventures.





**I**NA CLAIRE: a delightful profile of the comédienne who, you will remember, played last season in Arthur Richman's comedy, "The Awful Truth," and who will be starred in a new play by the Frohman Company.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN DUNN HENNER



**D**ESHA—who, for reasons that are obvious from this picture, is probably the most sought after sculptor's model in the country—graces the ballet which Fokine has staged for the Woods-Miller production of "Casanova."

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICHOLAS MURRAY



**E**LEANOR BOARDMAN, whose career reads like fiction—she won a beauty contest, entered films, and played the lead in "Souls for Sale." Her latest picture is "The Day of Faith," a Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan release.

PHOTOGRAPH BY EDWIN BOWEN SENEX



By FRANK R.  
ADAMS

A  
Love  
Story  
with Two  
Heroes

# The Toboggan

Illustrations by  
James H. Crank

LOVE is a malady as devastating as seasickness. In other ways it resembles *mal de mer*, also. One of them is that it is usually funny unless you have it yourself. Probably even Romeo and Leander were jokes to their younger brothers and sisters. But, Godfrey, how it hurts the patient during the violent stages.

For instance, the case of Gale Welch. He was only twenty, but how dark and dismal the day was for him!

No one who saw Eileen Crosby could really blame Gale much. If a man was going to make a fool of himself, she was the sort of person to justify it. If you knew her at all it made your heart ache just to look at her, or even to remember how she looked—she was so adorable.

It's asking a good deal of magazine readers to suggest that they accept one more perfect heroine, beautiful, sweet and everything, but please give Eileen the benefit of the doubt.

She was nineteen, which isn't such a bad age to be if you're a pretty girl, she was distractingly slim and she had that sweet feminine charm that cannot be lacquered on to the features with rouge-paw, lipstick or even mineral clay.

And now we come out with the unbelievable part—she was an angel to her parents. Don't laugh just because you know a lot of pretty girls who aren't. At the risk of losing all the neo-flapper audience and part of the men—or have we any with us this far?—we are moved to set down the absolute truth, which is that Eileen was never late to meals, always came home from dances when they were over so that her mother wouldn't worry, and, if she drank a cocktail or smoked a cigarette, invariably ate a clove or a coffee bean just to reassure either of her progenitors who happened to meet her at the door with a welcoming kiss. It was this trait of kindness to dumb parents which endeared her to a lot of people in Springfield who would otherwise have left

the loving marks of the hammer upon Eileen's character every time they mentioned her name.


So, all in all, Eileen was pretty near the idol of Springfield. Every man loved her openly or secretly, depending upon whether or not he had any regular amatory beat, and the women trusted her. What more can you say?

No use to bother you with further details of how good she was. You'd probably have to be in love with her, too, in order to understand. But it was necessary to put across the fact that our heroine had the entire town with her. Except for that the story would be different.

Gale Welch had worshiped her since he was sixteen. His devotion was a little pathetic—he was so happy when he was with her and so obviously miserable when he could only look on. The village wits had even given up kidding him about her—much.

But he had never lost her completely till now. Heretofore, no matter how many sky-rockets of passion burst around her, Eileen had always borne herself with serene aloofness, untouched by the fire. True, she hadn't been his any more than anyone else's, but he had always hoped that at some psychological moment she would suddenly grow up and then he would be there, waiting, ready.

Well, the moment had come, she had grown up suddenly, her own lovely heart had turned its face to the sun, he was there and



All in all, Eileen was pretty near the idol of Springfield. Every man loved her openly or secretly.

## The Toboggan

everything, but she was looking in another direction when it happened. The realization of it left him bruised and beaten as if he had been pounded in a prize-fight.

What happened to Eileen was this:

Bruce MacLean arrived in Springfield and settled down to do nothing save make himself popular with all the children in town by constructing marvelous bows and arrows that would shoot as straight as a rifle, kites that looked like airplanes, doll furniture that was better than any you could buy, swings that you could work yourself up in as high as a house; honest, he could make most anything a kid could think up that he wanted.

Nobody knew anything about him and he didn't tell. It was obvious that he was tall, thin, dark, unhandsome except for eyes and smile, and that he was probably somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty years of age. In manner he was strangely shy, almost unmasculine, and yet, when you got to know him, not in the least that way. With the children he seemed to get on readily enough, but his conversation with older people was very sketchy. He seemed sensitive about everything personal.

By holding out information about himself he rather offended most of the Springfielders. It was a small town and a good many members of the community made it a business to be well posted

about the affairs of all the other members. They denied the right of the individual to shut his own troubles up in his chest.

They questioned the children.

"What does he talk about?" one of the verbal vigilantes inquired of her own offspring.

"Nothin' much," her boy replied, after a painful effort at recollection. "Dogs and whistles and what makes the trolley car go and things like that."

"Nothing else?"

"Nope."

"Yes, he does, too," her daughter supplied. "He talks about dolls he's seen in Paris and in China and he gave me the best recipe for mud pies I've ever used. You ought to try it some time. You take a heaping cup full of good rich mud and—"

"But what does he say about himself? What does he do for a living? Where did he come from? Who are his people?"

The children did not know.

How he had met Eileen was almost as much of a mystery as his own antecedents. All of a sudden she knew him, that was all. Her father, warned by solicitous neighbors, asked her.

"Why, I don't exactly remember," Eileen had replied. "I think I was out walking and happened to pass his cottage and he smiled."

"Do you always smile back at men who smile at you?"

"No, foolish father of mine, I don't. But I think most anybody would answer the kind of a smile he gave me. It was as if somebody had turned a spotlight on a face that had been in the dark a long time."

"Humph! Then you just rate him as another one of your casualties?"

"Yes."

"Conceited pup."

"Yes, sir."

"More heavy weather ahead for Gale Welch, I suppose. Some day when you're trying out a new crown prince you'll come back and find that boy has eloped with another girl."

"I hope so."

"Hope so?"

"Well, it would be better for him."

"You mean you don't love him?"

"I don't suppose a girl of my age really loves anybody, do you?"

Mr. Crosby refused to commit himself. Perhaps he wasn't thinking of that. His mind, maybe, was straying back to the time that Eileen's mother had met him that night, twenty years ago the previous winter, and had crossed the river on treacherous ice to run away and be married. She had been nineteen then. Probably boys and girls were more mature in those days.

Mr. Crosby liked Gale Welch. Not that he wanted Eileen to think seriously of him or anybody else, yet; still, when the time came, Gale was the kind of a man a father would pick out for his girl. He had never cared for anyone else than Eileen and had never been wild. A steady, sober future seemed ahead of him. Married to Eileen, he would settle down to be one of the leading business men of Springfield, stepping into his father's shoes eventually as president of the canning company. In two years he would be through his course at the state university and then the life of a responsible, respected citizen would begin.

And Gale was a gentleman, in the finest sense of the word; a true gentleman, the sort who would never hurt anyone weaker than himself, would never take advantage of another just because it lay in his power. He was the fiber of which knights were made. The only trouble was that the Rotary Club did not offer so many opportunities for knightly deeds as did King Arthur's organization with the similar name.



Bruce's heart leaped with instant joy at the generosity which had impelled Eileen to seek him out, but he couldn't tell her.



Eileen met Bruce as if all the day had just been a preliminary to that moment.

The acquaintance between Bruce MacLean and Eileen Crosby which began, as herein recorded, with a smile, had developed rapidly in one, two, three order with words, hand-clasps and kisses. At least everybody thought so, and the chances are that in this case they were right.

The funny thing was that the townspeople did not put the blame on Eileen. She was too firmly cemented in their favor. Shucks, this doesn't seem possible, but remember, you don't really know this girl.

Gale Welch finally believed the awful truth, of which he had been warned, when, after he had taken Eileen home from

a dance one night and left her as usual at the gate, he found that she stole out again and went down the side of the hill to the river.

He hadn't meant to eavesdrop. Merely he had waited around in the sacred vicinity of his idol to inhale a little longer the rarified atmosphere of Olympus. He always did that after Eileen had gone in. Of course she hadn't known that.

Even when he noticed her unusual behavior it did not at first occur to him to attach any clandestine meaning to it. Therefore when he followed her it was not guiltily or as a spy. He was her unsuspected protector, that was all. (Continued on page 154)



# What EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS

By WILLIAM JOHNSTON

NO ONE knows less about a man than the woman who is married to him.

I recall attending a stag dinner to a distinguished citizen. Twelve hundred of us had gladly paid seven dollars each for the privilege of doing him honor. Men of prominence in all walks of life, one after another, eloquently had told what a fine fellow the guest of honor was, what a useful citizen, what a dependable friend, what a wonderful companion, what a witty dinner guest, and in many other ways had eulogized his high character.

As the speeches were being made I noticed up in a box in the gallery a little group of women, among them the wife of the distinguished citizen. Approaching the box to pay my respects, I was amazed by the expression on her face. Naturally I had expected to find her flushed with pride, visibly elated at the high honors being accorded her husband. Instead, I found her sitting in a bewildered daze with a look of utter incredulity on her face. She simply could not believe that it was *her husband* they were talking about.

Her thoughts, I suspect, must have been running something like this:

"A useful citizen! He always plays golf on election day and never goes near the polls. Dependable! He's invariably late getting home to meals, and if I ask him to do an errand downtown he always forgets it. A witty dinner guest! I wish they could eat with him sometime at home. The only remarks he makes if he says anything at all are to complain about the way things are cooked. A charming companion! If they had lived with him as many years as I have they would know that he is a regular grouch. Half the time he never even listens to what I am saying to him. High character! Why, he swears all the time even when the children are about."

Unquestionably at this banquet there were revealed to the distinguished citizen's wife many aspects of him that she never had suspected him of possessing. She, the woman married to him, never had discovered that side of her husband that had endeared him to his fellow men. And as I studied this woman's expression the thought came to me that all we husbands are more or less misunderstood by our wives.

Probably every married woman who reads this article will take exception to this statement. She will insist that she, for one, knows her husband well. Perhaps she does. She may know how he likes his potatoes cooked and what his favorite dessert is, although I am not so sure of that. A friend once complained to me that he never dared praise any dish on his table at home, because if he did his wife was apt to see that he had it six times a week. She may be able to tell you that he hates getting up in the morning and that he cannot abide the Joneses who live next door. She is aware that he abhors carrying bundles, going into department stores and having anyone rumple the morning paper before he has had a chance to read it.

Very likely she will tell you that in many ways her husband is a regular infant. If it were not for her he never would remember to put on his rubbers when it rained, and if she did not watch him he would start out in his dinner coat wearing tan shoes. He is just like a child, too, when he gets a new tie or a new pair of golf trousers. Wants to put them on and wear them right away and is terribly disappointed if nobody notices them. Know her husband! She'd say she did.

And yet—

I defy any married woman, no matter how long she has been married or how much she loves her husband, and no matter how congenial they are, to stand up and say that she thoroughly

understands her husband. There are things in the mind and soul of every man that no woman possibly can understand. There are things that every husband does that puzzle every wife. Their husbands' whims are forever mysteries to them, and the prejudices that husbands are constantly exhibiting are to them unaccountable.

Do a little listening-in the next time you find a group of married women chatting together and the chances are ten to nine that you will hear snatches of conversation something like this:

"My husband is terrible. He——"

"My John is just like that, too. He——"

"My husband is so notionate. He——"

"Henry never can be depended on. He——"

No, they never can understand us. It is impossible for the feminine mind to grasp the masculine viewpoint. The sexes estimate the values in life by utterly different standards. The wife's dominant idea is to have dinner served at the regular hour, so that everything will be piping hot and the cook in a good humor. To the husband it is vastly more important or at least more interesting to finish his game of cards at the club, or to linger chatting with some of his men friends.

It is beyond any wife to understand when her husband has gone out for a little game of poker why he could not have come home at twelve o'clock as he promised her he would. She hates to play bridge for more than a quarter of a cent a point because she does not like to win money from her friends, and she cannot see what possible pleasure her husband can get in winning away from Brown his whole week's salary, when he knows that the Browns are always hard up.

She cannot understand why her husband always raises such a fuss when she insists on his putting on his dinner coat. And as for her husband's friends! What can he possibly see in that Mr. Evans who always needs a shave, or that disreputable Bill Thompson, whose breath always smells of whisky? Why cannot he have as pals nice mannered, cultured persons like that charming Mr. Peavy?

Every married couple knows that these things are true. Every husband knows that many of the things he does annoy his wife, but in most cases, whether or not he apologizes for them, he keeps on doing them. Probably too most husbands would find it hard to explain the psychology of their disapproved deeds, their likes and dislikes. Most of the things that we husbands do, I suspect, are subconscious protests against the bondage of matrimony, against the failure of wives to realize how much more men give up than women when they marry.

With most girls matrimony is an escape. With marriage they are freed from parental control and from the restrictions and conventions with which civilization has hedged their girlhood. If they have been engaged in business and are economically independent, marriage at least frees them from the monotony of office routine. A man, on the other hand, until his marriage, is a free creature. In his bachelor days his time and his income are entirely his own. His ways of amusing himself are his own. If he wants to spend his Sundays golfing there is no one to be considered or consulted. If a five dollar necktie strikes his fancy he goes and buys it. If he chooses to sit up all Saturday night playing poker and loses his whole week's salary, there is no one to complain about it. If he likes the society and companionship of pretty girls he can take Ethel to dinner one evening and Mabel the next, and it makes no difference whatever. His companions are of his own choosing, his pastimes whatever he likes to do most, and his vacations are spent where his fancy leads him.

But alas for his freedom, under the (Continued on page 110)



PHOTOGRAPH BY CAMPBELL STUDIO

## WILLIAM JOHNSTON

*Who thinks it is a wise wife that  
knows her own husband, and tells  
why on the opposite page*

ARTHUR  
SOMERS  
ROCHE'S

# Persons

*New Mystery Novel*



## *The Story So Far:*

IT WAS a shock to Ruth Reverly to learn that the man to whom she was once engaged was not accidentally killed but murdered. She had become engaged to Jim Armstrong because he was wealthy and her father in financial straits; and that very night he had apparently fallen from Dyce's Head cliff to his death. His will made Ruth his heir and executrix. A year later she married the man she really loved, Benton Reverly.

She was plunged into the murder mystery while Bent was away on his first business trip. First a queer stranger named Frank Lacy offered her \$10,000 for a letter he swore was among Jim Armstrong's effects. Then she discovered on Dyce's Head a piece of cuff link which might have been broken in a struggle and which fitted another piece in her husband's own button box. Then a detective named Patrick Doyle—an eccentric and brilliant genius. Doyle—told her Armstrong really had been murdered and what was more that her husband was one of the three men suspected. Doyle said he knew Bent was innocent; he himself was unofficially helping Sanderson, a detective from the famous Bryan agency, on the case.

Next Ruth found that Armstrong had had dealings with a bad character named François Lescœur, step-uncle to one of her own maids. Ruth visited Mrs. Lescœur in the neighboring city of Southfield and found "Francis" mysteriously missing; but Mrs. Lescœur gave her a note that had come for Lescœur threatening his life. By having Ruth conceal a copy of this note under her rug,

Doyle succeeds in involving another man in the mystery; for that night a neighbor, Mrs. Overholt, comes to see Ruth and by a ruse steals the note. Obviously Sam Overholt has some connection with the murder.

When Benton returns home Ruth pours out her story. But of the cuff link Bent angrily denies any knowledge whatever; and when Ruth goes to his button box she finds both pieces missing. There is a horrible suspicion in her mind which only her faith in Bent dispels. Later, however, Doyle seems to dismiss the cuff link incident as unimportant.

Lescœur himself that evening comes to the Reverlys' looking for Doyle. He knows, he says, who murdered Armstrong; but he will tell no one but Doyle himself. "For all I know," he says to Bent, "you may be Mark Harrington"—Harrington being one of the suspects whose real identity is unknown. Lescœur leaves. A little later after they have gone to bed Bent complains of a headache and gets up, despite Ruth's protests, to go to the drug store. She is asleep before he returns.

Next morning Ruth's cousin Dick Balfour—Doyle's particular friend—rushes in with the news that Lescœur was murdered during the night right near their own house. Both Ruth and Bent are questioned at the scene of the murder by Sanderson, and Bent goes to identify the body. Later Ruth is sent for at the office of Sheriff Gerlach. There Sanderson confronts her with a game knife which she identifies as hers.

"I thought so," says Sanderson. "I have arrested your husband on the charge of murdering Lescœur last night with this knife."

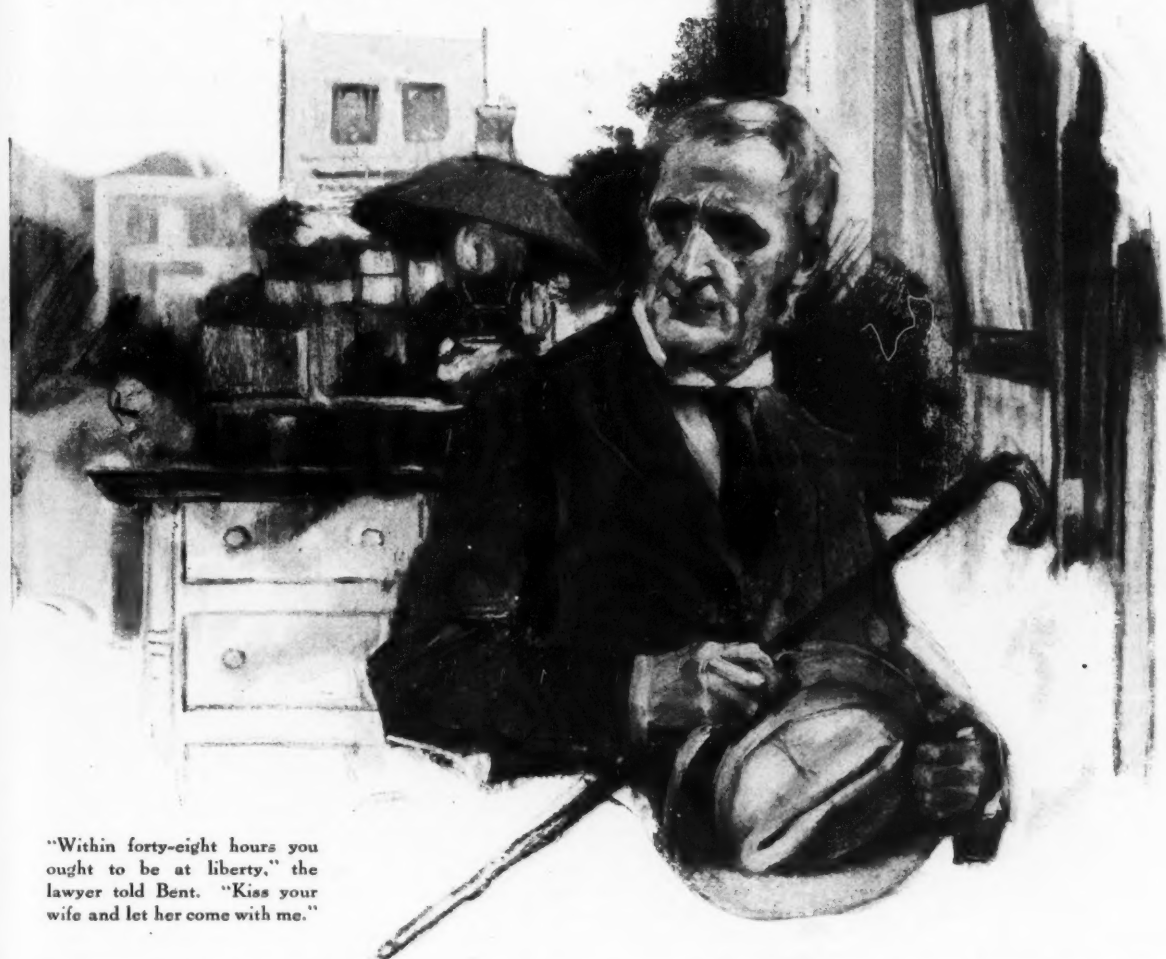
Ruth's face goes white. Doyle's eyes meet hers with a gleam which could only be of triumph.

But this charge was absurd! Then some demon of doubt whispers to her that the weapon which had slain Lescœur had come from her own silver chest, and that Bent did not return last night until after she had fallen asleep.



# Unknown

Illustrations by C. D. Williams



"Within forty-eight hours you ought to be at liberty," the lawyer told Bent. "Kiss your wife and let her come with me."

**R**UTH REVERLY'S appearance was deceptive. Her air of fragility had deluded many competitors on the golf links into thinking that she could not possibly hold the pace for a full eighteen holes. Yet she was usually playing her irons as crisply at the finish of the match as at the beginning. Spirit, too, she had in plenty. The warm, impulsive eyes and the slightly stubborn chin indicated truly a soul brave in action, but which could also endure inaction.

But continuing drops of water will wear away a stone. The pound of the thousandth drop of water upon the human skull will seem like the blow of a sledge-hammer.

Now Sanderson's announcement that he had arrested her husband, Bent Reverly, on the charge of murdering the French-Canadian, François Lesœur, was an absurdity only comparable in its unimportance to the falling of a drop of water. But it was by no means the first drop. Lacy's hint, the recurring doubts of the ingenuousness of Patrick H. Doyle, the broken cuff link and its mysterious disappearance—each of these, standing by itself, was an absurdity; that is, when it was considered as evidence against her husband. Put together, they had aroused doubt in her mind. Then, in a moment of what was almost self-abasement, she had swept these cobwebs of doubt away.

She had resolved that never again would she dishonor Bent—and herself—by permitting suspicion to enter her thoughts. Big, gentle Bent, whose frankness was as inseparable a part of his character as his kindness! Only a set of most unusual

circumstances had caused her to entertain a momentary doubt of him. And these circumstances had themselves tended, in the end, to strengthen her faith in the man she had married.

Each of those circumstances had been a drop of water, and she had brushed them away, with no further effect than a slight moisture which faith had evaporated. But now new drops of water had begun to fall. In the dead silence that followed Sanderson's declaration it seemed to her that something throbbed in her brain. The room and its contents, human as well as material, seemed to have become strangely magnified. She saw a tiny scar on Gerlach's chin that she had never noticed before. Sanderson's thick-wristed and big-knuckled hands, hanging loosely from sleeves that were a shade too short, seemed like the hands of some great ape.

But it was the expression in the eyes of Patrick H. Doyle that stood out more than anything else. On the occasion of her first meeting with the detective she had been conscious that the apparent dullness of those sunken green eyes masked a keen intelligence flickering in their depths. But now that light of intelligence had become a blaze. It was the flame of an incredulous delight. And it was the final drop of water which crashed upon her head.

For the first time in her healthy and athletic life Ruth Reverly fainted.

She recovered consciousness to find herself lying upon a rough wooden bench by the window. Her throat burned and there

were drops of liquid upon her lips. She wiped them away with a handkerchief, and, despite Gerlach's commiserating protests, she sat up. Feminine always, she put up her hands to her hair and busied herself with its strands with that deft certitude that amazes men.

The action helped to restore her self-control. When she spoke her voice was calm. "I want to see my husband," she said.

Sanderson shook his head. His thin lips had a complacent curl, and his too close set eyes seemed to be mocking her. She felt that her surrender to weakness somehow or other strengthened Sanderson's position in his own eyes.

"Nobody is going to see Reverly just now," he declared. "When he gets a lawyer, all right." He was deliberately brutal. "But he isn't going to have any chance just now to fix up a nice little story."

His implication was obvious, and over Ruth's cheeks, pale from her faint, crept the color of anger.

"Is it necessary to be insolent?" she asked.

Sanderson openly sneered. "You people who get your names in the society columns and belong to country clubs get an entirely wrong idea of what's due you. A murderer is a murderer, Mrs. Reverly, whether he knows the right people or not."

She turned to John Gerlach, whom she had known from childhood. But he did not answer the appeal in her eyes. He avoided her glance; suddenly she saw that what, during all these years, she had thought was lazy good nature, was really weakness. The Sheriff's flabby body indicated an equal flabbiness of soul.

But was it weakness that had suddenly revealed itself upon the good-natured countenance of the Sheriff? But what a silly question to put to herself. Her wits had completely left her in the moment of her faint; she would not permit them to wander any more. Nor—and this was more a prayer to God than an affirmation—would she ever doubt Bent again. And even as she held that thought she was conscious of self-contempt. Fear entered into this feeling. For how would Gerlach and Sanderson construe her faint? Might they not read into it an affirmation of their own suspicions?

Well, if she had injured Bent's cause by any past action of hers, she would aid it by her future actions. Her husband was in jeopardy. Of course, she told herself proudly, that jeopardy would not continue long. He was innocent, as innocent of the murder of Lesœur as he was guiltless of any implication in the death of Jim Armstrong. He would be cleared.

But every moment that he spent in jail was an injustice to him, and a torment and an agony to his wife. She would make those moments as few as possible.

She rose to her feet. Before the contempt that suddenly blazed in her eyes, Sanderson averted his glance and Gerlach blushed. Only Patrick H. Doyle met her looks. The same fire that had frightened her before her collapse burned in his sunken eyes now. But oddly, where she had feared him twenty minutes ago, she despised him now.

A little absurd vulgarian! A cheap trickster whose vanity imposed itself upon the uninitiated so that they thought conceit was cleverness. That was all he was. True, he had shown a superficial shrewdness in the matter of the note which had disappeared from under her rug. But perhaps he had lied about his cleverness. He had admitted having taken the original note; perhaps he lied when he stated that he had substituted a copy. Perhaps he had thrown suspicion upon Sadie Overholt in order to lull Ruth's doubts of the integrity of his intentions and attitude toward Bent.

Well, she would avoid Doyle, would trust him no longer.

"That is final, is it? I am not to be permitted to see my husband?" she asked.

"Not if I've got anything to say about it," replied Sanderson.

She inclined her head in acquiescence. Without a word she turned and left the room. On the top step outside she hesitated; but only for a moment. Practically all of Beaulieu was outside, gathered in little groups. Here and there men declaimed their theories, to be contradicted by others whose theories were dear to their hearts.

There was silence as Ruth appeared. The color rose in her cheeks as she faced them. Then proudly she descended the steps. Half a dozen of the villagers thrust out their hands and murmured expressions of sympathy. Across the street an old fisherman declared his belief.

"John Gerlach is a fat old fool!" he cried.

A score of voices affirmed their adherence to the sentiment. Ruth felt a glow about her heart. These people had seen her for every one of her twenty-one summers. They knew Benton Reverly. They knew how ridiculous was a charge of murder

against her husband. And somehow their faith made her ashamed that she had ever doubted. But doubt was gone forever now. She would fight. Exactly how she would fight, she could not have told at the moment. But she was aware of a newly found belief in her own abilities. She would use them.

Her cousin Dick pushed himself through the little throng that surrounded her, and led her to a motor.

"Let's get out of this," he muttered.

They were at home in a few moments. Her chauffeur and other servants had heard the dreadful news. The women were frankly weeping, and Mike told her that it would be a sweet boon if she would order him to knock the fat head off Gerlach's fat shoulders.

"And while I'm at it, I wouldn't mind taking a crack at this Sanderson guy," he added.

Ruth smiled. "He's doing his duty as he sees it, Mike."

"And I see mine, and I'd like a chance to perform it," grumbled Mike.

Inside the house, Ruth sat down. Dick, too excited to be motionless, stormed about the room, raving almost incoherently. It was funny, but his lack of self-control helped to strengthen hers. She saw how futile a thing giving way to anger was.

Men do not idly charge other men with murder; both Gerlach and his detective unquestionably felt themselves justified by their reading of the facts. And even Patrick H. Doyle might conceivably consider his snaky actions justified. Anyway, he wasn't worth anger. But she felt herself compelled to challenge a statement that finally resolved itself out of Dick's incoherency.

"But Pat Doyle will straighten this tangle out," he said. "Count on him, Ruth."

Her sweet mouth was rendered ugly by a sneer.

"Count on him? He's been lying to us all along. He believes that Bent is guilty."

"That's the rankest nonsense I ever heard you utter," cried Dick. Patrick H. Doyle was an idol dear to his youthful heart. "Why, he's shown over and over that he knows Bent is innocent!"

"He pretended that he believed Bent innocent of Jim's death. But he has shown, by his actions this morning, that he believes him guilty of Lesœur's murder. Why," and her voice rose in the very anger that she had sworn to suppress, "he knew all along that Bent had been arrested. He could have told me so when he took me down to the selectmen's office. He could have saved me the shock of Sanderson's telling me. And I saw his face. He actually gloated at my horror."

Dick, stunned, shook his head. "You've got him all wrong, Ruth. Not only does he believe in Bent, but he's strong for you. He has no use for women at all, but he tore his hair over you."

Now, no matter who the woman is, and regardless of the situation, a compliment is a matter of vital importance. If a man praises a woman he at least, according to her feeling, shows himself to be possessed of a cool and sane judgment. Also, there must be something inherently good in the quality of a man who recognizes truth, whether that truth concerns itself with character, or brains, or physical beauty.

So that it was at a moment when Ruth's estimate of him was undergoing a slight but favorable revision that Patrick H. Doyle knocked on the front door. The permanent door was open, and through the screen substitute Dick saw the caller.

"Come in," he cried. "We were just talking about you."

Doyle entered; he placed his preposterous pearl derby upon a chair and sat down.

"Not that it matters in the slightest—the opinion that people hold concerning Patrick H. Doyle doesn't interest me at all—but just what were you saying?" asked the detective.

Dick, always impetuous, blurted out the truth.

"Ruth thinks you've double-crossed her," he said.

Doyle turned his sunken eyes upon the young woman. "May I ask why you feel that way?" he demanded.

"You didn't warn me that my husband had been arrested," she accused.

"It was against my strong advice that Gerlach did arrest him," retorted Doyle. "In fact, when I left them to fetch you, your husband had not yet been arrested."

"But you looked so pleased when Mr. Sanderson said that Bent was under arrest," said Ruth.

"My Lord," said Doyle, in huge exasperation. "I keep my mouth shut, wishing not to worry you, and I look something or other, and you decide that I'm not playing the game with you. Mrs. Reverly, will you kindly, hereafter, keep all opinion of me in abeyance until I have passed completely out of your life? I



Ruth felt the man's face close to hers. His grip slackened. "Mrs. Reverly," he whispered.

resent, more strongly that I can express, the fact of anyone's forming an opinion of me. How is it possible for you, or anyone else, never having met a man like me before, to form an opinion of me? I shall be forced, I fear, to the conclusion that you are rather childish, Mrs. Reverly. I did not look pleased. I looked interested."

Even in this tragic time Ruth felt herself moved to mirth. The little man, so outrageously dressed, so inordinately vain, was utterly ridiculous. And yet mentality is never ridiculous; it cannot be ridiculous. For in the last moment she had once again revised her opinion of Doyle. He was no longer merely cunning; he was brilliant.

"I'm sorry," said Ruth humbly.

He waved a gracious hand on which sparkled his huge diamond.

"It's all right, Mrs. Reverly. Of course you're worried. But you mustn't worry. We must get your husband out of this fix as soon as possible."

"But why do they think he killed Lescœur?"

"Sanderson is not a very brilliant man," said Doyle. "But he's picked up a few facts since he came down here. He learned

of Lacy's connection with the Armstrong affair. Instead of being open and aboveboard with me, he saw a chance to make a reputation for himself. He suddenly regretted having asked my aid at all. He discovered something about Lescœur, exactly what I do not know. Lescœur is killed. Sanderson arrests Lacy. Lacy tells him something or other which Sanderson carefully keeps from me. On the strength of the facts that Lescœur called on your husband, that your husband followed Lescœur from the house shortly after the latter's departure, and that Lescœur was killed with a knife bearing your initials, Mrs. Reverly, Sanderson arrests your husband.

"Now, Sanderson is an obvious-minded individual. Anyone but a mediocre detective would know that your husband would never use a piece of his own household silver with which to commit a murder. Your husband is cool-brained. The very thing that, to Sanderson, is evidence of his guilt, is proof presumptive to me of his innocence. And we shall gather further evidence and proof of his innocence. Now let's get down to cases. I presume you wish formally to retain me to act in your behalf."

Ruth nodded. "If you will do so," she said.





"But you weren't at Southfield jail to follow Lacy when he was released," Ruth objected. "I."

Her faith in Doyle was utterly revived. And she could afford to smile whimsically at herself. What a poor reader of character she was! And what a weather-vane was her nature! She did not know that only the open-minded, those who are willing to accept fresh truths as they arise, can hope to acquire knowledge. Only fools refuse to change their minds.

"That's settled, then," said Doyle. "Now, in whose name is this house?"

"In mine," said Ruth.

"Valued at how much?"

"Forty thousand dollars," Ruth told him.

"That will be enough. They are going to set Lacy's bail at twenty-five thousand. They don't think he can raise it and expect to keep him in jail as a material witness."

Ruth stared at him.

"And you want me to go his bail?"

"Of course," said Doyle. "The man knows things. The minute he's released he'll go somewhere. I want to know where. He won't talk, but if he's followed—and the man who follows him won't lose sight of him—"

"You are clever," said Ruth.

"I resent the word. It is entirely inadequate. Let me look at your silver. I want to see where you keep it. And by the way," he added carelessly, "Gerlach revived you from your faint with liquor. What was it? Whisky or brandy?"

"Neither; it tasted like rum to me," replied Ruth.

Doyle nodded carelessly.

"I don't drink and so could not tell by the odor. Now let me see that silver."

#### CHAPTER XV

THE silver chest stood on a sideboard in the dining room. A plain mahogany box, with a silver initial plate on top, it added nothing to the appearance of the room. In fact, Bent vowed that it looked like a coffin. But there was really no other place to keep the chest. So, although it darkened a bright and cheerful room, Ruth had placed it where it was.

Doyle lifted the cover. He turned to Ruth.

"Not locked, I notice," he said.

"I never lock it during the daytime," she explained. "The servants would rebel if they had to come to me every time they wanted to put a piece in or take one out."

Doyle nodded. "But at night? You lock it then?"

"Always," she replied. "Of course the lock is flimsy and could be easily broken, but I feel that I shouldn't make it too simple for a possible burglar."

Doyle picked up a game knife, similar to the one with which Lesœur had been slain. He examined it carefully, weighed it in his hand, and even made a thrusting motion with it. The action visualized for Ruth the tragedy of last night, and she shuddered. Doyle put the knife back in the chest.

"A pretty pattern. Is it common? I mean, would it be possible for someone else to have a pattern like this?"



answered Doyle, "never—or rarely—do any shadowing myself. I leave that to my subordinates."

"It's the Victorian pattern. It's not at all uncommon."

"Where was it bought?" he inquired.

She told him. "But I don't see the point. One of my game knives is missing. You can see the place where it ought to be. It's obvious that Lesœur was killed with a knife from this chest."

"It's also obvious, according to Sanderson and Gerlach, that your husband used that knife last night. So the obvious isn't necessarily true, is it? And besides, Mrs. Reverly," and Doyle's voice rose in anger, "will you be good enough to refrain from implied criticism?"

Before the man's overwhelming vanity she was aghast. Also, she was abashed.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to seem critical."

"Disparaging" more correctly fitted your manner, Mrs. Reverly," he said, not fully appeased. "You force me into wordy explanations. I despise garrulity. And yet you compel me to be verbose. I will explain. Lesœur was killed with a game knife of Victorian pattern, whose handle bore the initials R. B. Such a game knife is missing from your chest. A few rods away, a man is killed. The answer is obvious.

"But I overlook nothing. It is improbable, highly so, that the knife which killed Lesœur is other than one taken from your chest. But if a similar pattern was purchased from the same place where your chest was bought, and if the purchaser ordered the initials R. B. placed upon the silver, a different complexion might possibly be placed upon the affair."

"Incredible," murmured Ruth.

"But not impossible," retorted Doyle. "I do not place any faith in so far-fetched a theory; nevertheless I, Patrick H. Doyle, overlook nothing. To this painstaking method I owe a trifle of my success. Without my genius I would not have reached the place I occupy. But part of genius is, as you have read, the capacity for taking pains. I will send a telegram to Burnham's, the jeweler who sold you your silver. Now let me look around the house. I would prefer, if you do not mind, making my investigations alone."

Dick grinned at Ruth when they were alone in the living room. "Ain't he a humdinger?" he asked.

Despite her agony Ruth could not forbear an answering smile. "Using one of your own colloquialisms, he certainly hates himself, doesn't he?"

"He has a right to think fondly of little old P. H. Doyle. He's good!" declared Dick.

Outside on the driveway a buoyant tenor lifted itself in song. It was a merry little voice, whose refrain ran, "I hit him once in Mayo and the blayguard died in Cork."

It was Mike, and Ruth was a little surprised that the chauffeur, whose loyalty she knew, should feel merry on this day. And Mike's joy seemed to hold a certain defiance. Apparently he was right beneath a living room window and had no intention of moving on. Ruth walked to the window. Mike obviously was awaiting her appearance. He waved a bleeding hand.

"Take a look at it, Miss Ruth," he cried.

"Why, what happened?" she asked.

"I didn't like the way John Gerlach's teeth fitted his mouth. There were too many of them. So I knocked one out." She was shocked.

"But I told you that he was only doing his duty."

"His duty was to return it the day he borrowed it," said Mike.

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"The monkey wrench I lent him last week," declared Mike.

"His flivver was stalled outside here, and he wanted a wrench. I gave it to him and he drove off with it. So I went down just now and told him what a dirty horse thief he was. He took a punch at me and he'll never take another. Not if he has sense." His Irish face suddenly wrinkled in an ingenuous grin. "Why, Miss Ruth, you didn't think I hit him because he arrested Mr. Bent! You know I wouldn't do that after you told me not to."

Now, in her thoughts Ruth always referred to the Sheriff as "old John Gerlach." That was because she had known him as a man when she was a little girl. He really was not over forty, and despite his bulk was notoriously a great wrestler and boxer. And little Mike, who didn't weigh over a hundred and thirty pounds, had whipped him. Her liking for the Sheriff had vanished with the arrest of Bent, and she had seemed to see revealed, in the selectmen's office, a phase of Gerlach's character that was wholly unadmirable. She could not resent Mike's action. It seemed to her to be completely justified. Nevertheless, she frowned.

The arrival by the window of Doyle saved her from essaying a rebuke which, under the circumstances and in her present mood, would have been hypocritical.

"Were you arrested?" demanded the detective.

Mike shook his head. "I ta'nted him so that he took the first punch. They was a lot of people around and they saw it all. You bet he didn't arrest me."

"Well, keep out of trouble from now on," ordered Doyle. "Mrs. Reverly will be needing you. If you want to serve her, you'll not embarrass her by acting like a thug. Did you get the wrench?"

Mike's jaw dropped. "Sure, I forgot all about it."

"You're a fine chauffeur to let your tools get away from you," said Doyle severely. "When did Gerlach borrow it?"

"Last Friday," said Mike.

Doyle glanced at Ruth. "You are interested in my methods, Mrs. Reverly. Because you have intelligence beyond the ordinary, I am going to show you under what difficulties detectives contend. For instance, it is almost impossible to rely upon the memory of any person. Your chauffeur here says that Gerlach borrowed the wrench on Friday. I will bet that he is only guessing; that he hasn't the vaguest idea of the date."

"Then you'd lose your bet," said Mike. "I always grease both cars on Friday—unless something comes up. And nothing came up last Friday. I was standing in front of the garage smoking a cigarette, resting, when Gerlach's flivver stalled. I went out to see what was wrong. He came back with me to get the wrench, and then he went into the house to telephone. He asked me if he could, and I told him that Miss Ruth wouldn't mind."

"You're an exception; a shining and brilliant exception," said Doyle. If he was discomfited by Mike's ability to place the circumstances of the loaning of the wrench, he hid it well. He even summoned a smile to his thin lips as Mike jauntily marched off to the garage. "Loyalty is an unusual thing and requires an unusual person to inspire it. I congratulate you on your servants, Mrs. Reverly."

"Have you discovered anything?" asked Ruth.

"That a burglar would find little difficulty in entering this house and stealing your silver," answered Doyle. "But I beg of you not to question me. Now, you want a lawyer to represent your husband?"

"I can call up his New York attorneys, Dawson and Webster," said Ruth.

Doyle shook his head. Fussily he smoothed the lank black hair that was disarranged by the motion.

"Estate lawyers. Never do. Engage any attorney in Southfield or even here in Beaulieu. There are two attorneys here, aren't there?"

"But one, Mr. Parker, is an old fogey. And the other, Paul Blair, is just out of college."

"Get the old fogey. You see, if you engage New York lawyers just now, you make people think that your husband's case is desperate. Public opinion counts for a lot in small communities like this. If the matter ever comes to trial, even then you wouldn't want Dawson and Webster. You'd want the best criminal lawyers in the country. But meantime a local attorney can do everything."

"Can Mr. Parker get me permission to see my husband?"

"Certainly. And he can also arrange the bail for Lacy," Doyle told her.

She had come home hardly knowing why, her mind too bewildered to formulate any plan of action. And since her arrival she had been too occupied with Doyle to think of her possible procedure. Now it seemed to her that if she were kept from Bent another moment it would be unendurable.

Dick drove her to Lawyer Parker's office. Reluctantly she parted from Doyle, who announced that he was going to examine the scene of last night's tragedy, and descended from the car at the bend in the road.

The soothing voice of Lawyer Parker was not as welcome as the irascible, vanity-laden tones of Doyle. Nevertheless, because she abhorred cowardice, she managed to assume an expression of calm when she entered the room in back of the selectmen's office in which, in lieu of a jail, her husband was confined.

John Gerlach was in the outer office. His mouth and nose were swollen. The bruise seemed to have taken away entirely his lifelong expression of amiability. It was as though that good nature of his had been a thing of the lips only. Of course, though, he could not be expected to hail Ruth with delight. Her chauffeur had beaten him, and doubtless he thought that it was at her inspiration.

Parker, a lean old gentleman whose black suit hung loosely upon his shrunken form, overrode the Sheriff's demur.

"Ain't no law I ever heard of that can keep a lawyer away from a client," he said. His voice held a high nasal Yankee twang. "My client ain't even been indicted, Mr. Sheriff. You keep me out of that room and you'll find trouble walking by your side."

Gerlach muttered an indistinguishable something, but acquiesced. He led the way to a door before which lolled one of the un-uniformed village constables, and unlocked it.

With a tact which she would never have expected Parker to possess, the lawyer gently shoved her through the door.

"Take your time, Miss Ruth," he said to her. "I got no other business that can't be postponed. When you and your husband are ready to talk to me, holler through the door. No hurry."

And then she was in Bent's arms. She stayed there for long moments, and they exchanged no conversation. For his wordless soothing could not be called speech; it was incoherent sound, that was all. And as for Ruth, she gave way, despite all her high resolve, to sobs that seemed to tear at her body and rend her flesh. She had come to comfort, but the role she had intended for herself was usurped by Bent. But finally she was mistress of herself. From the heights of grieving and soothing love they descended to the valley of practicality. Parker was summoned to the room. To him and to her husband Ruth explained Doyle's desire that Lacy be released on bail. The lawyer nodded comprehendingly.

"An excellent idea," he said. "Moreover, we will be able to question Lacy, to learn his story, to find out what connection can possibly exist between his testimony and your arrest, Bent. I will make arrangements for his release as soon as we leave here. Now, Bent, tell me anything and everything that I ought to know."

"There isn't a single thing," replied Reverly. "I have no more connection with the death of Lesœur than I had with that of Armstrong, and that amounts to exactly nothing. I left the house last night to go to Carev's drug store. I got some aspirin for a headache and returned home. Neither going nor coming did I see Lesœur's body in the road. Now, had it been there, I could hardly have avoided seeing it, because although I drove on the south side of the road—the roadbed is better there—the street is so narrow that my lamps lighted up the north side. I'd have seen an object like a body had it been there. Doctor Carey says that I left his drug store at ten forty. It took me only five minutes to get home. Therefore the murder must have occurred after quarter of eleven."

"Unless," Parker shrewdly suggested, "the body was laid in the road after the murder had occurred at some other place."

"That's possible. Anything's possible," said Reverly. "The only evidence against me, that I can think of, is that Lesœur called on me, and that shortly thereafter I left the house."

"We'll get Lacy out on bail and talk with him," said Parker.

"Would he dare to talk to you? A state witness?"

Parker smiled at Reverly's question. "He may be—considering that they've locked him up, he probably is—an unwilling witness. He'll be grateful to us for effecting his release." He placed a wrinkled hand on Reverly's shoulder. "I can't make any rash promises, Bent," he said. "But I'll hurry up the inquest; I don't believe the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict against you. So within forty-eight hours you ought to (Continued on page 140)



By H. C.  
WITWER

*Un Story  
Joli  
from that  
Dear Paris*

# William Tells

*Illustrations by J. W. McGurk*

ACCORDING to Mr. Titus Livy, who used to say it with epigrams in dear old Padua, experience is the teacher of fools. Titus left this vale of tears some nineteen hundred years ago, but the school of experience originally founded by Eve and her apple addict confederate is still doing business at the same old stand. Me and Hazel Killian have just graduated with high honors in Paris. Hold everything and for no reason whatsoever I'll tell you how we won our diplomas. It's all fun!

I suppose I might as well begin by introducing myself, as Antony remarked to Cleopatra, who promptly proceeded to make a Mark out of him.

Well, I'm Gladys Murgatroyd, a phone operator and one of the show places of the Hotel St. Moe, port of New York. If I can't get your number, Hazel Killian will—she's a beautiful, hard-boiled, modern forty-niner, and honestly she's got everybody's number! Although Hazel is not employed at a switchboard, a telephone is really more important to her than it is to me. You guessed it—Hazel's a chorus girl.

Speaking of anchovies, no doubt you are wondering what a couple of such Campfire Girls as we are were doing in mischievous Paris. Well, I'll set your suspicions at rest. A grateful old maid plied me with five thousand dollars for preventing a patent-leather-haired young sheik from cuddling up to her jewels. Hazel had a few pennies of her own and as we were both tired of answering phone calls we decided to haul off and see Europe, having read so much about it in the papers.

Then the amusement commenced!

In ripping old London we saw one of our myriad boy friends win the world's middleweight championship at cuffing in the National Sporting Club. This lengthy-nosed, two-fisted cavalier blacks eyes under the title of Fighting Paddy Leary, which is breaking the heart of his aged Irish father, whose name in even figures is Goldstein. Mons. Leary crashed wildly in love with Hazel, with whom he used to compose mud pies on fashionable Tenth Avenue when both were mere brats, but the now upstage Hazel earnestly desired to let by-gones be by-gones as far as Fighting Paddy was concerned. She pegged the Prince of Wales in a box at the prize-fight and fell heavily in love with the heir

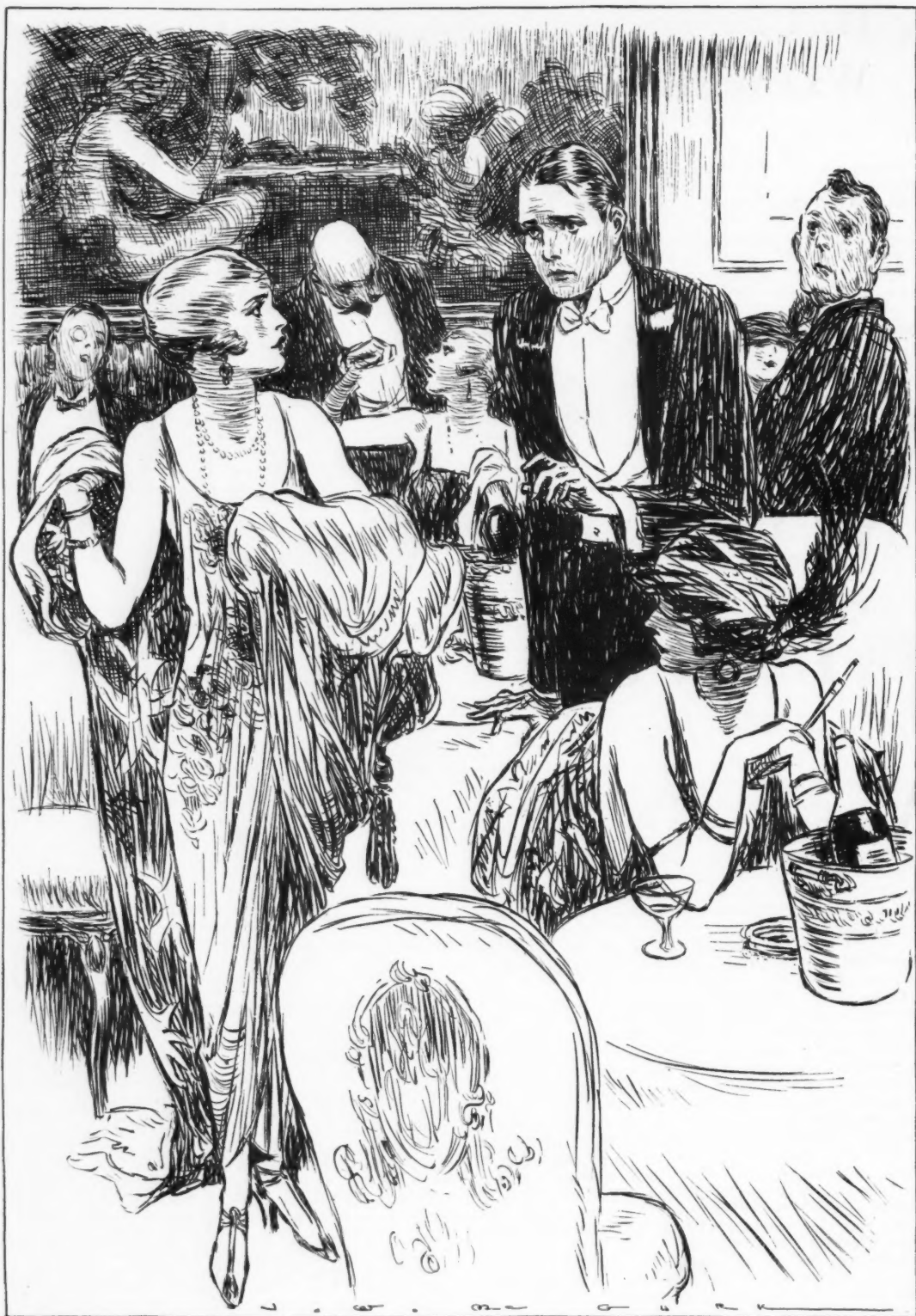


As the apache snatched Hazel's purse William Richardson Van Cleave II appeared and we learned about Paris from him.

presumptive, audibly wishing he would do some presuming in her direction, such as all the vaudeville sister acts who have been across coyly confess was their delightful experience. But by an odd coincidence, Hazel failed to become the Prince's weakness and we fled to France to escape the well meant pestering of Fighting Paddy Leary.

Really, I don't blame the gamesters who try to swim the English Channel, as I'm satisfied that method has it all over the trip via boat! If there's anything rougher than that dizzy body of water separating England from France, then Dempsey had better not fight it! Honest to Kansas, we led the life of a tennis ball on that voyage across—just tossed all over the place. I wanted to go by plane, but Hazel objects to them because they go up in the air. Anyhow, we finally made the perilous journey and landed in the country made famous by Sarah Bernhardt, Joan of Arc, Anna Held, Napoleon, "Couvert \$1.50" and sliced potatoes dipped in boiling grease. Our next imitation was to board a train for art's home town, and of course the minute we stepped out of the Gare St.-Lazaire, Hazel pulls that ancient gag first breathed admiringly by Helen of Troy, viz., "So this is Paris!"

This was our original visit to gay Páree and in spite of the fact that we'd both invested in Baedekers and copies of "French in a Twinkling," we were as strange as a pair of deck-hands in a drawing room. Honestly, we didn't know what it was all about and couldn't tell a franc from a doubloon. *oo la la from n'est-ce pas*, or *ros' biff from vin ordinaire*. However, we fitted a taxi around us



To me the most contemptible thing in the world is the Lothario who kisses and tells.

and bounded over to a hotel I picked out because it was right across the *rue* from the place where we'd have to draw on our letters of credit from time to time. The nearness to our pieces-of-eight was all this inn had to recommend it, though it was supposed to be the nightingale's sleeve garters, and really the prices were positively brutal!

Well, for years both me and Hazel had heard what a wild and wicked village Paris was and we set forth to look it over with delicious little quivers of anticipation romping up and down a couple of backs that would give Kitty Gordon pause. We're rarin' to go where deviltry was rampant and we wished to be thoroughly shocked or get our money back, one or the other!

However, as neither of us is in the habit of commuting between Gotham and Paris, we didn't know where to look for a thrill. Several sightseeing invitations were filed with us by the usual tourist parties from Idiotic, Nebraska, and Senseless, Iowa, but these were rejected with thanks. We'd watched these scissor-bills perform on the way over and neither of us had any desire to deliberately take punishment in habit-forming doses.

A sign outside the hotel manager's office boasted that they had somebody inside on exhibition who could speak English. That was a barefaced lie, as we found out when we interviewed this braggart. His name was Duprez and he rolled a nasty eye at us and shrugged a vicious shoulder, but honestly he spoke English as if he had picked it up in Afghanistan! M. Duprez gave us the only two chairs in his office and bowed incessantly, while Hazel opened her "French in a Twinkling" and hastily scanned the pages.

"Listen, Mister Monseer," she says, "parley vous English, siv vous play?"

"But yes," says this master mind, "and Mademoiselle spiks vairy well Français, no is it not?"

"I love that!" says Hazel, a bit steamed. "What are you doing—clowning?"

"Oh, not of the all, Mademoiselle, not of the all!" says Dizzy. "Of how do you must have my assistance?"

"We crave excitement!" says Hazel. "We got a yen to see Paris and see it right, get me? Eventually, why not now? Where do we go?"

"Ah!" says Duprez, with plenty hand waving. "I would offer the Champs Elysées, the Louvre, the Arc-de-Triomphe, la Place de la Concorde, le Palais de Justice, le——"

"For crying out loud!" butts in Hazel impatiently. "We don't wish souvenir post-cards, we want to step out and get some laughs. We'd like to personally inspect the Latin Quarter, the Montmartre, the Dead Rat Café, the Follies—eh—Bergerear, or what have you?"

A wicked grin appeared slowly on the face of M. Duprez and he commenced to swell up like a mump. He gazed longingly first at me and then at Hazel and winked, quite suggestively. Hazel's lovely eyebrows lowered and then without any preliminary she stepped over and soundly slapped the gentleman's face.

"Keep your thoughts out of your eyes, Frenchie!" she says, three icicles on each word.

To my great surprise, our charming *vis-à-vis* didn't appear to be the least bit offended at being smacked in the profile. Really, he seemed to take it as a matter of course and simply distributed a pleasant smile evenly amongst us both. Then, having failed to build himself up with us, he suggested that we hire a guide for a week and we'd see all the Paris we could take. We decided that was a good thought and ordered one. Still smiling, Duprez pressed a button. It worked and pretty soon in came Mr. Guide. Honestly, this specimen was about the size and complexion of a demi-tasse and looked like an escaped murderer, hungry for another victim. But Duprez assured us that the newcomer knew more about Paris than Victor Hugo and likewise spoke sixty-nine languages, or two more than there are. We found out later that he spoke the last two better than the others. He was a wow, no fooling!

Hazel sternly commands M. Duprez to proposition our guide in English, so we'll know whether we're getting a pushing around or not.

"But *certainment* Mademoiselle!" says Duprez and turns to the guide. "Pig!" he says courteously, "prepare now to escort those lady from here to there with the utmost speed and precision. *Comprenez vous?* Do you afford them enough of the merriment

they will enrich you with two hundred francs. Show them the this and show them the that. Do you but call me one improper name, I will have those gendarmes at your heels. *Allons!*"

The guide let forth a moan and wagged his head from side to side. "Playmate of dogs!" he says to M. Duprez, with characteristic old world politeness, "*cochon*, descendant of thieves—I ask three hundred francs for those *magnifique* service I do for those beautiful mademoiselles. Name of a name of a name of a——"

"We'll give you one hundred francs and not another nickel if you cry your eyes out!" I cut him off. "Come on, guide, do your stuff!"

"Yes," says Hazel, stamping her foot, "finish your act some other time. Let's go places!"

"*Allons!*" says the guide—and the panic was on!

Well, to dwarf a tall story, we frittered away almost a week and two barrels of francs seeing Paris, and really I must say that we were a bit disappointed with the results. The well known town just didn't click. Most of the time it rained day and night in a way that nobody but Noah could appreciate and we both caught beautiful colds. The population conducted itself quite decorously, as far as me and Hazel were able to see—musical comedies, Americanized French farces and joke books to the contrary. In fact, Hazel gloomily remarked that she'd had much more fun in Paterson, N. J., and she don't think the *vin ordinaire* of La Belle France is a fearful lot better than the drug store gin of La Belle United States. Well, really, that's what I call carrying patriotism to the extreme. I've been in Paterson and I've also tasted that pharmaceutical poison!

Our guide, who got intimate enough with us to disclose his name as Georges and his home as Morocco, took us to theaters and cafés in Montmartre



"William," I says, "you should be able to sell electric fans to the Eskimos!"



alleged to be the deadfalls of the apaches and their wild women. Tomato sauce! As Hazel and me are case-hardened Broadwayites we found the jollity and attempts at the daring a bit forced. To tell you the truth, the greatest excitement we were having was trying to order a meal in a language we neither spoke, read, wrote nor understood. Honestly, the so called wicked Montmartre as displayed to us by Georges of Paris and Morocco reminded me of Philadelphia with a bun on!

We were fed up with the French capital and about ready to check out of it when along came William and we learned about Paris from him.

Hazel blew into our hostelry from a shopping expedition one afternoon with a gentleman escort, and as that was not what she told me she was going shopping for, I sat erect and took observation. Busy doing nothing, I'd been waiting for her in the reception room and that's where she introduced me to her find as William Richardson Van Cleve II, son of the billionaire near-beer king. I threw him a smile and shook hands pleasantly enough, but that didn't mean I was positive he was really as advertised. Bill was young and distinguished looking and there was something about his face that was strangely familiar to me. I was satisfied I had seen this fellow somewhere before, but I couldn't remember where. Ever have a face slip your memory like that and annoy you to death?

Strangely enough, a swiftly passing glint of recognition likewise lighted up William's eyes as he saw me—in fact, we both remarked on the thing but were unable to place each other, then! When the charming Hazel introduced me to William as

"Gwendolyn Calhoun, of the Virginia Calhouns," I was a bit startled to say the least! A few minutes afterwards I got another shock when Hazel's heavy boy friend called her "Miss Deveraux." Although I was plenty amused and much mystified by this strange thomas foolery on her part, I remained loyal to the young lady and played up to the deception, though intending to ask her for the answer at my earliest convenience.

William worked fast and managed to make a dinner engagement with us for the following night—not a difficult feat. Almost immediately afterwards he bowed out, carelessly remarking that he must hasten away to cable his brokers "regarding a million dollar deal" he was negotiating in the rue Wall, New York. As William airily made this announcement, the hypnotized Hazel, who hates money the same way J. P. Morgan dislikes a ticker, looked at him swooningly. But really, as I've met two hundred thousand of these boys at the St. Moe switchboard whose patter is the same as William's, I regarded his vanishing shapely back through narrowed eyes and began to get thoughtful. Oh, lots thoughtful!

In the privacy of our boudoir that night, Hazel furnished me with a complete inventory of William Richardson Van Cleve II. From Hazel's prejudiced viewpoint, Bill was something more than the feline's haberdashery and she had stumbled across him under double romantic—almost movie—circumstances. While shopping in one of Monsieur Rue's cute little alleys, she had mislaid her sense of direction, and her inability to talk any more Paris than a rabbit had made her predicament real serious. As if that wasn't more than ample to drive our heroine to distraction, along came one of those desperate apaches we'd been dying to see, snatched Hazel's purse and was running away with it, when Hon. William Richardson Van Cleve II appeared on the scene. William ran the thief ragged, caught him, cuffed him soundly and restored the wide-eyed Hazel's purse. You can't laugh that off and Will knew it, so still working with smooth and effective speed he then introduced himself to Hazel and took her to luncheon. There you are—simple, wasn't it?

But really I've learned to become millionaire-proof and was only mildly interested in William, who so far had thrilled me about as much as it thrills a camel to look at some sand. What I was exceedingly interested in was in keeping the fun-loving Hazel from harm in gay Paree. So I cut in on her cooings about William the great.

"Listen, young lady," I says severely, "I have a few questions to ask you. What's the big idea of tagging me 'Gwendolyn Calhoun of the Virginia Calhouns' and telling that big—eh—your boy friend William that your name's Deveraux?"

Hazel smiles like a baby—an impish one.

"What's wrong with those names?" she asks me. "I think they're real cute."

"Outside of the fact that they're not ours, there's nothing the matter with them," I admit. "But if you wanted to give William a run around why not say we were Cleopatra and Salome and be done with it?"

"Too common," pronounces Hazel. "And anyhow, neither of us are those kind of girls and you know it! But you take Miss Deveraux and Miss Calhoun and there's a couple of names that mean something. There's—well, there's *stuff* to them, if you know what I mean. They're aristocratic and they just ooze Fifth Avenue. I certainly wasn't going to tell William Richardson Van Cleve second heir to the near-beer millions, that I'm Hazel Killian, a show girl, and you're merely a phone operator!"

"Why not?" I demanded, commencing to burn a trifle. "I've been connected with some of the best families in New York!"



Honestly, you'd think our lives depended on each decision Will made from soup to nuts.



"Pig!" says Duprez courteously. "prepare now to escort those lady from here to there."

"By telephone!" sneers Hazel cattily. "No, the switchboard operator and the chorus girl thing is out and if you tell William different I'll be off you for life. I'm not going to kill this cotillion leader's interest at the very start, when I'm more than an even money bet right now to drag him to the altar!"

"I think you're hysterical, myself!" I says. "If you wanted to offer a tasty cognomen for William's enjoyment, why didn't you introduce me by my *real* name—isn't there a world of class to Gladys Murgatroyd?"

Hazel looked pensive. "That name *does* smack of the drawing room," she says, "but then it also has a phony sound. It's always struck me as apple sauce and I wouldn't risk it with such a judge of aristocratic names as anyone entitled William Richardson Van Cleve second must be!"

Don't you love that?

Well, honestly, Haze! raved about sweet William until something like two A. M. Her lifelong ambition had been to pull a Follies, viz., a first class elopement with the handsome handicap of some wealthy family, and Mr. Van Cleve II looked like a wonderful opportunity.

"Maybe we'll continue around the world from Paris on our honeymoon," she remarks dreamily. "I'd love to see the road to Mandalay that Shakespeare wrote that song about."

"It wasn't Shakespeare, it was Longfellow," I corrected her. "Do you mean to tell me that this William asked you to marry him on a three hour acquaintance?"

"Well—yes and no," says Hazel. "He hasn't asked, but he's certainly looked matrimony and don't think he hasn't!"

I really couldn't give Hazel an argument on that. My girl friend has baby-stared into plenty masculine corneas and she certainly should know!

Nevertheless, I wasn't satisfied that William Richardson Van Cleve II was all he appeared to be on the surface. Somehow I distrusted his too self-assured manner and I was no little suspicious of his nonchalant use of the noun "millions." The familiarity of his face puzzled me, too. I began to feel some real alarm for my enthusiastic roommate.

"Hazel," I says seriously, "you better go slow or you'll win yourself a lot of grief. Paris is full of these sleek young wolves

who prey on innocent little girls like us. I'll bet the first thing you know that synthetic millionaire's son will be putting the bee on you for beaucoup francs. He——"

"What an awful squawker you're getting to be!" butts in Hazel, burning up. "Always putting in a rap for somebody. I imagine you think Dempsey used a hypodermic on Firpo! Listen, tend to your own knitting. I'm nobody's fool and any member of the needless sex who could get a dime from me could also send a flock of camels galloping through the eye of a needle!"

The debate over William got so warm that I finally turned the light out and stumbled asleep, leaving the angry Hazel talking matters over with her own sweet self.

However, although me and Hazel have known each other personally for years we're still good friends, so as usual the next morning we declared an armistice, spending most of the afternoon dolling up for our dinner engagement with William. We'd each had the presence of mind to imbibe in evening gowns of a most intoxicating nature, and both of us can wear anything and start an epidemic of neck-stretching anywheres from beach to ball-room. When William arrived in immaculate evening dress, as the saying goes, he really seemed to be a bit dazed by the combined effect of me and Hazel on his vision. He bucked up manfully, however, and took us to Ciro's for nourishment.

Well, except for the irritation I felt at being unable to remember where I had seen this young lady-killer before, the evening was a success of the first water. Me and Hazel attracted as much attention as a lump of sugar would from a famished fly, the handsome William was two feet past perfection as a host, the dinner was a famine victim's dream and the wine exceedingly better than the Long Island Scotch now current in New York. As I was supposed to be something from Virginia, I switched my patter from Broadwayese to "you-all" and "suh," and I was careful to call a door "doah." This had Hazel on the verge of convulsions but seemed to goal Mr. William.

Will spoke French as if he'd been born in the Louvre, so we wisely left the selection of the foodstuffs to him. That was certainly a good thought, because the near-beer king's descendant turned out to be an artist of the old

(Continued on page 110)

By O. O. McINTYRE

A Group of Our

# Serious Young Thinkers

Illustration by Henry Raleigh

**B**EING just the sap of the family tree, I am naturally quite awed by the intellectualist.

To one who has a predilection to laugh when Chaplin is whanged on the sit-spot, to cry when Al Jolson sings mammy songs, to eat Childs' butter cakes, read movie captions out loud and faithfully follow the comic strips, there is something gosh-awful in the contemplation of Freudian phenomena, Ibsen dramas and the Dadaistic drivel.

After a while one begins to feel the chilling blight stupidity imposes. Grecian-robed ladies with chaplets in their hair who leap after butterflies do not slow me up in my gum-chewing. Abstruse problems bewilder me. I do not even know where Mr. Einstein lives in the Bronx.

I can't burlesque Homer. I don't know any cute piano tricks. I don't call Heywood Broun "Hey." I see no good reason for poking fun at Eddie Guest, Doctor Frank Crane or other philosophers of cheer. And I can't get excited about Conrad or Herman Melville.

I'm not at all "arty." I read the "glad books" and really prefer them to the depressing Russian tomes with consumptive, sex-starved heroines. And it has always struck me the Rotarians have a lot of fun and accomplish much good.

I am in a perpetual sweat for fear some person some day out of a clear sky will ask me what are my opinions of the Dred Scott decision.

In short, I'm a hopeless low-brow. If I had one more hair on my chest I am sure I would at the moment be swinging from limb to limb in a far off jungle.

There is in New York a band of intelligentsia known as "A Group of Our Serious Young Thinkers." It is their self-imposed task to think for the poor nit-wits who are known as the public.

They will think for it anywhere—on the premises or while you wait. Their snappiest thinking, however, is done in the studios when the lights are low and the incense is smoldering.

The camp-followers sit at their feet, chins cupped in hands, to listen as pearls of wisdom drop from fluted lips and cry, "Ha, ha, that's a good one. I'll take another cocktail." The thinkers never lack this sort of an audience, as long as the cocktails last.

The group represents adolescent genius in the loom of time. Having discarded swaddling clothes and climbed down from their high chairs, they are out to ride knowledge to a fall. They go in for things, if you know what I mean.

Gross people who do not succumb to their brilliant reasoning have "complexes." Those who don't like symbolical plays have adenoids. And those who don't get a kick out of the shoe-dauber style of art should die at sunrise on the gibbet.

At a certain hotel they have their round table to which they bring out-of-town words and phrases and where they gather to brighten the universe with neophytic wit. Their effort is to make the rest of the world feel hopelessly stupid while they raise intellectual Old Harry.

They "wise-crack" about the higher things—what Aristophanes remarked at the Acropolis, and then they titter and titter. It is told that one of them tried publicly to show his disdain for Will Rogers because of his persistent use of "ain't." And it is recorded that Rogers took a reef in his chewing gum and replied, "I notice a lot of guys who ain't sayin' ain't, ain't eatin'."

After Sinclair Lewis wrote "Babbitt," they thought up calling every man who wears white socks, owns a suburban home and has the community spirit, "a Babbitt." This appellation indicates that such a creature cannot refer to Miss Barrymore as Ethel or Arthur Hopkins as "Hop."

The serious thinkers are expert in the art of the snicker. They curl a mean sneering lip. While no one of them has rocked the universe with intellectual bolts, should anyone else not belonging to the clan happen to write a first-class novel or play they gather together and snicker.

It well nigh killed the group when Owen Davis won the Pulitzer prize for the best play of the then current season. Davis started to fame writing "Edna the Pretty Typewriter" and other blood-curdling melodramas of the ten, twent' and thirt' variety.

For a long, long time they had been prodding Davis and holding up his alleged mediocrity to public scorn. Also, they hurled their javelins at a play called "Abie's Irish Rose," which had one of the longest runs on Broadway.

Neither are they able to laugh off Harold Bell Wright's penchant for continuing to write best sellers. Such accomplishments wound them deeply. It only goes to prove their contention that morons will yet rule the arts.

A few of the serious thinkers are newspaper columnists and dramatic critics, but the majority are scribbling pick-thanks attached to obscure journals.

They are weighted down with erudition and the roaringest josh in their lives is that so many profound bores outside of the charmed circle can really attempt to grapple with the "vital things" of life. As they would say, it is naïf. Oh, very!

"Log-rolling" is their métier for self-elevation. This is a term applied to reciprocal back-scratching. If one of the thinkers writes a play, a short story, a bit of verse or a novel, the others slide down the brass poles, gallop to their typewriters, wrinkle their brows and swell the mighty paean of approval.

The columnists are continually snatching mixed metaphors from the burning and giving joyous yells when they find misplaced commas or infinitives hopelessly split in the writings of others.

If a cross-roads paper carries an item reading "Bill Hopper will Tuesday at the county seat," they caption it "Important if True" and thus herald their own sophistication.

It is their superior contempt for the ordinary things of life that gives them the powerful afflatus. Men "in trade" are particularly annoying because they can actually make money without any knowledge whatsoever of the iambus. Can you picture anything so comic?

Think of a person so deficient in academic instruction that he knows nothing of Vergil or Sanskrit and yet somehow is able to cruise the Mediterranean in his private yacht.

Tainted with exotic villagism, the thinkers are convinced that flowing ties, need of a barber's attention and a musty attic are absolutely essential for genius to reach real fruition. Didn't Heine die gnawing a crust, they ask?

Show them the fellow who has built up a million dollar business in cloaks and suits and they will laugh themselves hoarse, but show them a senseless poem by Gertrude Stein and they will out-purr the freshly fed cats at the Bide-a-Wee Home.

These, then, are Manhattan's tea table cowboys—the wild sort that pursue their deviltry right down to the second raspberry sundae. Top-heavy and dizzy with learning, they don't give a hurrah for conventions.

If the pop-eyed poet wants to wear a soiled handkerchief in his cuff instead of a nice clean one, he does. For why indeed should he bother? Did he not once write an ode to a crushed berry? And was it not printed in the House-Painter's Monthly?

And should the dramatic critic want to saunter down the aisle at a "first night" to shame the devotees of "what the Well Dressed Man is wearing" with a tousled cap and faded sweater, it is his





It is their self-imposed task to think for the poor nit-wits known as the public.

right. His brother critic—the one with the tiny sable on his upper lip who knows something of Syriac, goody! goody!—will spout a proverb in Latin to prove it.

Between acts of a new play they clot at the curb and explain exactly how the play should be done. They know. Papa sent them to Harvard.

But of course, they argue, the "mob" wouldn't understand. All of their stuff is far over the heads of ordinary mortals. A well known producer once sent them debouching from the lobby

by inquiring, "Why is it you boys who know so much of the theater have never written a play?" To this day they give him mean looks.

The intellectual syndicate, of course, isn't dangerous and so far has done no harm.

They are really nice boys and when they shuck off their hoity-toity ways and look through the right end of the telescope they are going to see that after all they have furnished a lot of amusement. Even if the world did fail to take them seriously.

By JAMES OLIVER  
CURWOOD

*A New Story of*  
"A Gentleman of Courage"

# The Darkest Hour

*Illustrations by*  
Robert W. Stewart

ALL that night after the return of Peter's outlaw father to his forest hiding-place near the settlement Mona Guyon had not slept. The dozen log cabins of Five Fingers lay like great shadows in the slumbering stillness, and in that stillness she heard the clock in her bedroom tick off every second of the hours. Even the gentle whisper of the wind outside and the pure and almost devotional softness of the moon glow brought no relief to the tension under which her nerves were fighting.

Until these hours she had never believed that an answered prayer could bring with it a grimness and torture of tragedy like that which was descending upon her life and Peter's. For she believed in prayer, and through her implicit faith Peter had come to believe in it. From the day he had come to Five Fingers, a hungry and homeless boy seeking the protection which his father could no longer give him, she had asked God to make it possible some day for that father to come back to him. And Peter, loving her and believing in her, had prayed with her.

And a few hours ago answer had come to their prayer. After six years of dodging the law as a fox eludes the hounds, Donald McRae had returned to see his boy. They were out there now, together, hidden in a little cabin deep back in the forest near the beaver pond—and out in that loneliness Mona knew their two hearts were torn between happiness and despair, just as her own was breaking under the suspense of the crash which tomorrow must bring. And this tragedy which she faced now seemed even darker and more pregnant with the evil of disaster and unhappiness than that other catastrophe of years ago, when as a little child she had lost both father and mother in a great storm on Lake Superior.

It was past midnight, and half a dozen times she had fought back the desire to steal quietly from her room, tiptoe down the stairs and go to Simon McQuarrie's cabin that she might confide in him all that had happened that afternoon. Only Peter's warning to keep their secret locked tightly in her own breast held her back. Yet in Simon rested her last hope, for from the first day Peter had come into the old Scotchman's life he had

found home—and a protection and love which in Mona's thoughts made him almost of Simon's flesh and blood. The impulse to go to him—to be false to Peter for the first time in her life—was a torment in her brain, and where one little voice had urged her at first a hundred added their insistence now. Slowly the revolt became a conviction that it was right and reasonable she should go to Simon, in spite of her promise to Peter.

And so, in the moon glow, she put on a dress and braided her long dark hair. Quietly she opened the door to her room and went down the stairs, making no sound to disturb Pierre and





"There—grinning down at us,"  
cried Mona. "was the man  
Peter's father had been run-  
ning away from—and Simon—  
Simon—it was Aleck Curry!"

Josette Gourdon—who had been father and mother to her since the day Pierre had almost lost his life in saving her from the sea. A slim, pale figure, she crossed the clearing and paused in the shadow of the cabin where the Scotchman lived. Instinctively she looked up at Peter's window, even though she knew he was in the forest with his father. Then she knocked on the door. Her heart throbbed as she listened for a response inside. It seemed to beat loudly, as if crying out against her faithlessness in breaking a promise to Peter. She knocked again, and in a moment she could hear Simon moving. She counted his slow footsteps as they came across the floor. Then the door opened, and his tall, gaunt figure stood above her, swathed in a nightgown that fell to the toes of his feet. At any other time Mona would have laughed at the grotesqueness of his appearance as he stared down into her white face, with a nightcap on the back of his head.

He reached out a hand. "Angel!" he gasped. "You! What is the matter?"

She slipped past him and closed the door.

"Please light a lamp," she said. "Please—"

Simon struck a match. The flare of it illumined his face, tense and set in its amazement. When the lamp was lighted he took down a coat from a peg in the wall and put it on. Then he turned to Mona again. She stood before him with her hands clasped at her breast, and in her dark eyes was a look that alarmed him. And he could see in her bare throat the little heart-beating throb that always came when she was stirred by deep emotion.

With a desperate little cry she caught his hand. "Something terrible has happened," she whispered. "Something—you should know. But I promised Peter. I promised him I would

tell no one—not even you. But I've got to turn that promise into a lie. If I don't—" The words broke on her lips. And then: "Peter's father has come back. He is with Peter now in the cabin near the beaver pond!"

Simon McQuarrie stood back from her, his hands dropping slowly and limply to his sides. Then he raised one of them as if to brush a shadow from his forehead, and his nightcap fell to the floor. "Donald McRae—has come back!" he repeated, and the deep lines in his face softened as Mona looked at him, and joy trembled in his voice when he spoke. "Thank God, Angel! Why do you think it is so terrible? We have waited and hoped for a long time—" He stopped. What he saw in her face and eyes swept a sudden change into his own, and he caught her arm as the gladness died on his lips. "Has anything happened?" he demanded. "Has anything happened—to Peter—or to Donald McRae?"

She began telling him in a low voice, while Simon stared at her, with his big hands reaching out as if to grip at something in the space between them.

"I was at the beaver pond when Peter's father staggered out of the willows and almost fell at my feet. I didn't know who the man was, but he was sick and tired and starving—so hungry he ate carrots I had meant for the beavers. I gave him our lunch, and while he was eating I learned he was Peter's father. It made me happy. Peter was coming to join me, and I told Donald McRae. He begged me not to let Peter know he was there. He wanted to hide in the bushes, and look at him without being seen, and then go away again. He said that was why he had come back—just to get a look at his boy. He told me the police were after him again, that they were driving him like a rat from hole to hole, and that his presence could only bring unhappiness and tragedy to Peter. So he hid in the willows, and Peter came."

"And then?"



"In the end Peter's father staggered out of the bushes, and I left them together. Peter called me a little later and I ran back. Donald McRae was on the ground and at first I thought he was dead. Not until then did I realize how terribly sick and weak he was. We were on our knees beside him when he looked up, and there—there—grinning down at us—was the man Peter's father had been running away from. Oh, he was terrible—big and sweaty and leering down at us, almost laughing in his triumph, and—Simon—Simon—it was Aleck Curry!"

Her despair broke in a sobbing cry, and now the bones of Simon's hands made a snapping sound as he clenched them, and his thin, hard face was gray in the lamp glow.

"They made him a corporal in the Provincial Police a year ago," he said, speaking with grim calmness. "What happened ther, Mona?"

"When Aleck went to put the manacles on Peter's father there was a fight—a terrible fight—and Aleck tried to kill Peter with a gun. He shot twice. I helped with a stone, and at last Peter got him into the pond, and almost drowned him. His father was still unconscious when we carried him to the cabin. Then Peter took Aleck down to his boat and to the little rock island two miles out from the shore. He is there now—a prisoner. And—what will happen to Peter? What can the law do to him?"

Simon paced slowly back and forth across the floor. His face was a mask of iron. His long nightgown flapped about his feet, and again his big, hard hands hung limp and straight at his sides.

"If Aleck escapes from the island and arrests Peter, or reports the affair to headquarters, it means the penitentiary," he said as if speaking to himself rather than to Mona. "And that is what will happen—if Curry has his way. He hates Peter. He would like to see Donald McRae hung, and Peter in prison, and you—" A tigerish gleam was in his eyes as he faced her. "Why didn't Peter kill him when he had the chance?" he cried, as for a single moment his self-control broke its leash. "As a boy he was a brute and a bully, and as a man his soul is that of a monster—even though now he is a part of the law. He wanted you—always. I know it and could see it even when you were children. And for what he wants he would wreck the world. Why didn't Peter kill him? Why—with these two hands—" He reached out his long arms and his fingers closed like talons of steel. Then he checked his passion. His arms dropped again. "But it is best he didn't," he finished. "It is best—even though a snake has a better right to live than Aleck Curry."

He continued his pacing across the floor, and with each step his stern face grew harder until at last it seemed to have no emotion at all—the hard, set, fighting face which Simon McQuarrie always turned upon his enemies. For a few moments he seemed to forget Mona. Then he asked:

"What is Peter going to do? What does he plan to do?"

The question was so sharp it sent a little shiver through her, and Simon's eyes were looking at her with the steely coldness of ice.

"I don't know. Peter doesn't know—except that he means to keep Aleck Curry on the island until his father is well and can get safely away."

Simon grunted. "You mean the rock with nothing on it—two miles straight out from the beaver pond?"

"Yes."

The fingers of Simon's hands were twisting again.

"Constable Carter dropped in on us late this afternoon," he said shortly. "He told Pierre and Dominique he was on his way into the Georgian Bay country and would rest here for a few days. He lied. He's working with Aleck Curry, and if Aleck doesn't show up soon—if he starts smoke signals going out on the island, and Carter sees them—"

"Aleck hasn't any matches," Mona interrupted him quickly. "Peter took them away from him."

Simon's face was lighted for an instant by a flash of exultation. "Peter is improving," he conceded. "If he had only used as good judgment at the beaver pond, when he could have rid us of this snake forever—"

Mona's cry of horror stopped him. In a moment he was at her side, and his long arms were about her tenderly. "I didn't mean that, *Angel*!" he cried, trying to laugh as he saw the agony of fear in her eyes. "It's a bad situation, so bad that I don't see a way out for Peter just now—but we won't kill Aleck, and we'll get Peter out of it somehow. He was right in making you promise not to tell anyone, and I'll keep it all to myself—even from Peter and my old friend Donald McRae—until Carter

leaves the settlement. I'll manage to get him away in a day or two. And meanwhile you and Peter must keep Curry on the island, and watch every step you take so that Carter won't get suspicious. And above everything else—*most important of all*—don't tell Peter you have confided in me. Let me know everything that happens, but don't tell Peter that I know. Do you understand, Mona?"

She nodded her head and said: "Yes, I understand. I won't let Peter know. And I'll tell you—everything."

His arms drew her a little closer, and in him above all other men she had faith in that moment. Then with the gentleness which love for Mona and Peter had bred into his stern nature he led her to the door.

"You must go home now, and to bed," he said. "It is your fight as well as Peter's, and you mustn't let anyone see that you are worried tomorrow—especially Carter." He opened the door quietly and she slipped out. "Good night, *Angel*!"

"Good night!" she whispered back.

For a little while Mona hesitated in the shadow of the tall spruce tree that grew not far from Simon's door. She could hear her heart beating as she looked back at the light in the cabin. She was glad it was over, glad she had told Simon the truth, even as she thought of her promise to Peter.

Yet one thing she had kept to herself, and for a moment she felt the urge to go back and confide in the iron-willed Scotchman, her own personal fear of Aleck Curry. Never until this night had she been afraid of him. She had defied and hated him as a young girl, and as she grew older had loathed and repulsed him, for the persistence of his passion. To fear him had never entered her head, even in the days when once or twice she had used her hands in defending herself against his unwelcome attentions.

But now she knew that Aleck's hour had come. Even though he was temporarily a prisoner on the island, he held her happiness and Peter's fate in the hollow of his hand. That fact, its significance, its terrible import for her, she had seen in Aleck's exultant face and eyes at the pool. In that hour his joy and triumph was not that he had run down Peter's father, but that *she* at last had come within the reach of his desires. And the fight had added to his mastery, for it had outlawed Peter and had given to the man she hated the final power to wreck her world. And she, of all that world, was the only one who knew what Aleck's price for the freedom of those she loved would be.

The thought was a monstrous thing in her brain. She had fought it, had beaten it back with the strength of her will, and she struggled with it again as she turned away from the light in Simon's window. Her hands clenched and a bit of savagery leaped through her blood as she went again through the moonlight. She had seen the deadly fire in the Scotchman's eyes, and that fire was now in her own. Over and over she told herself that she was still unafraid of Aleck Curry. Her lips whispered the words. But in her heart, fixed and implacable, remained the fear.

She had almost reached the shadow of Pierre Gourdon's cabin when a figure stepped out to meet her. It was Peter. His startled face questioned her in the moonlight.

"I thought you were asleep," he said in a low voice. "And so—I was passing under your window. I wanted to be near you for a few moments."

He put his arms about her and looked anxiously into her face, and then he laid his lips against her soft hair.

"It was impossible." She shivered against him. "I undressed, as you told me to do, and I went to bed. But I had to get up. I kept thinking, thinking—until I felt like screaming, or jumping out of my window and running to you."

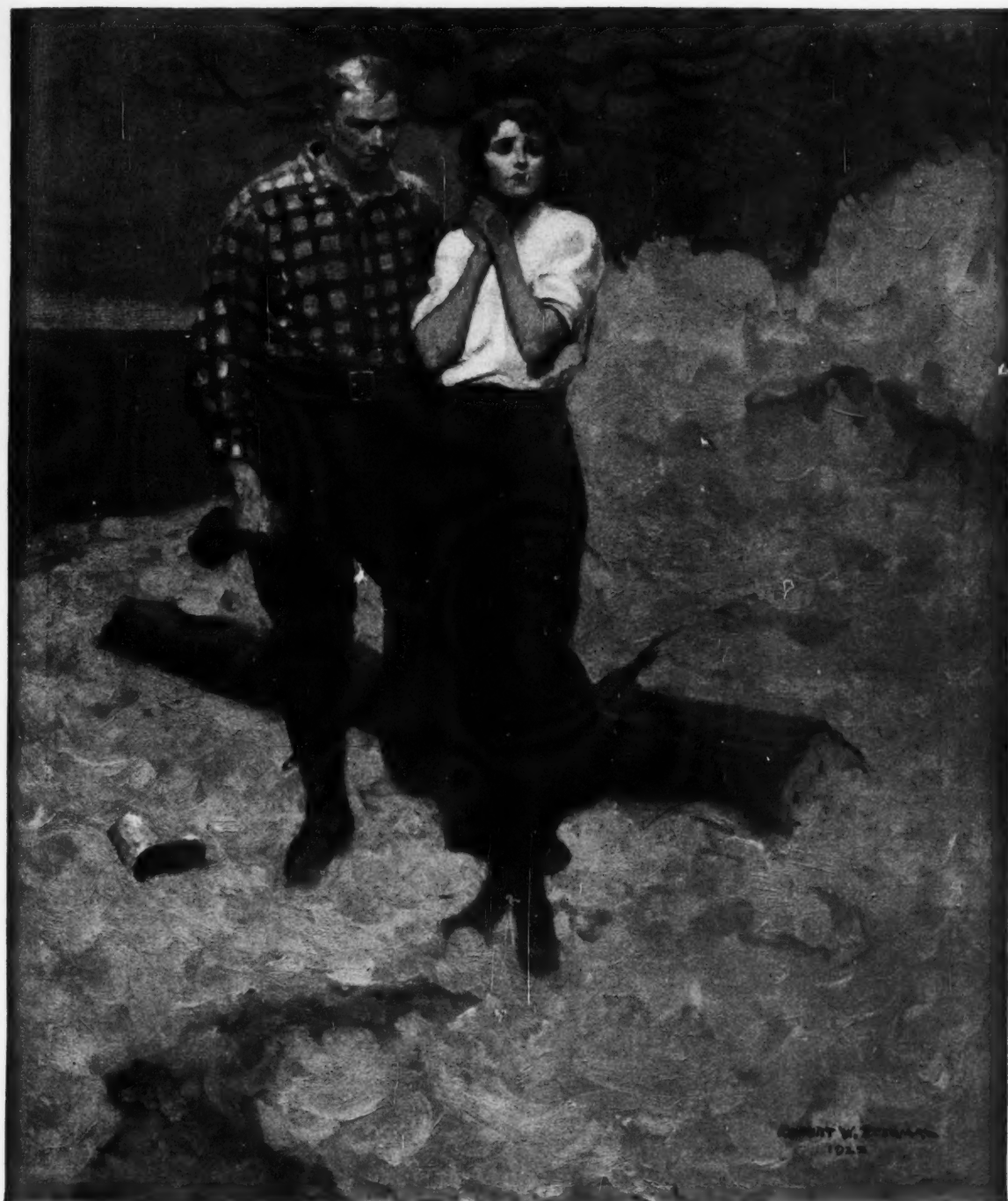
"You are a little frightened, *Angel*—after what happened at the pool. But it will all come out right. Aleck is safe. He can't harm us—"

Her arms tightened about him.

"Peter, you don't need to hide anything from me. We're both thinking the same thing—afraid of the same thing. It's Aleck Curry—and what he will do when he gets off the island. We can keep him there until your father is well and safe. But after that—what will happen to you?"

Peter tried to laugh. "They can't do anything worse than send me to prison, and if they do that—would you mind waiting for me, *Angel*?"

She knew the effort he was making to speak lightly, almost playfully, and her heart throbbed with the eager quickness of her answer. "I would wait for you all my life, Peter."



"Good-by—lover—sweetheart," Mona had said. And she and Simon listened for the last sound of Peter's boat.

With a sudden movement he drew her into the shadow of the cabin. His eyes were searching the farther edge of the clearing. "Look!" he said.

Her eyes pierced the moon glow. And then, dimly, she saw a moving shadow. It came nearer, and turned toward Simon's cabin. Instinctively she guessed who it was, but waited for Peter to speak.

"I found him nosing around when I returned to the settlement," he said. "A little while ago he was here, looking up at your window; then he went to Simon's, and afterward sneaked off into the edge of the forest. I don't know who he is, but I was within ten feet of him and he wears a uniform like Aleck's. He is watching for dad. He is also suspicious and is wondering why Aleck doesn't show up."

"His name is Carter," said Mona. "He came to Five Fingers this afternoon."

For a long time they stood in the shadow of the cabin, and the sleepy stillness of the night with its soft chirping of crickets and gentle murmuring of the lake surf brought a soothing peace to Mona. With Peter's arms about her she was no longer afraid. He told her what had happened since she left his father. Twice Donald McRae had awakened from his sleep of exhaustion and had asked for her.

A thrill of pleasure was in Peter's voice as he told her this; it made him happy to know that his father loved her, and that he even whispered her name in his feverish slumber. Some day the whole of their prayer would be answered; things would turn out right; and they would all be happy.



A sound came strangely above the moaning roar of heat-wind and flame; and rising up Mona

Not until he had gone, and she was alone in her room, did Mona note how swiftly the time had passed. The hour hand of the little clock was at three. She did not undress, but sat down at her window, with her face turned toward the coming of the dawn. And now that Peter's love and the unbreakable strength of his optimism were no longer at her side, her thoughts began pressing upon her again, dispelling the comfort he had given her and weakening once more her faith and hope in what the day would bring. She was glad she had confided in Simon, for he was the rock to which she clung. And yet—what could Simon do? Wherein was he less helpless than herself—or Peter?

She raised her head to meet the first rose-flush of the dawn. But this morning there was no responsive thrill in Mona's breast.

A question was repeating itself in her brain. Would she be able to go through the day without giving herself away? Could she meet Pierre and Josette Gourdon, and Marie Antoinette, and Father Albanel, and Adette and Jame Clamart—and not let them see her torture? Would it show in her face when she met Carter, of the Provincial Police?

Until the first white spirals of smoke began rising from the cabin chimneys she sat at her window. Then she rose, and her beautiful face was almost stern in its resolution. She let the sunlight stream into her room, and in its radiance she unbraided her hair and brushed it until it lay about her in the rippling glory that made Peter the happiest and proudest of all men. She dressed it carefully, and tried to sing as she made herself ready to





saw a man bent under a limp burden. She cried out and a choking voice answered her.

help Josette with the breakfast—for she always sang in this first hour of the day. But the notes seemed to stifle her this morning. It was then, looking out from her window, that she saw a grayish haze rising between her and the face of the sun, and the smell of it came to her faintly. It was smoke.

When she went below it was Pierre she met first. He kissed her. But even then a look of anxiety was in his face.

"It is happening again this year," he said. "The forests to the north and west are afire. It will not come near Five Fingers, but it makes my heart ache to know that a world is being turned dead and black because of someone's carelessness!"

So it was the fire which gave Mona an excuse for what was lacking in her eyes when she went to help Josette with the

breakfast. And it was this same fire, with its thickening gloom of smoke, which helped her through the day. For to Mona a living tree had life and soul, and to see them destroyed in countless thousands was a tragedy in her life only a little less terrible than the plague of smallpox which had once cast its shadow upon Five Fingers.

She went to Simon's cabin as soon after breakfast as she could make an excuse, and there she met Carter. Her first glimpse of him filled her with uneasiness and dislike. He was a hawk-nosed, shifty-eyed man in whom nature seemed to have sacrificed every softening quality to an uncompromising sense of duty, and his eyes rested upon her face so intently as Simon introduced them that she felt her heart tremble. But if he knew

of her previous visit to Simon's cabin, or of her meeting with Peter, he gave no evidence of it, and after a casual remark or two about the fire he left her alone with the Scotchman.

A worried look was in McQuarrie's eyes.

"I've found out more about Carter," he said. "He is the best man in this division and is never sent out on minor affairs. Leaving us so quickly right now shows how clever he is. He doesn't want to create suspicion. He dropped in to ask me the best trail northwest, and says he is going to leave in half an hour to make a report on the fire. That's another lie. In the woods he is like a cat, and he won't go half a mile from the settlement. He is wondering where Peter is, and if he once gets on his trail—" Suddenly he drew his hands together, and a grim smile gathered about his mouth. "If Carter goes to that fire I'm going with him!" he exclaimed. "Five Fingers is interested, and he cannot very well turn me down. I'm not worrying about Aleck Curry now. It's Carter."

He left her without another word, and went out to overtake Carter.

The rest of the morning Mona waited anxiously for Peter. At noon, when they were at dinner, Pierre Gourdon talked of little but the fire. It had surely crossed the line of rail thirty miles north, he said, and was traveling steadily eastward. If the wind should quicken and swing into the south there would be danger to the forests about Five Fingers. But the settlement itself was safe, protected as it was by fire-lines and cultivated fields on three sides, and Lake Superior on the other.

He wondered where Simon McQuarrie was, and asked Mona if she had seen Peter. He surmised they had gone back to the crests of the high ridges to make a closer observation of the fire. He had already sent out Jame Clamart and Poleon Dufresne to guard the northern ridges, and if the fire threatened to break coastward all the men in Five Fingers would go out to fight it. He had made preparations. But he didn't like the way Peter and Simon were missing, without leaving any word behind them. Carter was gone, too.

Afternoon saw smoke settling like a thin fog about the clearing. The sun was entirely hidden. Animals and fowls came up to the buildings, and men and women gave up their work to discuss with one another the possibilities of the next few hours. A dozen times Mona repressed the desire to steal away and go to the little cabin where Donald McRae was hidden. She knew Peter was there, and now that the smoke was thickening she believed he would soon leave for the settlement.

She noticed how hot and sultry it had grown in the last hour. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring, and in the middle of the afternoon Adette Clamart insisted that she go with her for a swim down in the inlet. While they were in the water Peter came up from the lake in a boat. His sail was down and he was rowing. Adette Clamart covered her pretty eyes with her two hands while he bent over to kiss Mona, and in that moment he whispered, "I want to see you in the cabin." He was acting strangely, Mona thought. His face seemed pale.

A few minutes later she joined him in the cabin.

"Dad is better," Peter said. "But tonight I'm going to get him away—somewhere. I'm afraid of the fire. With a bad wind it would be on us in an hour or two. Right now I want to take some supplies over to Aleck Curry. Then I'll come back and see you before I return to dad. There's a little breeze on the lake, and I can make the island in an hour. Have you seen Carter?"

"This morning. He hasn't been here since then."

"And Simon?"

"He is gone, too."

She got a bundle she had prepared and said good-by to Peter,

but not until he had promised to return directly from the island by way of the inlet. She watched him until he disappeared in the gray haze that hung over the water, and then looked at the clock to mark the time he would be returning. Scarcely had she done this when a figure stalked past one of the windows. She recognized it as Simon McQuarrie. Carter was not with him! Mona stole out to the edge of the forest, and then to the beginning of the long finger of spruce and cedar that reached away out to the entrance of Middle Finger Inlet. Half an hour later she was on the sand and gravel beach under the big cliff, waiting for Peter's return. And now she noticed a change in the wind. Loose tresses of her hair blew seaward. That meant the fire would come over the ridges!

In another quarter of an hour she could scarcely see the farther side of Middle Finger Inlet. A black pall of smoke was creeping closer in the north and west. Then, very faintly, she saw something creeping up like a ghost out of the smoke gloom of the sea. She knew it was Peter. He was coming with nerve-racking slowness, it seemed to her. Yet she did not want to cry out to him until he was nearer. He was using his oars, and at times there was a half-minute interval between his strokes. Why was he so slow?

She cried Peter's name. Her voice carried strangely clear. There was silence in the boat. The oars were resting without a sound.

"Peter," she cried again. "Peter—I am here—on the point!"

He must have heard her, and it was unusual that he did not answer. But the oars rattled again, and she could see the shape of the boat turning slowly, and then growing larger as it came toward her. It was odd, too, that Peter did not come directly to the point, but grounded his boat among the big rocks fifty yards below her—a place where he knew it was difficult for her to go. So she stood on the white sand, waiting for him. She could hear his boots on the rocks; then she saw him approaching through a dusk of early twilight thickened by the smoke of the fire.

"Here I am, Peter," she called softly.

It did not seem like Peter, for the figure was grotesquely large, and slower of movement. She held out her arms, and her eyes were glowing. It was the smoke and the dusk that made Peter look like that! And then her heart stopped beating. The figure was within ten feet of her. It was not Peter. It was Aleck Curry!

In that moment Mona felt for the first time in her life the giving way of living tissue under the sudden overwhelming stress of complete shock. Strength left her body, her arms dropped limply, and she felt herself swaying, as if about to fall. Had there been anything near her she would have caught at it. She did not know that to Aleck Curry she was betraying no physical sign of her weakness—that she was standing like a lifeless creature carved out of rock, except that her wide eyes were blazing and her lips parted. What seemed an age to her covered but a few seconds.

What had happened to Peter?

She did not ask the question. It blazed out of her eyes as Aleck advanced until he was almost within arm's reach of her. He had on only shirt and trousers, and he was barefooted. She could see his naked throat. And surprise, joy, the knowledge of his mastery lay in his heavy face. It was transformed. He smiled at her, and his great arms reached out as if he were Peter and she would come into them.

"I made a bargain with Peter," he said, "and he changed places with me. I made him see how much it meant for him, and for his father, and for you. I'd let his father go and forget everything—for something I want. So he changed places with me, and I've come to see you. Lucky you're here. Lucky you called."

(Continued on page 146)

## Met Curwood de natuur zien

Wanneer U naar buiten gaat zoo MOET U meenemen

## GOD'S EIGEN LAND

\*19

DOOR

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Prijs ing. . . f 2.25; geb. . . f 3.25

Hier vertelt Curwood U van zijn groote liefde voor de natuur en van den nieuwen godsdienst, dien hij uit „God's eigen land" zooals hij zijn geliefde wouden en dieren noemt, heeft ontdekt. Een boek dat U beter maakt en de natuur leert begrijpen

Uitgave J. Philip Kruseman, 's-Gravenhage

WHILE I was abroad the last time I happened to be reading—rather, attempting to read—a copy of the *Rotterdam Courant*. In the literary section I came upon a long review of a book by our own James Oliver Curwood—a review that used almost all the adjectives in Dutch in its praise of the story.

In England, Curwood is a favorite. Wherever you go on the Continent, you find his books translated into the language of the country. I think he has probably the most truly international reputation of any American author. None of our writers since Poe and Cooper, with the exception of O. Henry, has had such a vogue over there.

As this is written, Jim is up in the wilds of northernmost Quebec getting material for more stories for COSMOPOLITAN. He is far beyond the reach of mail and telegrams, getting his stories "on the hoof," as he calls it. [R. L.]

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

*A Good Old Laugh*

*from*

*Good Old London*

# Ukridge Rounds A Nasty Corner

*Illustrations by*  
T. D. Skidmore



"Two doses," boomed  
Ukridge, "and cripples fling  
away their crutches."

T.D.

THE late Sir Rupert Lakenheath, K.C.M.G., C.B., M.V.O., was one of those men at whom their countrymen point with pride. Until his retirement on a pension in the year 1906, he had been governor of various insanitary outposts of the British Empire situated around the equator, and as such had won respect and esteem from all. A kindly editor of my acquaintance secured for me the job of assisting the widow of this great administrator to prepare his memoirs for publication; and on a certain summer afternoon I had just finished arraying myself suitably for my first call on her at her residence in Thurloe Square, South Kensington, when there was a knock at the door and Bowles, my landlord, entered, bearing gifts.

These consisted of a bottle with a staring label and a large cardboard hat-box. I gazed at them blankly.

Bowles, in his ambassadorial manner, condescended to explain. "Mr. Ukridge," he said, with the ring of paternal affection in his voice which always crept into it when speaking of that menace to civilization, "called a moment ago, sir, and desired me to hand you these."

Having now approached the table on which he had placed the objects, I was enabled to solve the mystery of the bottle. It was one of those fat, bulging bottles, and it bore across its diaphragm in red letters the single word "Peppo." Beneath this in black letters ran the legend "It Bucks You Up." I had not seen Ukridge for more than two weeks, but at our last meeting, I remembered, he had spoken of some foul patent medicine of which he had somehow secured the agency.

"But what's in the hat-box?" I asked.

"I could not say, sir," replied Bowles.

At this point the hat-box, which had hitherto not spoken, uttered a crisp, sailorly oath, and followed it up by singing the opening bars of Annie Laurie. It then relapsed into its former moody silence.

A few doses of Peppo would, no doubt, have enabled me to endure this remarkable happening with fortitude and phlegm. Not having taken that specific, the thing had a devastating effect upon my nervous centers. I bounded back and upset a chair, while Bowles, his dignity laid aside, leaped silently towards the ceiling. It was the first time I had ever seen him lay off the mask, and even in that trying moment I could not help being gratified

by the spectacle. It gave me one of those thrills that come once in a lifetime.

"For Heaven's sake!" ejaculated Bowles.

"Have a nut," observed the hat-box hospitably. "Have a nut."

Bowles's panic subsided. "It's a bird, sir. A parrot!"

"What the deuce does Ukridge mean," I cried, becoming the outraged householder, "by cluttering up my rooms with his beastly parrots? I'd like that man to know——"

The mention of Ukridge's name seemed to act on Bowles like a soothing draught. He recovered his poise.

"I have no doubt, sir," he said, a touch of coldness in his voice that rebuked my outburst, "that Mr. Ukridge has good reasons for depositing the bird in our custody. I fancy he must wish you to take charge of it for him."

"He may wish it——" I was beginning, when my eye fell on the clock. If I did not want to alienate my employer by keeping her waiting, I must be on my way immediately.

"Put that hat-box in the other room, Bowles," I said. "And I suppose you had better give the bird something to eat."

"Very good, sir. You may leave the matter in my hands with complete confidence."

The drawing room into which I was shown on arriving at Thurloe Square was filled with many mementoes of the late Sir Rupert's gubernatorial career. A native war mask of pronounced hideousness glared at me from above the bookcase; crossed spears hung dangerously over the door; and almost the whole of one side of the room was occupied by a cabinet of shells, grasses, arrows, pots and other relics. In addition to these things the room contained a small and bewilderingly pretty girl in a blue dress, who smiled upon me pleasantly.

"My aunt will be down in a moment," she said, and for a few moments we exchanged commonplaces. Then the door opened and Lady Lakenheath appeared.



## Ukridge Rounds a Nasty Corner



It gave me one of those thrills  
that come once in a lifetime.

The widow of the administrator was tall, angular and thin, with a sun-tanned face of a cast so determined as to make it seem a tenable theory that in the years previous to 1906 she had done at least her share of the administrating. Her whole appearance was that of a woman designed by nature to instill law and order into the bosoms of boisterous cannibal kings. She surveyed me with an appraising glance, and then, as if reconciled to the fact that, poor specimen though I might be, I was probably as good as anything else that could be got for the money, received me into the fold by pressing the bell and ordering tea.

Tea had arrived, and I was trying to combine bright dialogue with the difficult feat of balancing my cup on the smallest saucer I had ever seen, when my hostess, happening to glance out of the window into the street below, uttered something midway between a sigh and a click of the tongue.

"Oh dear! That extraordinary man again!"

The girl in the blue dress, who had declined tea and was sewing in a distant corner, bent a little closer over her work.

"Millie!" said the Administratress plaintively, as if desiring sympathy in her trouble.

"Yes, Aunt Elizabeth?"

"That man is calling again!"

There was a short but perceptible pause. A delicate pink appeared in the girl's cheeks.

"Yes, Aunt Elizabeth?" she said.

"Mr. Ukridge," announced the maid at the door.

It seemed to me that if this sort of thing was to continue, if existence was to become a mere series of shocks and surprises, Peppo would have to be installed as an essential factor in my life. I stared speechlessly at Ukridge as he breezed in with the unmistakable air of sunny confidence which a man shows on familiar ground. Even if I had not had Lady Lakenheath's words as evidence, his manner would have been enough to tell me that he was a frequent visitor in her drawing room; and how he had come to be on calling terms with a lady so preeminently respectable it was beyond me to imagine. I awoke from my stupor to find that we were being introduced and that Ukridge, for some reason clear no doubt to his own tortuous mind but inexplicable to me, was treating me as a complete stranger. He nodded courteously but distantly, and I, falling in with his unspoken wishes, nodded

back. Plainly relieved, he turned to Lady Lakenheath and plunged forthwith into the talk of intimacy.

"I've got good news for you," he said. "News about Leonard."

The alteration in our hostess's manner at these words was remarkable. Her somewhat forbidding manner softened in an instant to quite a tremulous fluttering. Gone was the hauteur which had caused her but a moment back to allude to him as "that extraordinary man." She pressed tea upon him, and scones.

"Oh, Mr. Ukridge!" she cried.

"I don't want to rouse false hopes and all that sort of thing, laddie—I mean, Lady Lakenheath—but upon my Sam, I really believe I am on the track. I have been making the most assiduous inquiries . . ."

"How very kind of you!"

"No, no!" said Ukridge modestly.

"I have been so worried," said Lady Lakenheath, "that I have scarcely been able to rest."

"Too bad!"

"Last night I had a return of my wretched malaria."

At these words, as if he had been given a cue, Ukridge reached under his chair and produced from his hat, like some conjurer, a bottle that was own brother to the one I had left in my rooms. Even from where I sat I could read those magic words of cheer on its flaunting label.

"Then I've got the very stuff for you," he boomed. "This is what you want. Glowing reports on all sides. Two doses, and cripples fling away their crutches and join the beauty chorus."

"I am scarcely a cripple, Mr. Ukridge," said Lady Lakenheath with a return of her earlier bleakness.

"No, no! Good heavens, no! But you can't go wrong by taking Peppo."

"Peppo?" said Lady Lakenheath doubtfully.

"It bucks you up."

"You think it might do me good?" asked the sufferer, wavering. There was a glitter in her eye that betrayed the hypochondriac, the woman who will try anything once.

"Can't fail."

"Well, it is most kind and thoughtful of you to have brought it. What with worrying over Leonard—"

"I know, I know," murmured Ukridge in a positively bed-side manner.

"It seems so strange," said Lady Lakenheath, "that after I had advertised in all the papers, someone did not find him."

"Perhaps someone did find him!" said Ukridge darkly.

"You think he must have been stolen?"

"I am convinced of it. A beautiful parrot like Leonard, able to talk in six languages—"

"And sing," murmured Lady Lakenheath.

"And sing," added Ukridge, "is worth a lot of money. But don't you worry, old—er—don't you worry. If the investigations which I am conducting now are successful, you will have Leonard back safe and sound tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!"

"Absolutely tomorrow. Now tell me all about your malaria."

I felt that the time had come for me to leave. It was not merely that the conversation had taken a purely medical turn and that I was practically excluded from it; what was really driving me away was the imperative necessity of getting out in the open somewhere and thinking. My brain was whirling. The world seemed to have become suddenly full of significant and disturbing parrots. I seized my hat and rose. My hostess was able to take only an absent-minded interest in my departure. The last thing I saw as the door closed was Ukridge's look of big-hearted tenderness as he leaned forward so as not to miss a syllable of his companion's clinical revelations. He was not



"Have a nut!" said  
the hat-box hospitably.

actually patting Lady Lakenheath's hand and telling her to be a brave little woman, but short of that he appeared to be doing everything a man could do to show her that, rugged though his exterior might be, his heart was in the right place and aching for her troubles.

I walked back to my rooms. I walked slowly and pensively, bumping into lamp-posts and pedestrians. It was a relief, when I finally reached Ebury Street, to find Ukridge smoking on my sofa. I was resolved that before he left he should explain what this was all about if I had to wrench the truth from him.

"Hullo, laddie," he said. "Upon my Sam, Corky old horse, did you ever in your puff hear of anything so astounding as our meeting like that! Hope you didn't mind my pretending not to know you. The fact is, my position in that house—what the dickens were you doing there, by the way?"

"I'm helping Lady Lakenheath prepare her husband's memoirs."

"Of course, yes. I remember hearing her say she was going to rope in someone. But what a dashed extraordinary thing it should be you! However—where was I? Oh, yes—my position in the house, Corky, is so delicate that I simply didn't dare risk entering into any entangling alliances. What I mean to say is, if we had rushed into each other's arms and you had been established in the old lady's eyes as a friend of mine and then one of these days you had happened to make a bloomer of some kind—as you well might, laddie—and got heaved into the street on your left ear—well, you see where I would be. I should be involved in your downfall. And I solemnly assure you, laddie, that my whole existence is staked on keeping in with that female. I must get her consent!"

"Her what?"

"Her consent. To the marriage."

"The marriage?"

Ukridge blew a cloud of smoke and gazed through it sentimentally at the ceiling.

"Isn't she a perfect angel!" he breathed softly.

"Do you mean Lady Lakenheath?" I asked, bewildered.

"Fool! No, Millie."

"Millie? The girl in blue?"

Ukridge sighed dreamily.

"She was wearing that blue dress when I first met her, Corky. And a hat with thingummies. It was on the Underground. I gave her my seat, and as I hung over her suspended by a strap, I fell in love absolutely in a flash. I give you my honest word, laddie, I fell in love with her for all eternity between Sloane Square and South Kensington stations. She got out at South Kensington. So did I. I followed her to the house, rang the bell, got the maid to show me in and, once I was in, put up a yarn about being misdirected and coming to the wrong address and all that sort of thing. I think they thought I was looney or trying to sell life insurance or something, but I didn't mind that. A few days later I called, and after that I hung about, keeping an eye on their movements, met 'em everywhere they went and bowed and passed a word and generally made my presence felt and—well, to cut a long story short, old horse, we're

engaged. I happened to find out that Millie was in the habit of taking the dog for a run in Kensington Gardens every morning at eleven, and after that things began to move. It took a bit of doing, of course, getting up so early, but I was on the spot every day, and we talked and bunged sticks for the dog and—well, as I say, we're engaged. She is the most amazing, wonderful girl, laddie, that you ever encountered in your life."

I had listened to this recital dumbly. The thing was too cataclysmal for my mind. It overwhelmed me.

"But—" I began.

"But," said Ukridge, "the news has yet to be broken to the old lady, and I am striving with every nerve in my body, with every fiber of my brain, old horse, to get in right with her. That is why I brought her that Peppo. Not much, you may say, but every little helps. Shows zeal. Nothing like zeal. But of course what I'm really relying on is the parrot. That's my ace of trumps."

I passed a hand over my corrugated forehead.

"The parrot!" I said feebly. "Explain about the parrot."

Ukridge eyed me with honest astonishment.

"Do you mean to tell me you haven't got on to that? A man of your intelligence! Corky, you amaze me. Why, I pinched it, of course. Or rather, Millie and I pinched it together. Millie—a girl in a million, laddie!—put the bird in a string bag one night when her aunt was dining out and lowered it to me out of the drawing room window. And I've been keeping it in the back-ground till the moment was ripe for the spectacular return. Wouldn't have done to take it back at once. Bad strategy. Wiser to hold it in reserve for a few days and show zeal and work up the interest. Millie and I are building on the old lady's being so supremely bucked at having the bird restored to her that there will be nothing she won't be willing to do for me."

"But what do you want to dump the thing in my rooms for?"

I demanded. "I never got such a shock as when that confounded hat-box began to back-chat at me."

"I'm sorry, old man, but it had to be. I could never tell that the old lady might not take it into her head to come round to my rooms about something. I'd thrown out—mistakenly, I realize now—an occasional suggestion about tea there some afternoon. So I had to park the bird with you. I'll take it away tomorrow."

"You'll take it away tonight!"

"Not tonight, old man," pleaded Ukridge.

"First thing tomorrow. You won't find it any trouble. Just throw it a word or two every now and then and give it a bit of bread dipped in tea or something, and you won't have to worry about it at all. And I'll be round by noon at the latest to take it away. May Heaven reward you, laddie, for the way you have stood by me this day!"

For a man like myself, who finds at least eight hours of sleep essential if that school-

girl complexion is to be preserved, it was unfortunate that Leonard the parrot should have proved to be a bird of high-strung temperament, easily upset. The experiences which he had undergone since leaving home had, I was to discover, jarred his nervous system. He was reasonably tranquil during the hours preceding bedtime and had started his beauty sleep before I myself turned in; but at two in the morning something in the nature of a nightmare must have attacked him, for I was wrenched from slumber by the sound of a hoarse soliloquy in what I took to be some native dialect. This lasted without a break till two-fifteen, when he made a noise like a steam riveter for some



I felt that the next time I looked in a mirror I should find my hair strangely white.

T.S.S.

## Ukridge Rounds a Nasty Corner

moments; after which, apparently soothed, he fell asleep again. I dropped off at about three, and at three thirty was awakened by the strains of a deep-sea chanty. From then on our periods of sleep never seemed to coincide.

It was a wearing night, and before I went out after breakfast I left imperative instructions with Bowles for Ukridge, on arrival, to be informed that, if anything went wrong with his plans for removing my guest that day, the mortality statistics among parrots would take an up curve. Returning to my rooms in the evening, I was pleased to see that this manifesto had been taken to heart. The hat-box was gone, and about six o'clock Ukridge appeared, so beaming and effervescent that I understood what had happened before he spoke.

"Corky, my boy," he said vehemently, "this is the maddest, merriest day of all the glad New Year, and you can quote me as saying so!"

"Lady Lakenheath has given her consent?"

"Not merely given it, but bestowed it blithely, jubilantly."

"It beats me," I said.

"What beats you?" demanded Ukridge, sensitive to the jarring note.

"Well, I don't want to cast any aspersions, but I should have thought the first thing she would have done would be to make searching inquiries about your financial position."

"My financial position? What's wrong with my financial position? I've got considerably over fifty quid in the bank, and I'm on the eve of making an enormous fortune out of this Peppo stuff."

"And that satisfied Lady Lakenheath?" I said incredulously.

Ukridge hesitated for a moment.

"Well, to be absolutely frank, laddie," he admitted, "I have an idea that she rather supposes that in the matter of financing the venture my aunt will rally round and keep things going till I am on my feet."

"Your aunt! But your aunt has finally and definitely disowned you."

"Yes. To be perfectly accurate, she has. But the old lady doesn't know that. In fact, I rather made a point of keeping it from her. You see, I found it necessary, as things turned out, to play my aunt as my ace of trumps."

"You told me the parrot was your ace of trumps."

"I know I did. But these things slip up at the last moment. She seethed with gratitude about the bird, but when I seized the opportunity to ask her for her blessing, I was shocked to see that she put her ears back and jibbed. Got that nasty steely look in her eyes and began to talk about clandestine meetings and things being kept from her. It was an occasion for the swiftest thinking, laddie. I got an inspiration. I played up my aunt. It worked like magic. It seems the old lady has long been an admirer of her novels and has always wanted to meet her. She went down and out for the full count the moment I introduced my aunt into the conversation, and I have had no trouble with her since."

"Have you thought what is going to happen when they do meet? I can't see your aunt delivering a striking testimonial to your merits."

"That's all right. The fact of the matter is, luck has stood by me in the most amazing way all through. It happens that my aunt is out of town. She's down at her cottage in Sussex finishing a novel, and on Saturday she sails for America on a lecturing tour."

"How did you find that out?"

"Another bit of luck. I ran into her new secretary, a bloke named Wassick, at the Savage smoker last Saturday. There's no

chance of their meeting. When my aunt's finishing a novel she won't read letters or telegrams, so it's no good the old lady trying to get a communication through to her. It's Wednesday now, she sails on Saturday, she will be away six months—why, damme, by the time she hears of the thing I shall be an old married man."

It had been arranged between my employer and myself during the preliminary negotiations that I should give up my afternoons to the memoirs and that the most convenient plan would be for me to present myself at Thurloe Square daily at three o'clock. I had just settled myself on the following day in the ground floor

study, which had been the particular property of the late Sir Rupert, and was spreading before me on the desk for purposes of reference a batch of diaries dealing with the celebrated 'Mgomo-'Mgomo rising of the late 'eighties, when the girl Millie came in, carrying papers.

"My aunt asked me to give you these," she said. "They are Uncle Rupert's letters home for the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine."

I looked at her with interest and something bordering on awe. This was the girl who had actually committed herself to the appalling task of going through life as Mrs. Stanley Featherstonehaugh Ukridge—and, what is more, seemed to like the prospect. Of such stuff are heroines made.

"Thank you," I said, putting the papers on the desk. "By the way, may I—I hope you will—what I mean is, Ukridge told me all about it. I hope you will be very happy."

Her face lighted up. She really was the most delightful girl to look at I had ever met. I could not blame Ukridge for falling in love with her.

"Thank you very much,"

she said. She sat in the huge armchair, looking very small. "Stanley has been telling me what friends you and he are. He is devoted to you."

"Great chap!" I said heartily. I would have said anything which I thought would please her. She exercised a spell, this girl. "We were at school together."

"I know. He is always talking about it." She looked at me with round eyes exactly like a Persian kitten's. "I suppose you will be his best man?" She bubbled with happy laughter. "At one time I was awfully afraid there wouldn't be any need for a best man. Do you think it was very wrong of us to steal Aunt Elizabeth's parrot?"

"Wrong?" I said stoutly. "Not a bit of it. What an idea!"

"She was terribly worried," argued the girl.

"Best thing in the world," I assured her. "Too much peace of mind leads to premature old age."

"All the same, I have never felt so wicked and ashamed of myself. And I know Stanley felt just like that, too."

"I bet he did!" I agreed effusively. Such was the magic of this Dresden china child that even her preposterous suggestion that Ukridge possessed a conscience could not shake me.

"He's so wonderful and chivalrous and considerate."

"The very words I should have used myself!"

"Why, to show you what a beautiful nature he has, he's gone out now with my aunt to help her do her shopping."

"You don't say so!"

"Just to try to make it up to her, you see, for the anxiety we caused her."

"It's noble! That's what it is. Absolutely noble!"

"And if there's one thing in the world he loathes it is carrying parcels."



"Millie, old girl, we're in the soup."

"Oh, Stanley darling!"



"The man," I exclaimed with fanatical enthusiasm, "is a perfect Sir Galahad!"

"Isn't he! Why, only the other day——"

She was interrupted. Outside, the front door slammed. There came a pounding of large feet in the passage. The door of the study flew open, and Sir Galahad himself charged in, his arms full of parcels.

"Corky!" he began. Then, perceiving his future wife, who had risen from the chair in alarm, he gazed at her with a wild pity in his eyes, as one who has bad news to spring. "Millie, old girl," he said feverishly, "we're in the soup!"

The girl clutched the table.

"Oh, Stanley darling!"

"There is just one hope. It occurred to me as I was——"

"You don't mean that Aunt Elizabeth has changed her mind?"

"She hasn't yet. But," said Ukridge grimly, "she's pretty soon going to unless we move with the utmost dispatch."

"But what has happened?"

Ukridge shed the parcels. The action seemed to make him calmer.

"We had just come out of Harrod's," he said, "and I was about to leg it home with these parcels when she sprang it on me! Right out of a blue sky!"

"What, Stanley, dear? Sprang what?"

"This ghastly thing. This frightful news that she proposes to attend the dinner of the Pen and Ink Club on Friday night. I saw her talking to a pug-nosed female we met in the fruit, vegetable, birds and pet dogs department, but I never guessed what they were talking about. She was inviting the old lady to that infernal dinner!"

"But Stanley, why shouldn't Aunt Elizabeth go to the Pen and Ink Club dinner?"

"Because my aunt is coming up to town on Friday specially to speak at that dinner, and your aunt is going to make a point of introducing herself and having a long chat about me!"

We gazed at one another silently. There was no disguising the gravity of the news. Like the coming together of two uncongenial chemicals, this meeting of aunt with aunt must inevitably produce an explosion. And in that explosion would perish the hopes and dreams of two loving hearts.

"Oh, Stanley! What can we do?"

If the question had been directed at me, I should have been hard put to it to answer; but Ukridge, that man of resource, though he might be down, was never out.

"There is just one scheme. It occurred to me as I was sprinting along the Brompton Road. Laddie," he proceeded, laying a heavy hand on my shoulder, "it involves your cooperation."

"Oh, how splendid!" cried Millie. It was not quite the comment I would have made myself. She proceeded to explain. "Mr. Corcoran is so clever. I'm sure, if it's anything that can be done, he will do it."

This ruled me out as a potential resister. Ukridge I might have been able to withstand, but so potentially had this girl's spell worked upon me that in her hands I was wax.

"Spill the details, old man," I urged, as some young knight of the Round Table might have said when taken aside by King Arthur and informed that there was a job awaiting him.

Ukridge sat down on the desk and spoke with a tenseness befitting the occasion.

"It's rummy in this life, laddie," he began in moralizing vein, "how the rottenest times a fellow goes through may often do him a bit of good in the end. I don't suppose I have ever enjoyed any period of my existence less than those months I spent at my aunt's house in Wimbledon. But mark the sequel, old horse! It was while going through that ghastly experience that I gained a knowledge of her habits which is going to save us now. You remember Dora Mason?"

"Who is Dora Mason?" inquired Millie quickly.

"A plain, elderly sort of female who used to be my aunt's secretary," Ukridge replied with equal promptness.

Personally, I remembered Miss Mason as a rather unusually pretty and attractive girl, but I felt that it would be injudicious to say so. I contented myself with making a mental note to the effect that, whatever his drawbacks as a husband, Ukridge had at any rate that ready tact which is so helpful in the home.

"Miss Mason," he proceeded, speaking, I thought, in a manner a shade more careful and measured, "used to talk to me

about her job from time to time. I was sorry for the poor old thing, you understand, because hers was a gray life, and I made rather a point of trying to cheer her up now and then."

"How like you, dear!"

It was not I who spoke—it was Millie. She regarded her betrothed with shining and admiring eyes, and I could see that she was thinking that my description of him as a modern Galahad was altogether too tame.

"And one of the things she told me," continued Ukridge, "was that my aunt, though she's always speaking at these bally dinners, can't say a word unless she has her speech written for her and memorizes it. Miss Mason swore solemnly to me that she had written every word my aunt had spoken in public in the last two years. You begin to get on to the scheme, laddie? The long and short of it is that we must get hold of that speech she's going to deliver at the Pen and Ink Club binge. We must intercept it, old horse, before it can reach her. We shall thus spike her guns. Collar that speech, Corky old man, before she can get her hooks on it and you can take it from me that she'll find she has a headache on Friday night and can't appear."

There stole over me that sickening conviction that comes to those in peril that I was in for it.

"But it may be too late," I faltered, with a last feeble effort at self-preservation. "She may have the speech already."

"Not a chance. I know what she's like when she's finishing one of these beastly books. No distractions of any sort are permitted. Wassick, the secretary bloke, will have had instructions to send the thing to her by registered post to arrive Friday morning, so that she can study it in the train. Now listen carefully, laddie, for I have thought this thing out to the last detail. My aunt is at her cottage at Market Deeping in Sussex. I don't know how the trains go, but there's sure to be one that'll get me to Market Deeping tonight. Directly I arrive I shall send a wire to Wassick—signed 'Ukridge,' said the schemer; 'I have a perfect right to sign telegrams 'Ukridge,' he added virtuously—"in which I tell him to hand the speech over to a gentleman who will call for it, as arrangements have been made for him to take it down to the cottage. All you have to do is to call at my aunt's house, see Wassick—a splendid fellow and just the sort of chump who won't suspect a thing—get the manuscript and biff off. Once round the corner, you dump it in the nearest garbage box and all is well."

"Isn't he wonderful, Mr. Corcoran!" cried Millie.

"I can rely on you, Corky? You will not let me down over your end of the business?"

"You will do this for us, Mr. Corcoran, won't you?" pleaded Millie.

I gave one look at her. Her Persian kitten eyes beamed into mine—gaily, trustfully, confidently. I gulped.

"All right," I said huskily.

A leaden premonition of impending doom weighed me down next morning as I got into the cab which was to take me to Heath House, Wimbledon Common. I tried to correct this shuddering panic by telling myself that

(Continued on page 135)



Leonard's behavior, according to Millie's account, had to be seen to be appreciated.

# No w Which is SUCCESS?

**B**Y THE terms of his will, Mr. Marlow's estate was divided equally between his two sons. It was supposed to be a comfortable one until investigation revealed it to be in a very disordered state.

"It will take you some time to get this business back on a firm basis," said the lawyer. "All that is needed is careful attention and perseverance"—he looked over his glasses gravely—"but you'll have to buckle down to it."

William, the older by a year, nodded. "I'm willing," he said.

Harry was staring wistfully out of the window.

"Will it take long—years maybe?" he asked.

"I'm afraid so, my boy, but in the long run you'll have a very comfortable property—not large but ample."

Harry rose and walked nervously back and forth. Finally he put his hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Will, I—I can't bear the thought of it. All my life I've dreamed of seeing something of the world, now while I'm young and can enjoy things. If I settle down it will be years before I can get away and by that time I'll probably be so deep in the business that I'll get to like money too much. I'll lose all desire to have adventures."

"We can travel and do things after we get the business on its feet," said his brother.

"Yes, but the more it grows the more we'll be tied down to it! All our lives we've been tied down to this narrow little humdrum town!" He flung his arms wide. "Besides, why should I stick eternally to something that isn't congenial? It's slavery. Life's too short! I'd rather be poor all my life than spend my best years in work that I hate!"

"Money is very important, my son," the lawyer reminded him gently.

Harry frowned. "Listen!" he cried, facing William. "You like commercial life. I don't. You are steady and methodical. I'm not. Let's split up the estate. You buy me out, paying my share as you get it. Then you'll own the whole works and I'll be free to get into something I really like. Is that fair?"

So it was agreed to divide the estate, with payments distributed over ten years.

"Give me my next ten years of happiness and freedom and I don't care what happens after that."

"I hope you'll never regret this step," said William seriously.

"I never will."

Thus Harry Marlow departed from Granville.

The horizon closed behind him and the wide world opened ahead. At first his letters were frequent and enthusiastic. He was in New York. Then, after a long silence, a note came with an Argentine postmark. "I worked my way down on a sailing ship. Rough life but plenty of fresh air. Have now joined a construction gang that's laying out a road in Paraguay."

"Poor kid! He'll soon get sick of that," reflected William pityingly. William had settled down to the task of building up the business. At regular intervals he made the payments to his brother's account in a New York bank. At twenty-three he married a girl with whom he had gone to school. Together they saved and denied themselves, consecrating every thought to their future. The years passed and three children made three new reasons for economy and thrift. They spoke of Harry with commiseration.

"He's running through with his money as soon as he gets it," said William. He had just read aloud to his wife one of Harry's infrequent letters. "He doesn't stick to any one thing long enough to get anywhere. He goes into ranching here and mining there and engineering somewhere else and then drops everything to join some band of crazy revolutionists in Central America, or pops up on a South Sea Island, probably married to a native."

"It's a shame, Will," answered Esther, thinking of the serenity of her own life and the dependability of her husband. "Thank goodness you aren't like him!"

In six years, much earlier than he had expected, William paid in full his obligation to his wandering brother. Henceforth the business was his own. His life moved in the narrow orbit of the home town, and while he didn't realize it he was becoming more and more engrossed in the fascinating game of increasing his fortune. His goal was advanced from a hundred thousand to a quarter of a million. When he reached that point, he said, he could begin to take life easier and get some fun out of it.

Then came rumblings of trouble in Mexico. A post-card announced briefly that Harry was an officer in Madero's army and was having a great time.

"Mercy! What next?" exclaimed his sister-in-law. But she did not have to wonder long. Harry was in the ten days' terror in Mexico City when Madero was murdered and the city was torn with bloody street fighting. A letter laconically detailed the fact that it was quite exciting for a time.

"I'm utterly out of patience with him, Will. Why don't you write and urge him to settle down?"

Her husband shrugged his shoulders. The steady concentration upon the upbuilding of his own fortune had narrowed and hardened him. His sympathies were not so easily touched. "It's his own lookout," he answered; "he chose his bed. Let him lie on it."

Esther's lips tightened. "Yes, and I suppose he'll be coming to you one of these days for money. Goodness knows, you have to work hard enough for it! We've hardly ever had a vacation ourselves."

To William and Esther had come the smug complacency of what, by all local standards, was success. They were comfortably fixed, their new house was the most ornate in town, with stained glass windows and a shingled tower jutting up at one corner. The beginnings of a formal garden on one side revealed a groping for the higher refinements. The new garage held a twin-six in which the family made evening



# Words and Pictures by John T. McCutcheon

and Sunday afternoon tours in the neighboring country. William was head of the building and loan society, a director in the local bank, a vestryman in the church and had been a delegate to the state convention. Already he was planning a little cottage on a near-by lake where the family could spend part of the hot spell while he came up for week-ends.

At times William contrasted his life with that of his brother Harry and was conscious of a glow of superiority.

Harry was wounded in the attack on Vera Cruz. He wrote from the hospital: "Plugged but feeling fine. Love to all the folks."

Four months later he wrote from Paris. "In the Foreign Legion but hope to get into aviation soon. Feeling fine. Paris very interesting. Love and best wishes."

With the war came great opportunities for alert business men and William was quick to grasp them. In the golden harvest before America went into the war his fortune grew, and later when taxes advanced he advanced his prices to cover them. By virtue of a ten percent plus government contract he swelled his costs and thereby swelled his profits.

William did not go to the war. His children and his business, which he proclaimed an essential industry, gained him exemption from the draft.

He took an ardent part in money-raising campaigns; and Esther joined the local Red Cross. When the names of patriotic citizens were published, theirs were near the top.

At the end of the war William Marlow was a rich man. Neighbors in discussing his meteoric rise invariably contrasted him with his ne'er-do-well brother who had frittered away his patrimony. It is true that the town papers spoke glowingly of Harry's flying in the earlier stages of the war, but as he was shot down near Metz in a bombing raid and spent the latter months in a German prison camp, his name had ceased to appear.

When after the war he was exchanged, he did not at once return but joined the American expedition operating near Archangel. Here he was again wounded and by the time he came back to America the flames of patriotic adulation for returned heroes had flickered out.

His return to his home town was unheralded. The changes he found rather bewildered him. In the court-house yard some German guns were parked around a handsome monument, commemorative of the gallant heroes who had gone forth from Granville, most of whom had since been busily and unsuccessfully striving to get a bonus bill passed.

Harry walked slowly up the street he had walked down ten years before. Nobody recognized him—at any rate nobody stopped to speak to him. He paused before his old home, now occupied by strangers. At his first inquiry he was directed unerringly to the impressive residence of William Marlow. A big car stood in front and some children in the yard looked at him curiously. They doubtless thought him an agent of some sort.

The first thought that William registered after his surprised greeting was "He's broke!" but aloud he said:

"Well, this is fine, Harry. I'd hardly have known you; it's been so long. Wait till I call Esther."

He went out and Harry surveyed the hideous, overfilled room. Here was prosperity! His eye rested on a framed certificate, elaborate with red seals: "Presented to William Marlow in recognition of his patriotic services," etc. Harry smiled faintly. His brother had changed as well as the town. He was reluctant to call it condescension, but he was uncomfortably aware that he was to be made to feel that success was speaking to failure.

A murmur of repressed voices told him that William had stopped to discuss the matter with his wife before they entered.

"Well, this is nice to see you," exclaimed Esther without excessive warmth. "It's been ages since school days! Are you here for long? I suppose you're just dashing through on your way to some new adventures."

"I haven't quite decided," answered

Harry and caught the look she exchanged with her husband. How unreservedly they could have greeted him had he come in the full flush of solvency! Now a vague barrier was lifting which the sensitive Harry was quick to feel. They were wondering how long he would stay, what he would expect of them.

His immediate and unqualified success with the children did not help his cause. The parents thought he was putting ideas into their heads. But as after a week he prepared for departure without asking any favors, they warmed up slightly.

"Now, Harry," said his brother, "I don't know what your plans are but if I can help you, of course you know I'll be glad to. I can find a position that will pay you fairly well. You're smart. You ought to be a success."

The cumulative humiliation of that week passed endurance.

"Success! Why, Will, when you speak of success it's laughable! I think I've been wonderfully successful. You think I'm a failure. I think your life in this narrow hole has been the drab, deadly failure!"

William flushed angrily. "Is it a failure to be rich, to stand high in a community, to play a useful part in progress? If so, then I'm a failure. And you? Do you consider yourself a success, with nothing to show for the years you've frittered away?"

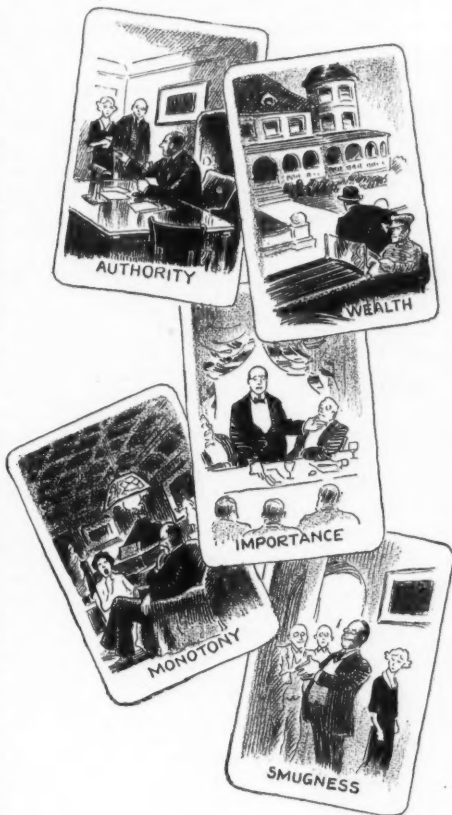
Harry smiled indulgently.

"Forgive me, Will. Our standpoints are too impossibly different.

Why, I wouldn't give the memory of that storm in a sailing ship for any year of your life. Your money couldn't buy the memory of the delightful months of lazy dreaming on a little tropic isle. Nothing can take from me the tremendous uplift of battle in the clouds, of streets seething with mobs, of night attacks, of fighting our way through South American jungles, of shipwreck, of a thousand other high spots beside which your colorless years of money-making are grotesque in their dreariness. Remember, you can lose your money but nothing can take the memory of my wonderful experiences from me. I am going now. I haven't much money, but don't ever make the mistake of thinking my life has been a failure. It's been one glorious procession of big moments, with a haloed memory to match every cent you've slaved to get."

In the heart of each was pity and a sense of superiority.

Once more Harry Marlow departed from the town where he had spent his boyhood. The horizon closed behind him and the wide world opened ahead.





## Keeping the Peace

(Continued from page 64)

rose. Women at that time wore what were called angel sleeves. These resembled half inflated balloons and destroyed the human shape almost as completely as the older fashion of bustles.

The fashion of Alice's dress was as old as the thirteenth century. It followed the lines of her slim body and gave her something of a boyish and princely look. This slap at fashion was an offense to Mrs. Eaton, but it was a minor offense. The real offense was deeper seated.

It happened that Sarah, having tried to stuff an enormous supper into a stomach laced out of all patience, had had a fainting spell and been retired from action. It was then that Alice was heard to remark in her clear boyish voice that people who wore corsets and laced themselves were always suffering the tortures of the damned, and deserved to. For her part she didn't wear corsets and never would.

Not only did Alice voice these outrages aloud, but she voiced them to a group of amused and admiring young men and boys. Among them Edward, still headed for Holy Orders.

It was too much. It was more than Mrs. Eaton could bear. She sailed into the midst of the group.

"You don't wear corsets," she cried, "and you let men put their arms around you and dance with you! If a daughter of mine were to speak as you have spoken I would whip her within an inch of her life. Not to wear corsets is immodest and indecent."

The attack was so wanton and unprovoked that Alice, taken wholly by surprise, found no words with which to answer, and turned slowly to the color of white paper. She did not, however, lower her eyes from Mrs. Eaton's face.

"It is precisely," said Mrs. Eaton, "what was to be expected of a child of your parentage and bringing up. How could a man who believes himself to be descended from a monkey have anything but a shameless daughter? You will have to sit out the rest of the dances, Alice; I cannot have an uncorseted female gamboling about the rectory."

Alice, hot with rage and shame, flung out of the room. She was for getting her hat and cloak and walking home, all the long miles, in her little high-heeled slippers. But Edward, who had followed her into the hall, begged and pleaded with her. And James, too, infatuated with the girl's beauty, came and added his pleadings to Edward's. She consented to stay then until her father came for her. But she would stay on the veranda—cloaked and hatted and ready to go.

"Even if she is your mother, Eddie," she exclaimed, "I don't ever want to see her again, and I won't ever speak to her."

The two children found two chairs in a dark corner of the veranda. Presently Edward had made her laugh.

Suddenly she laid her little hand on his and said: "You're sweet, Eddie. You're good as gold. Nobody could help loving you. I wish you weren't going to be a minister."

Edward smiled in the dark. He was not going to be a minister. But that was his secret. He was going to be a great artist.

He was going to fill the world with paintings of a slim Alice in a black velvet dress with an Irish lace collar.

"When you are a minister, Eddie," said Alice, "are you going to hold with the Evangelist who states that Mary and the child spent the winter in Egypt or with the Evangelist who maintains that they remained in Bethlehem? Or are you going to be like your mother and believe them both?"

"Sssh!" said Edward, and he whispered a warning. But not in time. There came down to them from the window above where she had been listening the terrible voice of Mrs. Eaton.

"I heard what you said, you young Jezebel," said she. "Don't ever darken my door again. Don't you dare!"

Later she forbade Edward to have anything more to do with the atheist's daughter. He promised his mother that he wouldn't, and he continued to see Alice whenever he had a chance.

Lying and hypocrisy, pretending to be altogether different from what you really are—these were the arts which Edward zealously practised in his own home in order to keep the peace with his mother. And these arts were real perversions of his nature, for he had been born into the world an honest, straightforward baby. It was only for his mother's benefit, however, that it was necessary to practise them. With all the world outside the rectory and with his father inside of it he was frank and truthful.

He was especially so with the Ruggles family. It was a long way to their house, and he was forbidden to go there; but as it was always possible to say that he had been somewhere else and get himself believed, he went often. He went not only for the sake of being with Alice, but for the sake of hearing her father talk.

Ruggles was an extraordinary man. He had enough income to live on, and he shocked the community in which he lived by refusing to do even a day's work at anything remunerative. He spent about half of his time reading and remembering what he had read, and the rest of his time studying nature in all its phases—including the human ones.

His home stood in the midst of two acres of ground. But instead of planting these grounds so that his neighbors could see into them and even into the windows of his house, he had surrounded them, European fashion, with a high brick wall, massed his planting along the boundaries, and made himself as private as a mouse in its nest.

When you went to call upon the Ruggles family you did not ring the front door-bell. You rang the bell at the front gate. Then while you waited for the Chinaman to come and open the peep-hole in the gate and look to see who you were, you had a chance to look about you and were almost under compulsion to examine the gate itself. This was made of heavy oak planks studded with fancy-headed nails. Some of the nail-heads were shaped like Tudor roses and some like Pilgrim shells; but others were shaped like letters of the alphabet and punctuation marks. And the Chinaman never came until you had had

time to read several times over and commit to memory the following:

THEY SAY. WHAT SAY THEY?  
LET THEM SAY!

That was the Ruggles motto. People gossiped about him. They said that he was an atheist, and that he believed man to be descended from a monkey, and was an advocate of free love. And he didn't care what people said about him. And hence the motto.

Some people went so far as to say that Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles were not married. As a matter of fact they were, but as they really loved each other very much and had always been absolutely faithful to each other, it didn't seem to matter very much whether they were married or not. As Mr. Ruggles himself often said: "Marriage wasn't invented for people who love each other and want to live together. It was made for people who hate each other and want to live apart." But he would usually add, and sometimes for the special benefit of Alice and Edward, "And it was also invented for people who only think they love each other and think they want to live together!"

And when he said that, Alice would say in a disgusted way: "I suppose that means you and me, Eddie"; and then she would laugh and everybody else would laugh. Edward would also blush.

Edward's idea of happiness at this time would have been to live always with the Ruggles family. He would have liked to have his father also with him inside of the tall brick wall, and nobody else—not Dear Mother, or dear Sarah, or brother James.

Here he would have liked to live out his life in happy stimulating talk and laughter and in an infinite painting of pictures.

At this time it was obvious to almost everybody who knew the boy, with the exception of his own mother, that Edward had a splendid talent for drawing and painting, and a speed and facility which were almost Japanese.

As a record of his visits to the Ruggleses he left a long series of drawings, which Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, very old and broken people now, treasure to this day. They are mostly drawings of Alice. "Trilby" had just stormed the hearts of the world. And the old song, "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" was on the lips of all who sang.

So Edward drew his sweet Alice in every conceivable pose and lighting and in every kind of costume. The oftener he drew her the more exquisite she seemed to him, and the more exquisite he managed to make her look.

And to this day he could draw her with his eyes shut, if he wanted to. But he hasn't the heart—poor fellow!

Edward had long since made up his mind that one of these days he would tell Dear Mother that he was not going into the church, and that instead he was going to draw and paint for a living, and that if there wasn't a living in it, he was going to paint and draw just the same.

It was all very well, he argued, to be a hypocrite day in and day out for the sake of keeping the peace. It was all very well,

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My duty to supply  
With food that's real  
At every meal—  
On Campbell's I rely!



Soup for health—  
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When we say that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal in itself we mean more than that it is hearty food. We mean also that it has the variety of foods so desirable for a healthful and appetizing meal. The iron of the green vegetables, the valuable mineral salts, the invigoration of beef, the solid nourishment of cereals, the tastiness of fresh herbs and delicate seasoning. Your appetite is delightfully satisfied and you have eaten exactly the kind of meal that is splendid for your health. Enjoy it today!

21 kinds

12 cents a can



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

in all small matters and beliefs, to pretend that you were of Dear Mother's persuasion, but when it came to great decisions, like the choice between a divinity school and an art school, it would be necessary to come out into the open, take his own side and maintain it.

He faced this ultimate day of reckoning the more easily because it seemed always such a long, indefinite way off. But days galloped by, and months trotted by, and years crawled past, and all of a sudden something definite had to be done and done quickly.

The school year being over, Dear Mother took Edward in her arms and said: "And in the autumn, my darling son, you will go to the divinity school and begin your life's work. Father has arranged everything."

It would have seemed as if this was Edward's opportunity. But he did not so see it. He wanted to see it, and to seize it, but he couldn't. He wanted to say:

"I've decided not to go into the church, Dear Mother. I believe that God made everything and that Christ was the best gentleman that ever lived, and that if we all did as He wanted us to the world would be a better place. But the God of the Old Testament isn't the God Who made everything, but a jealous, horrible, old monster, and the Gospels contradict each other dreadfully. I don't believe that God wrote the Bible, because lots of it is pure drivel, and I'm not going to despise the whole Jewish race the way you do, and worship a member of it . . .

"If a man goes down on his hands and knees, all the hairs on his body are so arranged that if he had enough of them and it rained, they would shed the rain. A newborn baby can hang by its hands. The worst dreams I've ever had have all been about falling. I think that we were monkeys before we were men and pollywogs before we were monkeys, and oysters before that . . . And you think that everybody that isn't an Episcopalian will go to Hell, and I don't . . . So I'm not going to stand up and preach what I don't believe for a living—the way poor father does."

But Edward said nothing of the kind. Why spoil a whole summer? Why not wait till the very last minute, and then tell Dear Mother that he was going to duck out of being a minister? Besides, John would be home in August. If Dear Mother proved to be too awfully horrid and despotic, one could always go down to the sea with John, and John would help one to France and to the studio of a good master.

So he accepted Dear Mother's announcement about the divinity school with becoming gravity and until John's arrival in August continued to play the hypocrite.

July was a dull month for Edward. It was so hot that the pencil or the brush kept slipping sideways in his fingers, and so much water had fallen in June that mosquitoes made out-of-door sketching impossible. To make matters worse the Ruggles family had gone to the White Mountains for the summer, and both Sarah and Dear Mother were almost murderously ill with the hay fever.

But this was really a blessing in disguise, for just when the two women seemed to be making life intolerable for the men of the family, dearest grandmother sent Dear

Mother a check, and Dear Mother decided at once to take Sarah and herself to the White Mountains for a stay of three weeks. Edward begged very hard to be taken too. The White Mountains were vague to him, but he felt that somewhere among them he would be sure to stumble on the Ruggles family—Alice especially; and even if he didn't, the mountains and the trees and waterfalls would be fun to draw. But Dear Mother could not see how any good purpose could be served by Edward's going. He wasn't a daughter who might possibly land a husband, and the check was rather small.

So the two women, their noses red and angry, departed alone. And if they left much heat in the rectory and many mosquitoes outside, they left also an atmosphere of intense peace and quiet.

For a few days just before the return of Mrs. Eaton and Sarah, Edward and his father had the rectory to themselves. James had either gone to the city on one of his periodic sprees or else he had gone to Newport to visit some rich friends. He himself had said Newport.

Those few days with his father were perhaps the happiest days of Edward's life. Their meals together had all the gaiety of little picnics. They discussed every subject under the sun, and for the time being were absolutely free from female domination or nagging. Upon the last night of those few happy days, just when it was getting to be bedtime, Mr. Eaton suddenly asked his son a leading question.

"Eddie," he said, "you're not going to the divinity school, are you?"

"No, sir," said Edward.

"That is final, is it, and not subject to sudden change owing to irresistible pressure?" Mr. Eaton smiled as he spoke, and Edward smiled back at him.

"I'll have to tell mother that I'm not going," said Edward, "and there'll be a row. I've tried to tell her a hundred times. But nothing comes of it, I get too panicky. I'm a perfect coward where mother's concerned. And I don't know why. I'm too big to be whipped. There isn't a blessed thing she can do to hurt me, and yet I'm scared to death of her."

"But she'll have to know."

"If I could tell her that I was going to the law school instead of the divinity school it wouldn't be so bad. But it's the telling her that I'm going to be an artist is what I can't face. You know how she is about people who paint and sculpture and write—I mean live people. Dead artists are all right with mother—Walter Scott and Raphael and Milton and Praxiteles. But the live ones are beyond the pale. They are not only low and vulgar but lost . . . What I'm afraid of is that mother will take sick or something like that, and that nothing will make her well except my going into the church."

"For a mere child," said Mr. Eaton, "you are hideously wise. That was what my mother did to me."

"And that is what Ruth is doing to Bruce with her back."

"In my experience," said Mr. Eaton, "there is nothing that the average woman won't stoop to in order to get her own way. She usually gets it, and usually it is of no especial benefit to herself or to anybody concerned."

"I wish you would tell me what I'd better do."

"You mentioned once that John had promised to help you out if you wanted to study in Paris. Why not wait till John shows up and then we three will get together and thrash the thing out?"

Edward stroked his chin ruefully. "I know what that will lead to," he said, "and I suppose it's the only way. But I did hope that one of us Eaton boys would have the courage to stand up to mother and not run away."

"John ran," said Mr. Eaton, "and Mark ran. But they don't either of them seem to run from anything else. They are fine men, both of them. Even if they did run once, I find myself admiring them and being proud of them . . ."

"If I became a first-rate artist," said Edward, "and earned lots and lots of money, mother would forgive me."

"If you don't," smiled his father, "you will never forgive yourself, and that would be a lot worse . . . Personally I feel very sure of you. I have always felt sure of all my boys except James. I never had his confidence. I don't know what he is up to half the time, and I am not sure that I want to know."

"He's unlucky," said Edward. "There is nothing really worth doing that he really wants to do. That isn't really his fault, is it? It's no credit to John that he was born wanting to be a sailor or to Mark that he was born wanting to be a farmer. It's their good luck; and it's my good luck that I've got something that seems worth working for and sacrificing for. I can't remember now when it hasn't been more fun to draw and paint than to get into mischief, but I might have been born with the same feeling about getting into mischief—that it was more fun than anything else."

Mr. Eaton rose reluctantly and said that it was time to go to bed. Edward and his father lighted their respective candles.

"Why do women want to have their own way so much?" asked Edward.

"Nobody knows surely," said Mr. Eaton, "but it is probably vanity." And he started to ascend the stairs. He moved slowly and as if his feet were a little too heavy for him. When he had reached the top of the stairs with Edward a step or two behind him, he turned and said: "Good night, Eddie, and sleep well . . . How peaceful the house seems."

"Doesn't it," said Edward.

"It's a curious thing," said Mr. Eaton, "that the worst wars aren't fought by armies in the field, but within the four walls of human habitations which we call homes. They are nearly always wars of self-aggrandizement and oppression. I once heard Mark Twain make a speech. He said that he *loved* the human race, but that he wished he had it back in the ark—with an augur. Good night, Eddie."

During the small hours of the next morning Edward was waked by a train whistling for Bartow Station. A long time afterward he heard his brother James hunting for the keyhole in the front door. A little later he heard sounds similar to those which one hears on a ship at sea during rough weather.

But at the breakfast table James seemed sober enough and ate with a good appetite.

*Edward has the thrill of his young life and sets out on the Great Adventure to find his place in the world, in the February instalment of Gouverneur Morris's novel*



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THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

## Hare and Hounds

(Continued from page 55)

just—hadn't oughter. It ain't so much a theory as a fact. I—kind of—*know*."

"Oh, Mr. Quickley, you know him! Do you think he'll be good to me—up there?"

She gestured vaguely and timidly but she could not see "up there"—that lonely and lost distance ascending vast and vague to the gray sky. It was dusk. Why had she started so late? Oh, yes, because—because Mrs. Jackson had "bundled her off"—so good-naturedly, so almost kindly, and yet to what a hazard, to what a chance of uncertain, formless ill? If the mountain should step forward and set an iron foot upon her crawling life the gray smear of her little agony would leave no mark on the surface of this world. Who cares? Who cares? The father-image, hitherto her God, became a film, a misty fear.

"Had I better—maybe—do you think—go back?"

"To the road-house? When Ma Jackson herself has fixed it for you to leave? Whew! I'll say not! Crazy, Miss Betty, drunk, or dreamin'?"

"But—how late will it be, Mr. Quickley, before we get to father's house?"

A memory of low gray rafters, of shaggy logs, the square interior of a sour untidy den assailed Mr. Quickley. "Ten o'clock, maybe, before you get to his—house. You can stop at my place for a bite of supper. He'd be through with his."

To Betty everything blurred. "You are a very kind man," she said, her voice as weak as the slim cold wind in the sage.

"Who wouldn't be kind to you?"

She swallowed. Her fingers were cold where they grasped him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't used to trust you."

He grinned, invisibly to her. "Didn't you trust me? *Say*?"

"N-no. When you're alone and—and have been told such things about men and what they'll do to lonely girls, helpless and lonely—when nobody cares—why, you don't trust nary one of them."

"Exceptin' a father you've never set your eyes on, eh?"

"Oh, but a father! A father's different."

"Ain't he, first and last, a man?"

"Y-yes. But I was his baby once."

"What are you now?" he muttered angrily and gave his rein a jerk.

"Mr. Quickley! Well! I'm close to eighteen, that's of age for a woman."

"Why did you run away from home?"

"It got so awful. I worked and worked and never got anything but scolding and—more work. The other children were all on top of me."

"Other children?"

"Yes. Mother married again. *He'd* set around and make fun of me. He had a nasty tongue. Even mother got to be scared of him. He'd beat the boys and I tried to beg 'em off and he let me have it. That's what made me go—especially as mother took his side and said I needed lickin' more'n any of them—that I'd bad blood, that she was wore out with my ways. I don't know what she meant," the child wailed out. "I didn't have no ways."

Again Ed whistled tunelessly between his teeth, the muscles about his mouth pulling at cross purposes.

"You poor little—critter!" he said.

"Just a mouthful for a coyote, ain't you?"

This exclamation of his and the increasing roughness and dimness of their route gave the conversation pause. She drew away her hand at intervals to brush off the tears and at last got out her blue bandanna handkerchief from the pocket of Flea's mackinaw, a parting loan.

It was growing cold, the cloudy sky fell lower, muffled the staring peaks, the slim breeze strengthened. Perforce Ed's burden drew to his back for warmth and shelter. A snowflake touched his face as he swung his horse towards the hills.

"My place," he muttered, "up there among the pines."

"Will it be warm?" Betty asked, her teeth at a rhythmic chattering.

"Yes. So soon as I make up my fire."

The horse loped across the open space and turned with pricked ears and eager jogging steps to a trail which climbed up, slender and gray, into the forest shadows. There was a smell of cut wood, of chips, of smoke that clung to warmed eaves, a smell of—home. In the darkness of the trail Ed pulled up sharp. He spoke loudly.

"Looka here," he said, "I'm going to take you back."

"Back, Mr. Quickley?" She was frankly scared. "Oh, but why? But why?"

"You needn't be afraid of Ma Jackson—no matter what I said. I'll see to Ma."

"But, Mr. Quickley—but—oh, why?"

He swung down to the ground to tighten his saddle cinch. He spoke with his chin lowered as though intent on the employment of his hands.

"You little fool!" said Mr. Quickley smoothly, speaking rather as if through his teeth. "If you had the sense of a rabbit or the wit of a hare I'm hanged if I wouldn't treat you like one, wouldn't carry you into that den of mine and eat you up alive. I'm hungry. Two years I've had of hiding and waiting without a human touch upon me, a human whisper in my ears. The winds crawling around—the feel of snow—coyotes howling—yes, and wolves. I want you, soft, smooth, white little warm rabbit, made for to be petted—or eaten. Let me once get you inside there—I know myself—and I'd love you the way a boy loves a kitten—to death. Happen you loved me back, we'd forget the snow and the dark. What do you know about winter, who hasn't been out here alone with it, starin' at it like me?"

He shuddered in all his strong bones.

"Then'd come the thaw and spring and flat little gold flowers payin' off debts to Jack Frost—they look like it!—and birds frecklin' the sky. And then, Betty, I'd quit you *cold*, like Mrs. Jackson figured out I would, and carry you back to her and dump you there. I'd kiss you a nice soft good-bye because I'm always kind to women—and I'd leave you there—for Flea. The game would call me like the north wind or the south wind calls a swallow. He don't do no reasonin' or no rememberin'. He just cuts the air with his two wings. Safe or not safe, out I'd go, forgetful of some of the lessons that I've been learned."

"What power has a woman, one that's been a little warm white rabbit under a man's hand, against a kind of instinct like that? Gamblin' and wanderin'—new faces, new towns, never to know twice where

you'll sleep, beggar or millionaire, hard or soft, hungry or feasted? That's my life. It's the blood of me. Just talkin' about it now out here in the cold sets my blood huntin'. Yes." He gripped her small foot in both his hands, crushed it with a steely spasmodic strength. "Feel that?" he asked her and flung up his chin so that in a groping fashion she saw the long white working face. "I'd crush you all over and break your little bones and throw you out of my way . . ." He was again before her in his saddle and swung round his plunging and reluctant horse. "Take a holt of me," he said. "We're going to ride!"

For a few miles the wind sang, the snowflakes cut, the world rocked and swung, confusing sense, disturbing the hard anxious beating of her heart; but out in the swampy hollows of their way they had to slow down, and it was when they were plodding up from such a hollow that a bulk of man and horse thrust in front of them.

A voice, sickly familiar, rattled down to them. "Hi there, Ed, that you?"

Betty squealed faintly and squatted close. The gray horse advanced, shielded against the bushes, a match flared and with a great shrill oath Blake snatched at the passing bride.

"Who've you got there, you? Betty! By the Lord!"

"Let go—"

"You've had her at your cabin—you—thief! I'll kill you for that. Give me my girl." The horses snorted and plunged, the branches lashed to and fro. "Get off, you thief—get off and fight!"

Ed laughed sourly at the challenge. "You'd leave me in shreds about the sagebrush, you big looney. That's what you get more convincin' than my fists." Quickley's quirt hissed and bit and Blake cried out.

The living bundle on Ed's saddle knew that they were free and in honest flight. In a warm foolish security she heard Blake's thundering pursuit and even the spit of his shot, felt Quickley sag and slip before she knew what had followed them, blind but fatally unerring, through the snowy dark.

"Lick the horse—girl," muttered Ed, sliding to the ground, swaying against the small foot he had crushed in his hands. "Get off down the flat, leave the horse runnin' free, make a try on foot for Larch's cabin—off down in the willows—river bank. He's decent—hates women—hates Blake. I'm done."

He gave all that was left of his strength and consciousness in a blow to the horse which sent him off, wildly loping. Betty used her instincts to creep into the saddle and collect the reins, but with the touch of them and with the changed swing of the animal, recognizing control, there came to her a thrill of anger and of purpose. She got him round. Back there dimly through the flying air a dark blotch on the already whitened ground guided her. She could see that Blake had dismounted, was standing not far from his victim, hesitant, ready to inspect this body, ready to mount again and hound his quarry.

Betty slid down near the wounded man. Her knees trembled, she bent and moved her fluttering cold hand across his mouth.

Straightened, she came a few steps



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across the sage towards Blake. Her voice went ahead of her, whining and a little shaken. "Mr. Blake, I'm awful grateful to you, awful glad. I think I must have been praying that you'd come."

He plunged with his ponderous swagger across the rough piece of ground still between them until her hands, moving and seeking, cold and clever, took hold of him. Alternately the fingers clung and shifted. She was hardly conscious that she was being lifted from her feet to the level of his lips. She was dropped abruptly, however, when the cold circle of his own pistol end touched his neck. It fell with her to the level of his heart and rested there, steady and hard.

"Let me go. Hold up your hands—higher—higher," Betty shrieked. "Lift up this man for me. Put him on his horse. Now, when I'm up, lead us back to his own place. And don't you fancy because I'm shaking that I'm afraid to shoot you dead. It's all I can do to keep from shooting. I'd love to shoot you."

She kept her gun and her eyes on him while she scrambled, anxious and nimble, to the saddle and steadied the slack burden of Quickley with her left arm. She shifted her gun against Blake's unhatted head.

"You lead us back to that house of his and when we're there and you have got him into his bed you go. If there's a doctor, fetch him."

"There ain't no doctor—hang you!"

She almost laughed, her body warm and exultant under the weight of the wounded man, her right hand firm, its finger dangerously crooked on the light-moving trigger. Through every fiber of his moron's brain her unwilling guide felt the little pressure of that steady, ice-cold finger. He plunged back, slave, puppet, plaything for this trembling little figure above him. The cowardice that is the very blood of such poor veins as his quivered under the lash of her least whisper, of her uneven breath. He labored for her. He plunged and stumbled across the plain and groped up the steep rooted trail until the roof of Ed's small dwelling showed a black edge above their heads.

There he eased his enemy gently to the ground, dragged him in and laid him down in a dim corner of the hut. Striking his own matches he lighted lamp and fire. His tyrant then fully revealed herself, pale, rigid, shrunken, her face above its rough gray collar sharpened like a witch's, the eyes frozen slits, black-fringed, holding a narrow brilliance which had eaten into his mind.

"Now," she commanded, "you get out. I'll stand right here in the door until I hear you've gone. Get on Ed's horse, ride fast, ride as fast as you can. Never come back. I'll be here ready for you, all night, all day, every night, every day, to shoot you on sight with my gun."

Later, when she could hear only the drifting whisper of snow, the comfortable stir of laden boughs, she bent her mouth and kissed the weapon. "You dear gun!" she whispered. Thereafter, keeping it always in sight and reach, she became energetically Ed's nurse.

A few days later the gray horse drifted back and stood thoughtfully under the pine trees near the door of his master's cabin as

though in a familiar stall. By that time Quickley was able to give Betty instructions in the daily simple tasks of a winter homestead. A six-months' supply of firewood had long before been cut and piled. A deer's hindquarters hung outside. Hackamore's wild hay was neatly stacked under the pines and ten feet from her door a bucket of ice-cold water could be dipped from the rapid mountain stream.

Like most adventurers the gambler was a childlike, grateful and shamefaced invalid. Well washed, carefully brushed, neatly bandaged, he sat propped up in a smooth bed, lifting his lids for long, incomprehensible looks when Betty had not her eye upon him and dropping the lids whenever she turned in his direction.

Shyly and feverishly she cooked and swept and kept clean the two rooms, one of which was kitchen, dining room and his hospital, the other a tiny lean-to, her own domain. Its privacy was bitter cold but, weary and young, she dropped into instant sleep when she had crept half clothed into her pile of hides and saddle-blankets, stuffed sacks, anything she could collect with a squirrel instinct for its warming properties. Her ways, so like those of a small neat wary animal, amused her patient. He laughed to himself at the sound of her morning tooth-brush outside in the snow along his stream.

"Sharpenin' your teeth for nibblin' me up, ain't you?" he asked teasingly.

But Betty was grave, dignified, almost severe except when she forgot herself in the absorption of culinary experiment or household improvements, when she would giggle delightedly over one of his queer stories, over her own biographical anecdotes, over nothing at all. Such strays and wastrels were they, the two, that this came as near to being home, perhaps, as anything either of them had known.

There followed Indian summer with a melted heart. Ed found himself, after a strange succession of sweet days, capable of dressing, of standing, even of moving a few steps across the floor.

At his first table meal, a breakfast, he put a sudden question. "Betty, what'd that teamster tell you?" And before he asked it he pushed from him a plate of food completely undisturbed.

"What teamster?" Her question drifted while his had been flung.

"The big blue-eyed chap with the mustache that came up to you that first evening at the road-house and shouldered us all out of sight of you and gave you some advice—something about three weeks."

"Oh—yes. Why, let me see, he said he'd be back in three weeks and would take me out with him, over the pass to Coyote."

"Tomorrow," said Ed slowly, "will be the end of your three weeks."

She stood beside him, scarlet, her eyes flying about the room.

"You can ride my horse down—you'll get there this evenin' as he comes in. Turn Hackamore loose and he'll come back to me. Get yourself ready now—and go."

She had a look of crumbliness, of folding up; her shoulders narrowed weakly and her eyes enlarged. She untied her apron, folded it. Her mouth was sucked in. Color of pain, of mortification, spread over her neck, her face, her brow.

"It won't take me a minute to tie up my b-bundle. I'll catch up the h-horse."

He sat holding the sides of his chair while she prepared herself. She tied her hat under her tremulous chin and donned Flea's mackinaw. She said "Good-by" without looking at him, from the door, which she opened slowly with both hands, her bundle tucked under one arm.

He made in answer a dry formless sound. Her shadow through the open door stayed with him for an instant, stretching dumbly towards his feet, then slipped away, leaving blank sunlight, gaudy, hard to see.

He could hear her coaxing Hackamore, bridling him with choked ejaculations. He knew how she got the saddle up to his back, her steps staggering. Presently she rode past the window, a huddled figure, clutching the saddle-horn with one tight hand. Her face was turned away, that bundle was clumsily tied behind her; something, he felt, must be wrong too with the fastening of the cinch.

Ed pushed himself up from his chair and, feeling the drag of his legs, like those of a half frozen insect, got over the doorsill. She was already out of sight on the steep path; the irregular sound of descending hoofs, planted meticulously in safe places, set time to his pulses, careful and uncertain.

He said, "Betty!" to a world so still, so possessed by azure and aureate light, by blue silence and by tawny shade, that it tore out his heart. He bent forward. Light and shade moved in a blurred screen across his eyes.

The sound of hoofs confused itself, mysteriously augmented.

"Oh, Mr. Quickley," said Betty's voice close at hand, "I'm sorry to disturb you so soon again but I forgot my tooth-brush. It—it's down by the stream on a flat stone under that pine. Do you think you're strong enough to bring it to me? It's so—so darn-ably hard," she sobbed, "for me to mount this great, huge horse."

He felt that he had gathered the "great, huge horse" and its offended rider all together into his arms. In strict fact he had only folded his hands about her foot and leaned his whole weight against Hackamore's neck. "I've got the makin's of a rancher and a family man, I do believe," he gasped, "if you can trust me, Betty."

She answered after a moment rather primly with scant breath: "Why, yes—I have—I did . . ." And added, looking straight ahead of her: "You can go off now and then if you like. Even the swallows come back, don't they?"

"I ain't no swallow—I'm a wren," laughed Quickley. "In a minute, after I've tightened that cinch, if you'll slide back, Betty, I'll swing up in front of you. We can ride down and catch the stage for Coyote—we can get married there."

She tumbled down upon him, almost, if it hadn't been for Hackamore, overbalancing his weakness.

"Good Lord," he sighed, smiling at her with a face his mother, who had not seen it since it was penitent, tear-stained and ten years old, would have recognized instantly. "You've learned me something. There ain't no savage, hunter, wolf nor hound so dead certain to run down its quarry as some timid little hunted thing like you."

In *"The Worst Woman in Hollywood"* Adela Rogers St. Johns, in February COSMOPOLITAN, probes the secret depths of a woman's soul

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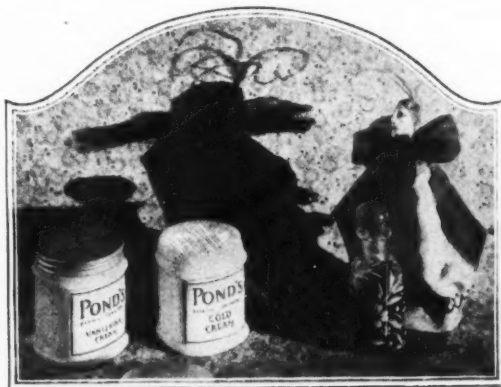
*The society woman knows how to be a zealous sportswoman by day and appear in the evening with delicate skin unmarred. She will not allow exposure to roughen or redden her skin, or fatigue to mark it with lines.*



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*She insists on both—her career of cars and sports and the particular kind of complexion men bow to!*

*How the modern young girl does it is perfectly simple—according to her. She just goes in for taking care of it.*



## Thackeray

### liked his pipe and said so

#### A great physical aid in conversation

William Makepeace Thackeray must have felt more than friendly towards smoking, for he wrote:

*"Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher and shuts up the mouths of the foolish."*

Often you see two men sitting comfortably smoking their pipes in silence. They have no need for talk. The quiet puffing at their pipes is sufficient bond between them. Or you will see other men sit for hours in friendly discussion with pipes going all the time. Here the pipe seems to draw them out.

And yet, for all its sociability, the pipe is a great solace to the man who finds himself all alone. As a real companion you have to travel far and wide to find anything to beat the pipe.

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## William Tells

(Continued from page 85)

school at making a menu mean something. Never in my young life have I witnessed anyone order food with the care and deliberation that Mr. William Richardson Van Cleve II used to pick each dainty from the bill of fare. Honestly, you'd think our lives depended on the result of each decision he made from soup to nuts. He captured the open respect of the haughty head waiter, while our own *garçon* fairly fawned on such a master at eating. The various wines, different for each course, came in to William in their original baskets to be discussed at length; the meat, fish and fowl were first brought in uncooked direct from the admiring chef, etc. Oh, this boy was good, he was for a positive fact!

Hazel couldn't get her adoring eyes to focus anywhere but on William during the entire evening and even I began to get slightly impressed. The young man's table talk was chiefly financial—really, he used dollar marks for punctuation. According to his own story, he squandered six months of each fiscal year in Europe, mostly at one of his father's flock of chateaus and villas. He wished we could see his male parent's little place at Nice, or perhaps the villa in Italy would be more interesting to a couple of aristocrats like us, or again we might find the castle in Burgundy more fascinating. Honestly, he had us dizzy!

By the time we began to toy with the coffee, William had reached the top of his game. Waxing confidential, he remarked that his billionaire father headed a syndicate that was negotiating with the German government to pay their debt to the Allies. Just one thing held matters up, he confided to the breathless Hazel. His dear old dad insisted on fifty-two percent interest and the sweet old Germans couldn't see into it. We mustn't breathe a word of this, though—might cause international complications and that sort of thing. This sensational insight into diplomatic affairs put Hazel right into a trance and if William had asked her to wed him at that minute he would have certainly got service! All I could think of was that dish you make by boiling apples.

At first William divided his attention evenly between us, but finding me the hardest to promote he aimed his heavy artillery at the already overboard Hazel. They got along like brandy and soda. After the feast he suggested that we go to places and dance. No argument there. We accepted a taxi and the future money king took us to see what he called "the real Paris." He seemed to know the successful French hamlet like Nanook knows the North. William showed us all the devilish places we'd read about but had failed dismally to find ourselves, and really he spent important money like the next morning he was going to be executed. Most of his tips must have caused the recipients to throw up their jobs and open their own places, and said tips came from a bankroll that would baffle a particularly agile greyhound when it came to leaping over it. When he said by-by to us at our hotel around four A. M. we were forced to admit we'd had a marvelous time. Hazel had a field day kidding me about my suspicions of the young man, and as I like

fairness I had to confess that to date William checked up as bonded goods.

Well, William then began rushing us in deadly earnest, and honestly, trying to get rid of him was like trying to get rid of a cold in the head. He said it with everything from flowers to bonbons and was likewise a constant caller at our hotel, by phone or in person. His unusual mastery of the French language was of wonderful assistance in our enjoyment of our stay in Paris and his knowledge of where to go for the laughs didn't hurt either. I wanted to check out and leave the field clear for Hazel, but Hazel was indignant at the idea of me being a wall flower and William added protests that sounded sincere enough. So the three of us stepped high, wide and handsome all over Paris. Will was a glutton for punishment, taking us motoring, dining, dancing, to all the shows, fashion centers and even to the races, where we won a thousand francs each on his tip in the Grand Prix de Paris. Hazel, of course, was just one big smile surrounded by girl and even I had to grudgingly admit that as an all-around entertainer William Richardson Van Cleve II was mighty good company.

"I'd like your boy friend better, though, Hazel," I told my little pal as we prepared to retire the night following the races, "if only he would talk about something else once in a while besides himself, his family and his father's uncountable millions. I crave a little variety in conversation, if you know what I mean."

Hazel is pouring herself into a negligée that belonged in *La Vie Parisienne* and nowhere else. She sneers at me.

"Blah!" she says, "He's spent about three thousand dollars keeping us from yawning since we met him. I don't care what he talks about!"

That's the tip-off on Hazel.

A few evenings later we had a date with the faithful William to go motoring, but Hazel broke out with a terrible headache in the afternoon and by nightfall she was pretty low. So the auto ride was out as far as she was concerned, but she insisted that I go along with our mutual friend and not stay in on her account. She said she wished to write some letters and go to bed early; also, she most earnestly desired me to go with William so that I could find out what he really thought of her and report back. Really, I didn't like the job, but I do like Hazel, so with some misgivings I gave Will a treat by accepting.

*O sole mia!*

We rode to a cute little inn on the outskirts of Paris and tore off another one of William's marvelous dinners, with some wine that was positively heavenly. I indulged very sparingly in the beverage. But William tied into that wine as if he'd just staggered in from a week on the desert, and after either the third or the fifteenth bottle he got what I have often heard described as "mellow." He moved over beside me and captured my hand. I told him to be himself and drew it away, when to my great indignation he tried to kiss me. Boys will be boys!

When I repulsed William, he got more indignant than me. He said he couldn't understand why I should object to a mere





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innocent kiss, *especially as Hazel hadn't!* That last boast made me sit up and I regarded him with blazing eyes.

"You have kissed Hazel?"

"Dozens of times!" says William airily, and pours himself another Pol Roger.

Well, honestly, I was simply furious and I just sat there and glared at him. It wasn't jealousy of Hazel that got me red-headed, as William failed to panic me, but to me the most contemptible thing in the wide wide world is the Lothario who kisses and tells! I jumped up and ordered a rather frightened William to take me back to the hotel at once. All the way home he did nothing but beg me not to tell Hazel he had wanted to kiss me, but I gave him no satisfaction. Outwardly I was cold and non-committal, but inwardly I was fit to be tied.

After thinking everything over, I made up my mind to rid Hazel of the kissing William, who I was positive would only make her unhappy. Knowing Hazel's disposition and temperament I realized it would be double useless to attempt to get her to give William the air on my say so, so I determined to bear down on William myself and make him like it.

When I got to our room, Hazel reared up sleepily in bed. "Well," she yawns, "did William talk about me?"

I gave her a queer smile. "I'll say he talked about you!" I says—and nothing more.

The very next morning I sent a long cable to a trustworthy friend in New York asking him to cable back the following to William Richardson Van Cleve II:

Your escapades with women must come to an end. Have stopped your income and you can expect no further financial assistance unless you return home on next boat. Father

That, I expected, would be the end of Bill as far as me and Hazel were concerned!

A couple of nights later William took us to dinner at his hotel and the cable was delivered to him at the table right before the dessert. Honestly, I was just quivering with excitement and never took my eyes off his face while he read it. For the shortest of moments William's brow contracted and then he flashed us a dazzling smile.

"By Jove!" says William, "I've just made half a million in wheat. We'll drink all the wine in Paris tonight!"

With sparkling eyes Hazel leans over and pats his back, laughing joyously, but I was absolutely dumfounded by his 42-carat nerve! Of course I knew how that cable actually read, since I composed it myself, and I had half a mind to ask him to let me see it and then show him up. On second thought I decided not to for various reasons, one of which was the thousand-to-one shot that William really had put over a fast one in the stock market.

However, the next day while Hazel was out on one of her endless shopping trips, William paid me a call. Really, he was an entirely different person from the boasting, free-spending, smiling young man of the past. His first act was to pull out the cable he got the night before and show it to me without a word. As I expected, it read exactly as I had written it. He then handed me another one, saying he had just received it. This one read:

Return home at once. Your father has disinherited you. Mother

Honestly, I was positively flabbergasted by this coincidence. Imagine his getting a legitimate cable making him a total loss just after I had faked one doing the same thing! I regarded him coldly.

"Well?" I says.

"Well," says William, "the funny part of this is that I have no father and no mother. I'm an orphan!"

Heavens above!

While all I could do was to stare at him in amazement, William told his tale. It was one for the book, it was for a fact! His name was not William Richardson Van Cleve II, it was William Simmons, and he was by no means the heir to the near-beer billions; *he was a waiter!* Ain't we got fun? As if that wasn't enough, this young man of a thousand surprises calmly tells me he knows I'm a phone operator and no "Calhoun of Virginia" and that Hazel is a show girl, because he saw us both frequently when he worked in the main dining room of the St. Moe, New York. That's the reason his face was so familiar to me. It also explains his ability to plan a kingly dinner—why shouldn't a waiter know how to order food?

"William," I says, when our hero stopped momentarily for breath, "with your undiluted nerve you should be able to sell electric fans to the Eskimos! Why put on the dog with us and tell us all those fairy tales about yourself?"

"It's been my ambition for years to come to Paris," he says, coolly taking a cigarette from a box of Hazel's on the dresser, "and this trip represents my life savings. You girls happened to come along and I put over a harmless deception to satisfy a romantic yearning, that's all. Besides, didn't you also deceive me about your social position?"

"Well, really—I—we—" I began to stammer, a bit confused.

"That's all right," interrupts William, with a lordly wave of his hand. "Don't apologize. I guess we're about even—except for one thing. I blew all my money on you and your girl friend and now I'm flat broke! I don't know anybody in Paris, and as the high life is all over for me I must get back to the United States and go to work again. If you'll loan me the fare, I'll look you up at the St. Moe when you come back and repay it. If you don't, I'll just about starve to death, that's all!"

Honestly, as I sat there thinking this amazing young man over I was as much sorry for him as I was angry. After all, no hats had been broken or anything like that and he did spend a flock of money on me and Hazel. He pleaded with me for nearly an hour, and though I felt I was insane to do it I finally loaned him three hundred dollars on his promise to go back to America at once.

Not two hours later a messenger comes up to my room with a neat little package. In it is three hundred dollars and the following note:

After leaving you I bumped into an old friend who loaned me the fare, so I'm returning your money with thanks. Will see you at the St. Moe. Meanwhile, don't flirt with any more millionaires' sons. Be good! William

I had scarcely finished reading this mis- sive and counting the money when Hazel flounces into the room. I thought I might as well get things over and be done with it.

"Hazel, I says, 'I'm awfully sorry for you, but you might as well forget about William. He's gone out of our lives forever!'"

To my great surprise Hazel appears highly pleased.

"Good!" she says. "I was afraid we'd have trouble giving that big clown the gate, but my scheme must have worked!"

"Your scheme?" I says dizzily.

"Sure!" says Hazel complacently. "I sent him a cable supposed to have come from his mother, saying he was cut off without a dime!"

Honestly, I'm at the gasping stage.

"I thought you were overboard over William," I says. "What happened?"

Hazel hesitates and looks confused.

"Well, Gladys," she says, "I—of course, what you do is your own business and—I—oh, well, I just got disgusted with him when he tried to kiss me and said he had kissed you!"

Then we got together and compared notes on this gentleman.

I told Hazel of William's confession, and when the astounded Hazel learned she had been seeing Paris with a waiter, really, she went right up in flames. She raved around the room for half an hour and then suddenly grew quite calm.

"Well, one consolation is that Mr. Waiter will be in the Bastille here tonight!" she says. "He took me for three hundred to get back to the United States, and being sore over that stuff about him kissing you I gave him the money in marked bills. He's going to be arrested for masquerading as Van Cleve's son, and when they find that marked sugar on him—good night!"

At that I sat right up straight in my chair. A wild thought had suddenly struck me.

"Hazel," I asked with deadly calm, "when did you loan William that three hundred?"

"About two hours ago. Why?"

"Just a minute!" I answered and dashed into the other room.

Feverishly I opened my purse and dragged out the money William had sent back to me. As I feared, *each bill was marked with Hazel's initials!*

Well, it didn't take me long to figure things out, and although I was plenty enraged, I had to give William credit for a rather cute performance. He had borrowed three hundred from each of us, saw that Hazel's money was marked and promptly used it to pay me back! Not bad, what? My sense of humor rose above my anger and I handed the raging Hazel \$150.

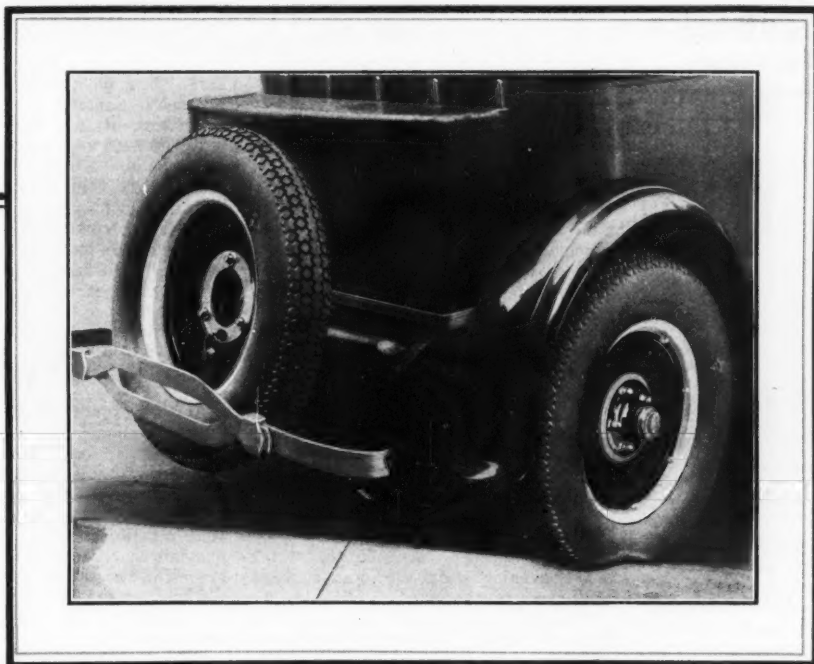
"Hazel," I says, "I don't blame you for being sore. That's the way I feel, too. But I really think we might as well split William between us and charge the difference to experience!"

"And he told me we'd spend our honeymoon in Camembert!" moans Hazel, cramming away the bills and wiping her tearful eyes.

"You're crazy," I says. "Camembert's a cheese!"

"Well," says Hazel, "so was William!"

Put a muffler on your laugh apparatus so you won't disturb the neighbors, and go to it—"For the Love of Mike," H. C. Witwer's next story in COSMOPOLITAN



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BUNTE BROTHERS - CHICAGO

## Amos Tries It Tudor

(Continued from page 39)

"What do you call your lucky number?" she asked.

"Beg pardon?"

"At roulette, of course. Or do you play combinations?"

"I've never played roulette."

"Really!" She tapped a cigarette on the table-cloth, lighted it, inhaled and stared listlessly around the dining room.

Amos gathered that, so far as Miss Ware was concerned, their attempt at a chat had fizzled dismally. Yet he was somewhat relieved. He was free now to see whether she was actually the peevish-mouthed beauty he had thought, or if she was merely peevish. Yes, there was no sense in underestimating the cameo clarity of her features. The thin, straight nose, the firm chin, the white brow under the mass of dark hair—all were perfect, or nearly so. And there was a fascination in the tight-lipped piquancy of the pouting mouth. The very poise of her head on the white neck was alluring. And in that black velvet evening dress she was striking. A face to be remembered.

Although it was as dull a dinner as he had experienced, with a few exceptions, and despite his feeling of having contributed little to make it otherwise, Amos Smith, in the months which followed, thought often of it, and of Drusilla Ware. He began to wonder about her. Was she as empty-headed, as selfish, as heartless, as hard-boiled as she seemed and as Sanford had indicated? Could there not be, beneath all that bored indifference, another and far different Drusilla? A Drusilla whose bold eyes could soften with warm sympathy, flash with quick intelligence; one who could be moved to kindly moods, roused to bestow swift, gracious smiles—perhaps deep affection. And what a reward for the lucky man to whom such a Drusilla might be revealed! Suppose, after all, he should be that man?

He compared her with other women he had known and was meeting. He made tentative tests of his own ability to interest them and to be interested by them. He discovered that their attention and smiles were easily won, as a rule. Most of them met him more than half-way. But their most friendly glances lacked the tang of Drusilla's cool indifference.

Drusilla was a problem, a puzzle. Amos liked that sort of thing, whether it had to do with the pinching out of an ore vein, or the vagaries of a labor union. The tougher the job the more he rejoiced in tackling it. Failure only made him dig in his toes the harder. He knew that in his first meeting with Miss Ware he had made a pitiful showing. He had been snubbed and scorned. But he felt that he had been deceived unwillingly into the encounter, and unprepared. If he could only have another chance! He must have.

Well, he was of the go-getter breed, as you know. Other things which he had wanted he had come by. Was a smile from Drusilla Ware so unattainable?

Through Blair Sanford he kept track of her goings and comings. She was at Palm Beach, at Nassau, in New York, at Newport. But Amos, shunted here and there for conferences, busied with earning his big salary, had missed even a glimpse of

her. Then, on a sudden whim, she had persuaded Sanford to take her to the mountains. It was just then that Amos found himself with a week or so of leisure on his hands—a month if nothing serious broke loose. On a flimsy business pretext he called up his chief by phone, got himself asked to come to the Mount Neddick Club, and was made aware that he would be expected to take part in a fancy dress golf tournament, whatever that might be.

"I'll arrange to have you paired with Drusilla," Mr. Sanford had promised, "and I'll pick out a costume for you. Be sure to get here by Tuesday night."

Amos had arrived as promptly as a train two hours behind schedule would allow; he had breakfasted early, and by nine thirty he was arrayed as he had never been arrayed before. The label on the costumer's box read "One Henry VIII." With a little timely aid from a somewhat scandalized chambermaid he had draped himself in the various garments and then, partly disguised in a raincoat and guided by a bellboy, he had reported at the club-house.

"Old Hank himself, eh?" commented the hawk-faced person who was chairman of the tournament committee. "Let's see; you're signed up with Carmen."

A few moments later Amos, having been informed that this was to be a mixed two-ball foursome affair and that the men were to drive first, strolled out to the first tee and found himself very much in the public eye. Accompanying him went Mephistopheles, who was really a paper box manufacturer from Brooklyn.

That there might be no confusion of identities, and perhaps to claim for himself a momentary prominence, the hawk-faced person was announcing that the first contenders to start would be Henry the Eighth and Carmen. It was somewhat unnecessary for him to roar this through a megaphone, as the costumes of both were convincing. Also the impersonator of the eighth Henry, who was teeing up, had much the same figure as is usually attributed to that frisky monarch, with whom marrying became such a habit. Well, perhaps this one was not quite so poddy about the girdle.

As for Carmen, who waited safely at a distance, even the unbidden fringe of bus boys, waitresses and off-duty kitchen help lining the rough of the first fairway could hardly mistake the young woman wearing the mantilla and the red rose over her ear for any other than a prototype of the sprightly señorita who danced and 'loved with such reckless abandon.

"She's got Pola Negri crowded to the back row," huskily commented a loose-lipped dishwasher. "But look who she's picked for a side-kick! Say, he ain't got no more neck than an egg."

Amos, in the unaccustomed raiment of the easy dissembler of queenly spouses, as he waggled his driver was having trouble with the sheathed dagger which dangled from his belt. It would jab him in the midriff on the back swing. The plumed velvet cap, too, had a tendency to wobble on his head, and the full sleeves of his doublet seemed to bother him.



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DODGE BROTHERS



However, there must have been something kingly in him, for he hitched the dagger around to the back, jammed the velvet cap tightly over his ears and proceeded to make a creditable drive, amid a ripple of applause.

The hawk-faced chairman again seized the megaphone. "Mephistopheles up, paired with Miss Phoebe Snow!"

So the fancy dress tournament at the Mount Neddick Club was on. For there is no limit of pains or expense to which a mountain resort management will allow guests to go in order to amuse themselves; especially at one of these so-called clubs, where you are charged transient rates until you buy a share of stock, after which you are allowed to pay the same as before, vote for directors and meet an occasional assessment.

Mephistopheles, who had accepted the last costume available, and who was wholly unused to displaying his thin shanks in red tights, was so embarrassed that he topped his drive miserably. But Miss Phoebe Snow—an ash-blond from St. Paul, who was not entirely unconscious of the effectiveness of her immaculate get-up—whaled the ball well down the course.

Then, for the first time, Carmen joined her pseudo-royal partner. "You?" she remarked, somewhat dramatically.

"Oh, yes," said Amos. "I'm glad you remember me, Miss Ware."

"Barely," said the heartless Carmen. "Let's see, it was at French Lick, last spring?"

"Pinchurst, last December."

"Really! And the—the name?"

"Just the same as then—Smith—Amos Smith. Your shot, Miss Ware; and if you'll allow me to advise, chip to the upper edge with as much back-spin as you can."

Miss Ware made a wild stab with a mashie, cut a generous divot and moved the ball some eighteen inches. "Darn!" she remarked.

"Never mind. I'll lay it dead for a four."

But he didn't, and they finally scored a snappy seven.

"It was finding you here that put me off," she protested. "I understood I was to play with that nice Mr. Poultney from Boston."

"Sorry, but the nice Mr. Poultney withdrew late last night—sprained ankle or something. And I had barely arrived when they told me I was booked for this. I think your guardian put 'em up to it. Anyway, he was the one who wished this rig on me. Some outfit to play in, eh?"

She gave him only a flickery look. "At least, you're not so absurd in tights as Mr. Adding in his. Honestly, legs like those should be left to the imagination, shouldn't they?"

Doubtless a real Henry VIII would have discussed legs with Carmen, or with any other equally attractive young woman, and gotten off something racy; Amos Smith merely worked up a deeper pink in his chubby cheeks and ignored the question. And surely the nice Poultney person would not have been so unresponsive. Precisely how he had been induced to go back to Boston had not been fully revealed to Amos. Possibly Blair Sanford had exercised with the club management some of that subtle influence which he always seemed to have on tap.

For this particular Mr. Poultney was

not universally held to be nice. In fact, the general opinion of him was quite the contrary. Yet it had been his presence which made the Mount Neddick Club seem an attractive spot to Drusilla Ware. She understood that he had had a career. He had. So on two distinct counts she was disappointed to find as his substitute "that stupid fat man" who had once spoiled for her a dinner somewhere. Then the catastrophe of a seven on the first hole had not improved her mood; for Drusilla hated being third-rate at anything.

"Your drive, Miss Ware," Amos announced, as they reached the second tee.

There was no tittering among the caddies as she stood outlined against the sky and indulged in a preparatory swing. Perhaps she was too slight for a perfect Carmen, but the gallery was not a critical one. At least she was easy on the eyes, and there was grace as well as vigor in her follow-through. However, when she actually swung on the ball she heeled it ignobly into the long grass at the left.

"Tightened up a bit," commented Amos. "Don't let it get your goat, though. I'll dig it out."

But his niblick shot barely reached the fairway. "We can't expect to do much in these trick clothes," he suggested.

Drusilla merely glared at him. She lunged at the next one and smothered the stroke. "Oh, damn!" said Drusilla.

Mephistopheles gasped. For, while he manufactured paper boxes through the week, on Sundays Mr. Adding ushered in church and passed the plate.

Meanwhile Phoebe Snow had cracked her drive half-way up the hill and her partner had brassed nearly to the green.

"There!" said Amos, playing a crisp iron to within ten feet of the pin. "Now if you'll go easy with your putter we can collect a six. Just a wrist tap, you know."

"Please don't coach me!" Drusilla pouted. "What I need most is a cigarette."

Amos had none, and Mr. Adding felt in vain about his Satanic costume; but a grinning caddy came to the rescue.

The game progressed raggedly but picturesquely. Blair Sanford, watching through a pair of prism field-glasses, smiled as he saw Amos and Drusilla strolling together toward the fifth tee. Rather a neat idea of his, getting those two paired in this fashion. Amos was at his best on the golf course. They seemed to be getting on well. Appeared to be chatting. He wondered what about.

Chatting was hardly the word. "It's not the least bit of use, my going on this way," Drusilla was saying. "Something has put me off my game. I'm rotten. I think it's your fault."

"Possibly," said Amos. "I'm sorry. I'm doing my share of the dubbing, too. But let's buck up. We'll get going this next hole."

Miss Ware sniffed. "Our chances for a good score are shot to pieces now. And only yesterday I had a forty-eight myself for the nine. But that was when I was playing with Ned Poultney."

"Probably that's why they handicapped you with me as a partner. But costume golf is a joke, anyway."

"Doesn't seem to affect their game," and Drusilla nodded toward the other pair.

True, Mr. Adding hadn't flubbed another drive. Once away from the crowd of spectators, he seemed to have

forgotten the red tights and was hitting the ball accurately, if not very far. And Phoebe Snow had sunk two long and somewhat lucky putts. All of which annoyed Drusilla. She was barely civil to them.

The fifth at Mount Neddick is the long hole, and Amos started it with a wicked slice from the tee.

"I'm sorry," said he, watching the ball carom off a rock and go bouncing into the worst rough on the course. "These fool sleeves got in my way again."

"You're good at alibis, anyway," sneered Drusilla, which caused Miss Snow to roll her eyes meaningfully at Mephistopheles.

Amos shrugged his shoulders. What a little vixen she was! But she was a charming one, too. He couldn't help watching the lithe vigor of her step as she followed the caddy up the frowning hillside. The ball was found nestling behind a bunch of wire grass. He suggested using a heavy mashie.

"Brassie," was her defiant order to the caddy.

She succeeded only in driving the ball into the ground and almost out of sight. Amos waded into it with a niblick, executing a feat that a Hagen or a Kirkwood might be proud of, and sent the ball, along with a hatful of dirt, out on the fairway and just short of a brook which ran diagonally across the course. From as pretty a lie as could be wished Drusilla topped her next shot into the brook.

"Tough luck!" said Amos. "Never mind. Fish it out, caddy."

"Let it stay," countermanded Drusilla, walking ahead. "I'm through."

"But that's not sportsmanlike," protested Amos. "We'll take the penalty and go on. Fore, please!"

Drusilla had reached the little bridge which spanned the stream. She turned a flushed face toward Amos. "I'm not going on, I tell you."

"Certainly you are. Only four more holes, you know. And you can't break up the foursome."

"Can't I, though! You just watch me."

Amos hesitated. She was standing directly in the line of his play. Mr. Adding and Phoebe Snow were exchanging amused glances. The caddies were snickering again. It was an awkward moment, even for a go-getter. Drusilla was ten or a dozen yards away and confidential asides were out of the question. He strode toward her until they stood together in the middle of the little bridge.

A clear, clean-bottomed mountain brook it was which meandered across the fairway. Farther up the hill it gabbled noisily over miniature rapids. Here it loitered along over a gravelly bed, placid and mirror-like. It was so calm that Amos could see their reflections. Particularly his own. And for the first time since donning his kingly attire he noted the effect. Not so bad. He adjusted the plumed velvet cap rakishly. He squared his wide shoulders under the slashed doublet. Huh!

As he vaguely remembered, Henry the Eighth had been rather a wilful old boy. He'd had several wives—Catherine of something-or-other, Anne Boleyn, and a few more. And when they had failed to please him he'd treated 'em rough. "To the Tower!" "Off with her head!" Well? Amos Smith set his stout legs apart, folded his ermine and velvet-clad arms. He



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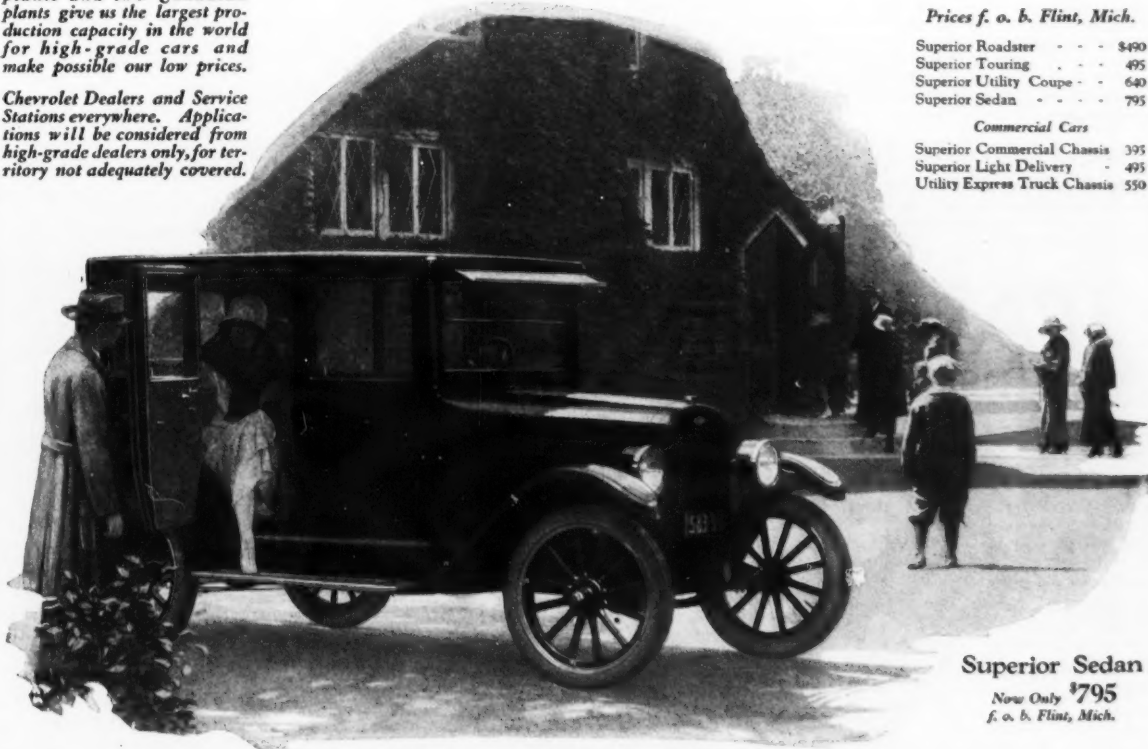
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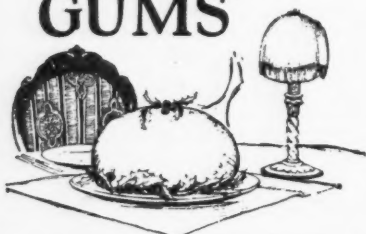
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almost felt like a monarch. There is something in the psychology of clothes, you know. Anyway, he was no longer blushing and apologetic. No. He was gazing at Drusilla Ware sternly.

"There's the ball," he announced.

Drusilla glanced at the brook bottom, where, under perhaps three feet of cold mountain spring water, lay the much abused pellet. "Yes, I see it."

"Get it!" he commanded.

"Wh-a-at?" she gasped.

"You wouldn't let the caddy fish it out; so get it yourself."

"Who—who do you think you are talking to, Mr. Smith?"

"To a very peevish young woman who is showing herself as a poor sport." He said it quietly, almost in her ear. From a distance one might have thought he was whispering a compliment.

Drusilla stared at him wide-eyed. "I'll not be talked to in that way. I'm going back to the club-house."

She started, but a firm grip on her wrist halted her. "You're mistaken," said Amos. "You're going to finish the nine."

"You bully!" she exploded. "I'll do nothing of the sort."

"Then in you go!"

Grabbing her by her elbows he swung her clear of the footbridge and dropped her neatly into the brook. There was a splash, an excited squeal from the distant Phoebe Snow, a gurgled "Good Gosh!" from a red-headed caddy who had seen the act. But Drusilla neither squealed nor gurgled. For a moment she floundered unsteadily before getting her balance, then stood waist-deep in the cold water.

"Now pick up the ball," he commanded.

"It's too c-c-cold!" chattered Drusilla.

"Bah! I thought you were hard-boiled. Get it!"

Drusilla stared for an instant at the burly figure in the royal costume, met the keen, commanding eyes, and then ducked under all but her nose and left shoulder as she groped for and secured the ball.

"That's better," said Amos. "Wade in and I'll help you out."

He was dragging her up the grassy bank as the others, came hurrying up.

"How did you happen to fall in?" asked Miss Snow.

"Slipped, didn't you?" Mr. Adding asked.

"Nah, she didn't slip," spoke up the red-headed caddy. "That big stiff chuckled her in. I seen him."

Drusilla whirled on the denouncer. "Little liar! Don't you dare say that again! Of course I slipped."

"Gosh!" breathed the redhead huskily. "But really," put in Mr. Adding, "it almost looked as if—"

"Did it?" snapped Drusilla. "How utterly absurd! Your shot, isn't it, Amos?"

At which Amos squeezed gratefully the wet hand he was still holding. "All right, Drusilla. Boy, give me a mid-iron."

"But you're not going on, are you?" protested Miss Snow. "Why, you're soaked!"

"Piffle! We'll soon be in."

And although it was a Carmen with a most clinging costume who finished on the ninth green, she had holed a ten-foot putt for a par and there was no droop to her

piquant mouth. As she hurried across the club-house veranda and dashed toward the hotel she left a wet trail and her toes went squishy in her shoes.

Inside of ten minutes half a dozen wild rumors were being circulated. Miss Ware had fallen into a water hazard while trying to rescue a ball. No, she had quarreled with her partner and he had pushed her in. A caddy said she had been thrown in. There was the boy now—that red-headed one. They could ask him. They did.

"Me? I didn't see nothin'. I just heard her go kersplash. Honest."

And the depraved young wretch fingered in his pocket a crisp ten-dollar bank note which he had but recently acquired.

In a secluded corner of the locker-room Amos Smith was opening a bottle of ginger ale while Blair Sanford was pouring amber liquid into tall glasses from a silver flask.

"Any luck?" asked Sanford.

He was answered first by a chubby smile. "Going up the fifth she called me Amos."

"You're a fast worker, my boy. What's your line, if I may ask?"

"Early Tudor, I think, Chief," said Amos, grinning. "Some might call it strong-arm stuff."

"Then you did throw her in?"

"Absolutely. It was either that or quit—and you know how I hate to quit."

Blair Sanford nodded, chuckling. "You're the man for her, Amos."

"I wish I was sure of that, Chief."

"Still looks good to you, does she?"

"Better than ever. But I don't know where I stand with her. She may never speak to me again."

A few hours later he was reassured. She joined them at dinner, and it was a gay one. Drusilla sparkled, scintillated. She leaned across the table corner to whisper remarks to Amos, favored him with swift, kindly smiles—wonderful smiles. And the buzzing rumor-mongers who looked on agape were stilled. Afterwards, in the ballroom, she danced twice with Amos. Then they strolled out under the trees, where there was a summer house. There generally is a summer house—several.

"I want to know," she said, as they settled themselves in a dark corner, "just why you did it."

"Because I thought you deserved it."

"Oh!" There was a note of pain in her voice.

"And," continued Amos, "because you're the only girl in the world worth while making myself such a brute for."

"Amos!" she whispered. "You are delightful. And I'm not really hard-boiled. I've just been pretending."

"I knew that from the first, dear."

But by that time—well, what are summer houses for? Half an hour later, when they were routed out by another couple who had use for a dark corner, they returned to look up Blair Sanford. He noted that Drusilla was starry-eyed, and that on both shoulders of Amos's dinner coat were smears of white powder. So the news which they had to tell him was not wholly surprising.

"But I should advise you, Drusilla," he added, "to see that no Henry the Eighth costume gets into his trunk on the honeymoon tour. You might cross the Atlantic, you know."

*There is more than one way to kill a cat, feline or human—or to dance with the Prince of Wales—as Sewell Ford shows in his February story*

## What Every Husband Knows

(Continued from page 72)

illusion of love he lets some woman lead him to the altar. As he promises cheerfully to love, honor and cherish her for the rest of his days, he little suspects what is in store for him. For the moment he has set the girl of his choice on an exalted pedestal. At the wedding hour he is confident she is the most wonderful being on earth and no sacrifice is too great for the joy of having possession of this wonderful creature.

Sooner or later, sometimes before the honeymoon is over, he wakes up. He realizes that he has sold himself into bondage, that he no longer is a free man, that henceforth neither his time, his money, his tastes, his recreations, his habits, nor anything else that he has is his own.

Even his pet after-dinner stories are no longer his own. Invariably whenever he tries to tell one of them his wife tries to help him out. Stop and think how often you have heard dialogues like this:

WIFE: Oh, John, do tell Mrs. Jones that good story of yours about the man and his great-aunt.

HUSBAND: Oh, everybody knows that.

WIFE: I'm sure Mrs. Jones doesn't.

HUSBAND: Well, there was a chap I knew in Chicago—

WIFE: It was in St. Louis.

HUSBAND: What difference does it make, my dear? Anyhow, his great-aunt came to visit them and—

WIFE: John, you're not telling it right. They went to visit her.

HUSBAND: Perhaps you had better tell it, my dear.

WIFE: No, it's your story.

Your story, indeed! Not if you are a married man, it isn't. Every husband knows that nothing of his is his own when his wife is anywhere in the vicinity. Every wife, if she is candid with herself, will have to admit that she does take undue liberties with her husband's possessions. Bring it right down to individuals—to yourself. Ask your husband if it isn't true that you always butt in when he tries to tell a story, and mail me a post-card with his answer.

Often, too, he soon discovers that his idol is after all only common clay. Yet, despite the sacrifices he realizes that he has made, the American husband in most cases is a good sport. Even when he discovers that his marriage was a mistake, he generally decides to make the best of it. It's the women who start most of the divorces.

One reason that husbands do so many things that their wives cannot understand and are annoyed by, is that men find in the bondage of matrimony much that is distasteful to them.

From the man's viewpoint monotony is the curse of monogamy. From time immemorial women have been the home-makers and men the adventurers. In the heart of every man is an inherited instinct for roaming, the impulse that in the unrestrained days of youth leads boys to run away from home. The rut of home, business, home again, day after day, week after week, becomes unbearable, intolerable. Imbued with something of the spirit of his ancestors who set out to find new countries, he becomes filled with compelling desires for travel, change,



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*William Boyce*

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excitement, novelty. Sometimes, urged by this impulse, he tries to stifle it with liquor, to quell it with gambling. Sometimes, momentarily forgetting that he is married, he lets himself be vamped by some woman—any woman—that comes along. But in most cases, being an honest-minded sort of a husband, he lets it go with a mild protest against the inevitableness of things and takes the seven ten home for dinner instead of the six three—anything to be different.

Even at his meals a husband realizes the monotony of monogamy. Two people who see each other every day, year in and year out, unless they are both exceptional persons, soon run out of interesting conversation. They quickly get to know thoroughly each other's views on all manner of subjects. Table talk between them becomes seldom more than a polite pretense. If the man at the dinner table tells of the events of his business day, his wife's responses are parrot-like. It is equally true that a husband's interest in such topics as the misdeeds of the children, the gossip about the neighbors and the newest fashions is entirely assumed.

If the husband on the spur of the moment invites a man friend to come home with him to dinner, he generally finds himself unpopular. More than likely he has lit on wash-day or some other important domestic event.

And when in the effort to escape from the boredom of matrimony a couple begin to play the social game, the husband's lot is little improved. How many husbands really enjoy the little dinner parties that their wives are so fond of giving? Most husbands have a lot of men friends whom they would like to entertain, good he-men, bachelors more than likely, fellows who are always good company. But are these the sort of guests a husband finds gathered about his board? I should say not. When the average American couple entertains at dinner, the guests invariably are the wife's friends, and the husbands of the wife's friends. The only compensation there is in it for a husband is the thought that the other husbands are probably just as much bored at meeting him as he is at meeting them. And if any husband dares protest, you know the answer:

"But they entertained us and we must pay them back."

Sometime I would like to get up a questionnaire and have it submitted to all the husbands in America. How, for instance, would you, supposing that you are the average American husband, truthfully answer questions like these?

- Do you really enjoy the conversation of your wife's intimate friends?
- Does your wife like your bachelor chums?
- How often do you have them to dinner at your home?
- Are you interested and entertained when your neighbors drop in to call?
- Do you really have a good time at the parties you and your wife attend?
- On your last vacation did you go to a place of your selection, or of your wife's?
- Do you like playing bridge when your wife is in the game?
- Is there anything else you enjoy more than taking your wife to the movies?

Truthful answers by American husbands to questions like these would be both a shock and a revelation to their wives. I doubt if many women realize how badly bored their husbands are in gallant effort

to participate in their amusements. In America most husbands and wives make the great mistake of trying to have their good times together, with the result that both are bored to death.

The fact is that men and women are utterly different, complements, opposites. It is well that it is so. Generally it is the case, according to my observation, that the happiest couples are those who have the fewest tastes in common. A poker-playing husband and a church-going wife generally live peaceably together. A big, bull-necked chap who attends all the prize-fights will marry a spirituelle creature who adores afternoon teas and Hindoo lectures, and there never is any divorce.

If American husbands and American wives would quit trying to adapt themselves to each other's idea of a good time, probably both would lead far happier lives. Let the wife have her tea-fight and the husband his prize-fight and his poker game. There is no use in pretending that husbands and wives enjoy the same things—they never have and they never will.

A woman's idea of a good time is to get herself a lot of pretty new and expensive clothes, go to a smart hotel at Atlantic City, ride along the boardwalk, daintily coiffured and manicured, seeing what the other woman are wearing, or else looking into the shop windows to see what they will be wearing next week.

Her husband's idea of a good time, on the other hand, is going away off somewhere in the woods with two or three time-tried pals, putting on his oldest clothes, forgetting to shave, welcoming the opportunity to use language forceful, free and unrestrained at either the bass or the mosquitoes, with no women within a hundred miles to bother about.

The truth of it is that while American men may lead the world in business ability, American wives are at least a hundred years ahead of their husbands in culture and education. While the men have been busy piling up dollars, organizing companies, building railways and steamships, inventing automobiles, drilling for oil, the women have been improving their minds and their manners. It is the American wives who buy and read the books, who subscribe to the magazines, who go to the lectures. In fact, not so long ago a distinguished British author who was over in this country lecturing expressed grave fears for America's future.

"American men are so absorbed in their business and in the struggle to get ahead that they give little thought to anything else. At practically every one of my lectures the audience was composed entirely of women. Culture and education in the United States is almost entirely in the women's hands. There is to my mind grave danger of American culture becoming effeminized, which to my mind would be a peril to the virility of the nation."

Be that as it may, it is the American wives whose tastes have been cultivated to finding enjoyment in artistic clothes, who are entertained by listening to lectures, who appreciate good music, and who maintain the art of polite conversation. It is the wives who like fine laces and table-cloths, who keep up on the new furniture fads, and who flock to the art museums.

All of us American husbands, down in our hearts, are still uncivilized brutes. We take a savage joy in wrecking a competitor

in the business game. We are delighted when we can get one of our fellow men into a poker game and send him home shirtless. We will cheerfully give up our hard-earned dollars any time to see the big professionals pommel each other all around the ring. We husbands only stand for this culture stuff and pretend to like it because we want to please our women folk. If it weren't for them we'd be eating our meals in our shirt-sleeves and never think of going to concerts and the opera. Their ways are not our ways, nor are ours theirs, and it is beyond reasonable probability to expect them to understand us. But reaching this conclusion, I am reminded of a remark of a distinguished scientist I know:

"I never read an article without first turning to the end to see at what conclusion the author has arrived. Unless what he has to say in summing up interests me, I never bother to read the rest."

So what can be said in conclusion? What if we husbands are all misunderstood, what is there that can be done about it? Well, over in England, where they have been playing this civilization game a few centuries longer than we have, and over in Japan, where they have been playing it a few centuries less, they seem to have worked out this husband and wife business differently, and it seems to work pretty well. In both these countries men and women go their own separate ways in search of enjoyment. In London it is quite a common thing to ask a husband to dinner without asking his wife and vice versa. In Japan, when a man entertains at dinner, his wife never appears.

Perhaps things would be better here in America if husbands and wives showed more consideration for each other's tastes and amusements. There are a lot of interesting experiments that might be tried. Suppose a wife once in a while would say to her husband:

"It's your turn now to have a dinner party. I'll get up a nice dinner and you can ask any of your friends you like."

Or suppose some far-seeing and fair-minded wife should say to her husband:

"It must get monotonous for you seeing me every evening. Why don't you take at least one night a week off, and go out with some of your friends?"

Or what if she was broad-minded enough to add: "Why don't you some evening look up one of your old girl friends and take her out to dinner and the theater? I shouldn't mind it in the least."

Or imagine some brilliant wife having an inspiration like this: "I have been thinking a lot about our vacation next summer. You hate a summer hotel and I abominate camp life. Why don't we each take our two weeks separately, and we'll both enjoy it more? Just think of it. If we do that we'll each have a whole month's vacation."

Do you know what would happen? There would be a lot more happy marriages and a lot of happy marriages would be happier. The American divorce rate is rapidly rising—what is it now, one in every eight or something like that?—and it isn't because American husbands and wives do not love each other. It's because they have fallen into the bad habit of letting themselves be bored doing things they do not like to do. If husbands and wives will only start being frank with each other, neither doing nor insisting on the other's doing things that bore them, there will be far fewer divorces.



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# WILLYS-KNIGHT

## Never The Twain Shall Meet

(Continued from page 46)



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worth two squirts of bilge-water." He shook hands. "Riva on your nerves a bit?" He laughed. "Well, they always wait for us at the edge of the surf—the 'back to nature and the simple life' boys." He slapped the embarrassed Dan on the shoulder. "Got a friend of yours with me." He turned and waved toward a Kanaka sailor upon whose back was just mounting, preparatory to being carried ashore so his feet would not get wet, no less a person than—Mark Mellenger!

"Mel!" Dan's cry of welcome sounded suspiciously like a sob. "Mel, my dear old friend! Lord, man, what a joy to see you again!" and he folded Mellenger to his heart and was silent for a minute, fighting his emotions.

"It's Thursday night, old son," said Mellenger calmly, "so I thought I'd drop around for dinner—as usual. Is Sooney Wan still dishing up the grub in your Lares and Penates?" He cuffed Dan affectionately on the ear. "I'm sort of half-way glad to see you again, Dan."

They walked up the beach to the missionary's residence. Captain Hackett paused beside the veranda and looked the house over critically. "Where is the sky pilot?" he queried.

"He's dead, Captain. His wife died shortly before you were here last. Before that he had been a little bit obsessed by Tamea and after his wife's death he rather went on the loose among the natives. I imagine he was about half cracked—"

"Half?" Hackett sneered. "All. He was half cracked when he came here, otherwise he would not have come. His wife was the last tie that bound him to his self-respect, and when she died doubtless it commenced to dawn on him that she had been a martyr to a cause not particularly worth while. The heat and the loneliness killed her. I could see it coming."

"I dare say you are right, Captain. She was, as you say, the last tie that bound him to his self-respect. Here, where there was no law save his, after Gaston left and before I came there was no longer any incentive to remain a white man, and he started to degenerate. Religion was not sufficient to sustain him. He had an uphill job here at best, and there was nothing to read except the Bible and he had known that by heart for twenty years. I wouldn't talk to him and neither would Tamea."

"Why?"

"Because he was half crazy. When he wasn't striving to convert Tamea he was reviling her for an abandoned woman. Of course I had to put a stop to that, and when I did he reviled me. Finally I warned him to stay off the hill. But he wouldn't. He came prowling up there one night and set fire to our house. Sooney Wan caught him and we put out the fire before any damage had been done. A week later I heard shooting outside our veranda—three rifle shots and six pistol shots. Muggidge owned the only rifle on the island and Sooney Wan owned the only pistol—and he slept on the veranda."

"In the morning Muggidge was gone, there were three bullet holes through our house and Sooney Wan was cleaning his forty-five with kerosene. He vouchsafed no information and I asked no questions. I did not care to know."

"Comfortable old Chink, that, to have around one's house," Hackett remarked dryly. "Well, I have a year's supply of grub and trade goods for the mission, so I suppose I might as well dump it here to await the arrival of the successor to the mad Muggidge. It's all paid for."

"Comforting. I'll use it, Hackett."

Mellenger walked up into the mission house veranda and sat down. "It's as cool here as anywhere," he reminded Dan. "I'd like to have a chat with you, Dan, before I meet Tamea."

"Certainly, Mel."

"Well, while my crew is busy landing the supplies for the mission I'm going up to your house and have a chin-chin with Tamea," Captain Hackett suggested. "By the way, Mr. Pritchard," he added innocently, "did you marry her?"

Dan flushed. "Muggidge, in his insane jealousy, refused to perform the ceremony without some sort of a license, procurable Lord knows where or when—so we—that is—well, we did the best we could without him."

The old sea dog went up the path to the hill, chuckling softly.

"Mel," Dan demanded the instant the Captain was out of hearing, "what under the canopy has brought you here?"

"I came to get you and bring you home."

Dan shook his head. "My home is here, Mel." He threw out his arm tragically toward the east. "I'm quite through with all of that."

"Fortunately, you are not. Your private fortune and the business formerly owned by Casson and Pritchard await your return. There's a hole amounting to approximately half a million dollars in your private fortune, but the business is intact and all yours now. As soon as you appear to relieve the receiver of his task of managing your affairs the court will discharge him."

Dan Pritchard stared at his friend, wide unbelief in his glance. "Explain yourself, Mel. This is most astounding."

"Some folks are fools for luck," Mellenger sighed. "Banning and Company paid forty-two cents on the dollar and that receiver managed to pry fifty cents on the dollar out of the Katsuma estate. Other losses were not as heavy as anticipated, and several of your heaviest debtors will manage to pay out in three or four years, if your luck holds. The thing that saved you, however, was a typhoon in the China sea. The steamer Malayan, with eight thousand tons of high-priced rice insured to its full value, must have foundered in that typhoon, for she never reached Havana and was eventually posted by Lloyd's as missing. Consequently the receiver collected the insurance, which put your business back on its feet again. You're still a rich man, Dan."

Dan Pritchard placed his elbows on his knees and covered his face with his hands. He quivered a little. Mellenger ignored him. He lighted one of Hackett's Sumatra cigars and puffed away silently, gazing out at the white water purling over the reef.

"Peaceful spot, this," he observed presently. "The Land of Never Worry."



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How are you fixed for points of intellectual contact?"

"I haven't any," Dan confessed in a strangled voice.

"Been doing any painting, old son?"

"Half a dozen canvases. They're no good."

"You haven't asked me about Maisie Morrison, Dan."

"I haven't any right to, Mel."

"Then I shall tell you about her. She is in good health, but not very happy. That is because she loves you. Splendid woman, Maisie. You made a grave mistake by not marrying her; I told you to."

"I didn't think she cared—that much."

"It appears she did. Everybody knew that except you, and sometimes I think you suspected it but were afraid to take a chance. If you had your chance all over again, would you marry Maisie?"

"Mel," Dan admitted wretchedly, "any man is a fool to marry out of his class. Tamea is a wonderful woman, but—"

"I understand, my friend. It requires something more than love to sustain love. Is Riva on your nerves?"

Dan raised his haggard face from his hands. "Well, I am beginning to understand Muggridge a little better lately," he confessed. "And, unlike poor Muggridge, I have nothing spiritual to cling to. Nothing but my sanity, and sometimes when I reflect that all of my future life will be like this—"

"Ah, but it will not continue to be like this," Mellenger interrupted gently. "Tamea will see to that."

"Tamea is a lovely, wonderful child of nature. She is happy here—so happy, Mel, that she will never, never be able to understand why I cannot be happy, too."

"As usual," Mellenger growled, "you continue to give abundant proof of your monumental asininity and masculine ego. I have here a letter which Tamea wrote Maisie three months ago, via the schooner Doris Crane." Dan could only stare at him. "You know the Doris Crane, of course?"

"She came here three months ago for the accumulated trade. I was pig hunting on the northern coast of the island at the time and missed her. Mel, what could Tamea possibly have to write Maisie about?"

"About you, fool."

"About me?"

"None other. Hold your peace now, old son, while I read you her letter to Maisie."

Riva, 16th August

Dear Maisie:

Please read this letter from one who has spoiled much that was beautiful, one who has taken the taste out of three lives, yours, Dan Pritchard's and my own.

Maisie, Dan Pritchard is here with me. He is my husband, and to me he is very kind and loving and faithful. When he came first it was his desire to marry me according to the way of your people, but the missionary here was mad and would not oblige him, so we were married according to the desire of our hearts. In the presence of the sea and the earth and the sky we swore, each to the other, that we would love each other and dwell together in honor. This we have done. But Dan is no longer happy. Life slowly loses its taste for him. I have watched and I know. He is very lonely, nor can all of my love compensate him for the loss of his friends, for the loss of the world that was his. I know he feels as sometimes I felt when I dwelled in his house in San Francisco, and that is terrible.

The thought has come to me that if Dan lives here he will some day grow to hate me. And I shall some day be too unlovely to hold him. These things cannot be helped. They are a part of life. My love wears me even now. He is nervous and unhappy and sometimes he withdraws from my caresses, and last night in his sleep he spoke of you and his sorrow because you had not loved him. Perhaps you do not know this truth, Maisie, but men can never love as women love. It is very foolish to expect this. A woman can love one man until death, but a man can love two women, or even more, but he will love best that woman who gives to him the most comfort and peace of mind, the woman who makes few demands and who refrains from forcing love upon him when he is unhappy.

Dan Pritchard does not like my people. We are as oil and water. He does not like the food we have here, nor the heat nor the rain nor the silence nor the loneliness. He would have his own people about him. Alas, I would have mine about me. He fits not into my world, nor can I ever fit into his. Therefore, it is wise that we should part. I would not have him in unhappiness. Rather would I die.

Maisie, come for him. Please! Evil will befall him if you do not. If you love him as I think you do, you will come—nor will pride—the false pride of a woman—keep you from your happiness. Dan was always your man, Maisie. Never was he truly mine. I do not know why, but this is true. I would give him back to you, Maisie. Please come.

Tamea

Mellenger folded the letter and put it in his pocket. Dan hid his face in his hands and wept.

"Poor child," Mellenger murmured. "She has never heard that pity is akin to love—that she stirred in you all the profound pity and tenderness of your naturally kind and chivalrous heart. I wouldn't feel so badly about it if I were you, Dan. You weep now because your love lies dead and you have killed it. You merely made a very human mistake. So did Tamea. But she realizes it and has the courage to confess it. Old son, your romance is at an end."

"I shall not abandon her, Mel," Dan cried brokenly. "My unhappiness shall not be paid off against hers. She's too tremendously fine, too noble."

"That is true. She is too tremendously fine, too noble, to permit you to dramatize yourself for her sake. There is only one sacrifice necessary here, and Tamea is making it—gladly, without regret, and all because she possesses in full measure a love so wonderful, so glorious that no man can ever possibly understand it or appreciate it. There will be no pandering to your ego, my son. You are no longer infatuated with Tamea, she knows it and you might as well acknowledge it. Heroics are quite unnecessary. Tamea, I take it, does not desire them and I shall not permit them."

"But Maisie. What of her, Mel?"

"Well, when she received this letter she sent for me and gave it to me to read. She knew I was your friend so she sought my counsel. I asked her pointblank if she loved you and she said she did. I asked her why she had permitted you to escape and she told me. I think I can understand her point of view. Then I asked her if she had any conception of your point of view in this triangle and she said she thought she understood enough of it to forgive you. I know

you rather well, Dan, and I tried to paint for Maisie a word picture of you. I told her you had never been truly in love with Tamea but rather in love with love.

"It is your nature to idealize everything. You yearned for a high romance and Tamea was a romantic figure. She appealed to you physically and romantically. She aroused your pity, she stirred you and set your soul afire, and neither of you knew that it was the sort of conflagration that burns itself out and leaves only a heap of ashes—ashes of sorrow and regret. I tried to make Maisie see that it was largely her fault. She had declined to reach forth and possess you as Tamea, in her primitive innocence, did not hesitate to do.

"I asked her if the memory of this escapade of yours would cloud her future happiness if she should marry you, and she said that she thought she could manage to forget it." Mellenger paused and gazed out to sea through half closed eyes. "As a matter of fact, there is not the slightest necessity that anybody in our world need know what has happened. You have merely been knocking around the isles of the South Seas, painting and enjoying yourself. Nobody knows except Tamea, Maisie, you, Hackett and myself—and none of us will ever tell."

"But, Mel, Maisie refused to marry me. If she had, this would never have happened."

"You are a sublimated idiot. You never told Maisie that you loved her. Women love love, too. You dawdled around, wishful to have your cake and eat it, hating the freedom of your bachelorhood yet dreading to abandon it, restless, perturbed, unhappy—ah, you're a nut. Understand? A nut!"

By his silence under fire Dan admitted the truth of this charge and instantly the great-hearted Mellenger was sorry he had spoken. He laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder. "Buck up, old son," he pleaded. "At least you've done your best to be a gentleman all through this affair. Maisie understands that."

"Tamea asked Maisie to come and get me. Did she come? Is she here?"

"She is aboard the Pelorus now. Old Casson and his wife think she is in Tahiti. Nothing wrong with taking a summer trip to Tahiti, is there? What the old folks do not know will not worry them. Well, we came down on the same steamer and in the harbor at Tahiti we found the Pelorus. When I told Hackett that I wanted to charter his vessel for a passage to Riva, he eyed me curiously and said he had been expecting somebody to come along and charter him for that trip. Then it developed that he knew you. He wanted more money than Maisie and I could scrape up, but when I informed him of this he said he'd collect the deficit at Riva. So he cleaned up a stateroom for Maisie and shipped a real cook. He has an ice plant in his hold and we had a pleasant trip. Hackett is a most agreeable man and for a monetary consideration is prepared to carry us all directly to San Francisco."

"Sorry, but I can't go," Dan repeated doggedly. "Nor will I inflict upon myself the pain of seeing Maisie."

"Better toddle along home and talk it over with Tamea," his friend suggested patiently. "You may change your mind after that."



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Without a word Dan left him. On the way up the hill he met the master of the Pelorus coming down. "I'll send up a couple of my boys to carry down your trunk," he told Dan. "Your Tamea is packing it now." And he smiled his knowing little smile.

Tamea met Dan as he came up the stairs. "Tamea, dear," he began, "what does this mean?"

"You have talked to Mellenger. You know what it means. When I took you for my husband, *chéri*, I said: 'I will take you and cherish you only so long as I may make you happy.' That time has passed. You are no longer happy, so I have arranged that you shall leave me. There must be no argument."

"Tamea," he almost groaned, "I cannot bear to break your heart."

She smiled sadly. "My heart will not be broken. It will be hurt but time will cure that. I do not wish you to remain longer. If you do I shall be much more unhappy than if you go away. You will, perhaps, not understand, but these are true words, dear one. We have both made a large mistake and it would be foolish not to admit it and strive to mend that mistake."

He bowed his head.

"And you truly desire this, Tamea?"

"With all my heart," she answered. She came to him and placed her arms around his neck. "Love of my life," she said softly, and in her voice the stored-up pathos and longing of her shattered life vibrated, "you will kiss me once and then you will go—quickly."

"Oh, sweetheart!" he moaned.

"*Sh-h*," she pleaded. "I desire this parting, dear love, and because I desire it I have been to some pains and expense to accomplish it. Here you are as a fish cast up on the beach. You gasp and struggle for life and in the end you will die—living. I understand, darling. *Chéri*, believe me, I understand truly, and there is naught to grieve over."

She kissed him and clung to him, wet-eyed and trembling, but resolute. "Now, dear love, you will go," she whispered, "nor will you look back as you descend the hill. And sometimes you will think of your Tamea who loved you better than you will ever be loved again. Adieu, my husband."

She left him abruptly. He stood for about a minute, his thoughts inchoate, his brain numbed; yet out of the chaos of his conflicting emotions there rose, almost subconsciously, the tiniest flicker of relief. He hated himself for it. He felt low and mean and treacherous, felt that he had played a sorry part, indeed, yet he had not meant to do this, nor had he even contemplated doing it. The situation existed, that was all, nor could any power of his or of Tamea's alter it in the slightest. As well strive to restrain a falling star!

His heart constricted his eyes blurred with tears of sorrow and shame, he turned away at last and stumbled down the path to the Muggridge bungalow. Hackett and Mellenger, seeing him coming, walked around to the opposite side of the house, in order that he might be spared the humiliation of knowing they had seen him with his soul laid bare. Straight for the whale-boat Dan headed, and the Kanaka sailors ran the boat into the surf and Dan Pritchard climbed wearily in.

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Mellenger took the cigar but did not light it. "I think I shall make a brief call on Tamea," he declared. "I really think she would enjoy seeing me, and until the Pelorus leaves Riva, I imagine Tamea will have herself rather well under control. How does one reach her habitation?"

Hackett described the way and Mark Mellenger left him. On the steps of Tamea's home he found Sooeey Wan seated; the old Chinaman looked angry and disconsolate, but at the sight of Mellenger his yellow fangs showed in a glad smile of welcome. He rose, proffered his hand, which Mellenger grasped heartily, and for several seconds they stood looking into each other's faces; then the look of desolation sifted back over Sooeey Wan's face and he shook his head dolefully.

"Missa Mel," he quavered, "everybody klazy. Pity soon Sooeey Wan klazy, too."

"Yes, Sooeey, my friend," Mellenger replied, "everybody is. In fact, I'm half crazy myself. Where is Tamea?"

"Lady queen packum tlunk, Missa Mel."

Mellenger entered the house. In the center of the living room Tamea sat, folding Dan's well worn linen and packing it away in trunk trays. She looked up at his entrance—and stared unbelievably a moment before scrambling to her feet and rushing to him with outstretched arms.

"Mellengair! Mellengair, my friend!" she cried, and then she was sobbing out upon that great, understanding heart, the agony she had seen fit to repress in the presence of Dan. He held her to him, stroking the beautiful head but saying nothing, for he knew that her full heart was emptying itself, that she would presently be the better for her tears.

Presently she ceased to sob, but still she clung to him; long, heart-breaking sighs finally told Mellenger that she was getting herself under control once more. Gently he lifted her face and with his own handkerchief dried her eyes.

"Poor Tamea!" he murmured. "Poor, unhappy, misunderstood wail!"

"Do not pity me, my friend," she pleaded. "It is the fate of half-breeds to dwell in a world apart; in time we learn to make the best of it." She smiled wanly. "It was, perhaps, unfortunate for me that my father was Gaston of the Beard. He put upon me the imprint of his own soul. So I see too clearly, I understand too readily, I feel too deeply." She lifted his great hand and laid her cheek against the back of it. "Once I hurt you, Mellengair. I am sorry. I have wept many tears because I have called you Stoneface."

"Don't! Please don't!" he pleaded. "I didn't mind. Really, I didn't."

"You are a kind liar." She kissed his hand humbly. "And now," she added, with just a suspicion of a quaver in her voice, "it is your friend Tamea who is Stoneface—always to look out to sea for that which came—and went—and will never, never come again."

Mellenger's poker face twitched ever so slightly. "I am here to help you. Tell me how."

"There can be no help, Mel. Dan is very unhappy with me. He loves me, but he is not happy with me, and it has come to the knowledge that never can the poor boy be happy with me. Great unhappiness is stronger than great love. It will kill love—and I have watched and his love is dying. I would have him leave me, loving me. If he remains he will grow mad, like that missionary Muggridge. Something in him that is fine and very like a little boy will wither and die."

Mellenger nodded and Tamea continued: "To Dan also has been given the gift of seeing too clearly, understanding too readily, feeling too deeply."

"Dan is my friend," said Mellenger. "He has many virtues. He is lovable. But he is too much given to introspection. He thinks too much about himself and too little about others. He has not known great happiness, and he has been eager to protect the little he has known. He has a restless soul, always poised for flight. In a word, he is utterly selfish and doesn't know it. He would be highly insulted if he heard me say so, but he knows as much about women as a pig does about the binomial theorem."

Tamea smiled wistfully. "Yes, he knows little of women. He is not observing, and, as you say, I think it is because he thinks overmuch about what each new day may bring him. I am to be the mother of his child, but he does not know this—and I have, for reasons of my own, not told him."

"Ah!" Mellenger gasped. "That complicates matters. You are not married, I take it."

"No, not the way you take it. You will not tell this to Dan, of course."

"Of course I shall. If he is the father of your child he shall not evade the responsibility of fatherhood, although, to do him full justice, I do not think it would ever occur to him to evade it."

"In his world, Mellengair, it is not quite *au fait* to be the father of a quarter-bred Polynesian child while still a bachelor."

"It would be regarded as embarrassing."

"I would not have Dan embarrassed."

"You can obviate the embarrassment. Come with us to Tahiti and marry Dan legally before the child is born. Nobody in his world, then, need know."

"I could not be happy in Dan's world any more than he can be happy in mine. You do not seem to understand. I love him, Mellengair. I do not delude myself, my friend. If I want him I can hold fast to him. I know my power. But I love him too greatly to hold him when the holding will smash his life. It is better that I should smash my own, for look you, Mellengair," she explained with an odd wistfulness, "I am but Tamea, the half-caste queen of Riva. I am old—very old—and I—I do not matter. I have known the fullness of life. I am content. I cannot leave this land in which the roots of my soul will ever cling; always when I dwell with Dan Pritchard in San Francisco I heard the sound of the surf on the reef yonder. I heard the sigh of these coco-palms, I heard the songs and the woes of my people. You will perhaps not understand, Mellengair, but I know that I am right."

He bowed his head. He knew she was right, knew that only a great and noble soul could so calmly enunciate such a bitter truth. The old, immutable law



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of existence could not be shattered. Kind begets kind, yearns for it, is happy with nothing else. Human beings, habituated to their environment, cast in certain molds of evolution, may not progress forward or backward when such progression is not a part of the Infinite Plan. To attempt it is ruinous; to defy that immutable law invites disaster.

"Dan Pritchard will go tonight and I shall not see him again," Tamea said, following the long silence while Mellenger revolved this sad puzzle in his poor brain. "Farewells do but bear down the heart, and if I do not see him again it will be much easier for him, poor dear. He knows I love him. Why, then, tell him this again at parting, why hurt him with my tears, why subject him to the shame of having me see him bent and broken? He will go. He greatly desires to go, and I know why, and it is the law and I am not embittered. Nothing matters in life save that human beings shall know true happiness—and I have known that. When my baby comes I shall know it again. I have in me the blood of my mother, and we were proud of our line. And I have in me the blood of my father, and he was brave and laughed when the seas boiled over the knightheads. I too shall laugh."

"I dare say you do not care to visit Maisie, or have her visit you."

"You are right. You are always right, dear Stoneface. I give to her the man she loves, the man who, in the bottom of his heart, has always loved her, the man I took from her. From me he has learned something of life; at least I have not hurt him, nor have I dwelt with him in dishonor. He will be comforted by Maisie; life will have a taste for him again; and of his life here with me none in his world should ever know. You see, I understand your people, Mellengair," she added, with that same odd, twisted, wistful little smile. "It is that you do not like to be found out."

Fell a silence.

"You will go now, please, and take Dan Pritchard with you. Sooyee Wan is ready and the sailors from the Pelorus are here."

She stood up and gave him her hand.

"May I kiss you, Tamea?" he whispered, and there was that in his deep-set, unlovely eyes, in his poker face, that might have been seen in the face of Christ, writhing on the Cross. She lifted her face to his and he kissed her, very tenderly, on each cheek, after the fashion of her father's people. Then he left her, and descended the hill to the beach.

"Well?" said Hackett, as Mellenger came up the Muggridge veranda and heaved himself wearily into a chair.

"I have just talked with the finest woman God Almighty ever made," Mellenger replied huskily. "Compared with her the noblest of men is so low he could kiss a flounder without bending his knees." He thoughtfully bit the end off the cigar Hackett had given him and the latter struck a match and held it to the tip of the cigar. "Brave, like her father," Mellenger continued. "Faces the issue without cringing. She is magnificent—perfectly tremendous!"

"Well, that's a comfort, Mr. Mellenger."

Fell a silence. Then: "Captain Hackett, when you return to the Pelorus, please send my dunnage ashore and have one of your men dump it on this veranda.

I have decided to remain in Riva. I do not fancy that long trip home with Dan and Maisie. My presence would make them both uncomfortable, and I am quite finished with my self-appointed task of directing that man's love affairs. He's a fine man but a poor lover."

"Nonsense, Mr. Mellenger," Hackett urged. "The Pelorus is a hundred and thirty feet long and there is room enough aboard her to make yourself scarce."

"Well, I have other reasons for staying. Unlike Dan Pritchard, I have no dollars calling me back. All I had was a heart-breaking job on a newspaper and I chucked that forever when I started for Riva. I have never had a vacation and I have a notion I'll enjoy knocking around in the islands. At any rate, I'm going to remain. Having no conscience to speak of, I will help myself to the supplies you are going to land for this deserted mission. I shall get along quite nicely."

"There is no accounting for the ways of white men," Captain Hackett declared. "Here comes the whale-boat, loaded with supplies." He held out his hand. "Happy days, Mr. Mellenger."

"Thank you. Good-by. Do not tell Dan I have stayed. He might take it into his fool head to come ashore and argue with me. And the next time you happen to be passing along the coast of Riva, drop in and say howdy. I might be ready to leave at that time."

## CHAPTER XXV

WHEN Dan Pritchard descended into the main cabin of the Pelorus, he found Maisie seated there. She stared at him a moment, not recognizing in the brown, somewhat unkempt figure at the foot of the companion, the man she had known and loved in another world.

"It is I—Dan," he told her.

Maisie made no effort to rise. She knew she was unequal to the effort. "I—I came—to see if you—care to come home, Dan," she said with difficulty. "Tamea wrote—asked me to come and get you. It has been very hard for me to do this, Dan. Perhaps you can understand why."

He came and took her hand in both of his, but made no movement toward a more affectionate greeting. He was not quite equal to such disloyalty so soon, even though at sight of Maisie his heart thrilled wildly. "I can understand your reluctance to run after any man, Maisie," he answered her. "Least of all myself."

"This situation is perfectly amazing. I cannot, even now, understand why I have come here, Dan."

"Perhaps it would be just as well not to try to understand some things, Maisie," he pleaded. "Do you think it is possible for us to take up our lives where they were when we saw each other last? You know all about me, of course."

"Mark Mellenger was at some pains to attempt a long, scientific and at times reasonable defense of masculine weaknesses in general and of yours in particular. Somehow, Dan, I cannot feel that you have been either weak or wicked. It—it—just happened. I cannot conceive that you would ever be less than a gentleman."

He bowed his head. "I have tried to be that, Maisie, although today I do not feel that I have succeeded. But I cannot do otherwise than leave Tamea. I do not



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think it would have occurred to me to leave her, no matter how bitter the price of staying, but—she willed it otherwise. We have parted without bitterness. I want you to know that so long as I live she will remain a holy and tender memory."

"You love her?" Maisie choked on the query.

"I love her as one loves a beautiful and lovable child; for the nobility of soul she possesses I feel a tremendous reverence."

"I understand—being a woman. You have entertained for me something of that affection, I think. Well, it is no fault of yours, is it, if you mistook infatuation for love?"

"Perhaps at some future date, Maisie, it will not seem so—so terrible—to discuss so intimately my feelings toward you or toward Tamea. I only know that—at last—I am quite certain of myself. I tried my best to play the game with Tamea, but I wasn't smart enough to conceal my true feelings from her, once those feelings became apparent to myself. She has the mind of a warlock. I—I—tried to love her, but—oh, my God, forgive me!—we were as oil and water. We could not mix. I couldn't stand this place. There is beauty here and peace; life tiptoes by so serenely that the sameness of the days was driving me mad. I had no social intercourse—no points of intellectual contact—and every relative of Tamea's, no matter how distantly related, was dwelling under the mantle of our—of her—philanthropy. She loves them all and hasn't the heart to drive them away. It is the custom and she is the last of her blood. She will not alter the custom. I hate the food, I hate the smell of decaying vegetation, I hate the rain, I hate the music, I hate the sunshine—and the loneliness would eventually have driven me insane. That's what it did to Muggridge. I did some sketching the first few months. Since then I have had no heart for it. My mind is back in San Francisco; I can't shake off the memories of the old life. Tamea spends her days adoring me—and I'm sick of it. *I'm sick of it, I tell you. I'm fed up on love. I'm—I'm—*"

Maisie managed to stand up. She placed her hands on Dan's shoulders. "Buck up, old booby," she murmured, with something of the adorable camaraderie that had charmed him so in happier days. "You are the victim of a terrible tragedy and so is poor Tamea. But she was wise enough to see that something radical had to be done—and she did it. You see, Dan'l, you weren't truly in love with Tamea and I knew it all the time. You were in love with love, or perhaps your pity led you, like a will-o'-the-wisp. At any rate, it's all over and nobody shall ever know and—and—I love you, Dan. I never thought I would be brave enough, or unmaidenly enough, to tell you this. But I know you love me, Dan. I knew it long before Tamea flashed across your life like a meteor and swept you off your silly old feet. I was weak, or I would have saved you—and when I found I could manage the strength, you were gone and it was too late. You've been such an old stupid. I should have made allowances for you, because I know you so well . . . Well, I am here—and nothing that has happened matters any more. There, there you go with that sad old Abraham Lincoln look

again—and now I'll have to be friend Maisie again."

She forced him down into a seat and he laid his arms on the cabin table and buried his face in them, in order that Maisie might not see the agony in his soul. "Nobody can ever understand except one who has had the experience," he tried to explain. "Tamea is all white—and half native. She gazes upon life native fashion—she's a tragic contradiction. I could never quite know what was in her mind when she gazed upon me so sweetly and tragically, and she never quite knew what was in mine."

"Ah, but she did know, poor dear," Maisie contradicted. "She has proved that she knew."

"She is old—old, with the wisdom of the aged and the philosophy of patriarchs—"

"And the heart of a woman, Dan."

"No, the heart of a child."

Maisie smiled wistfully. Poor old booby Dan! He would never, never know that a woman is always a child! Because she had tact and more imagination than Dan Pritchard had ever given her credit for possessing, she left him and went up on deck.

At sunset the Pelorus passed out to the lagoon and as her bow lifted to the long lazy rollers beyond the outer reef, Dan Pritchard, from her quarter-deck, through a mist gazed back on his Paradise Lost. High up on the headland where Tamea's home rested in the grove, a white figure silhouetted against the sunset glow waved to him. And presently, as the Pelorus drew clear of the coast and the full force of the trades belled her canvas to send her ramping toward the horizon, that white figure slowly faded; the last Dan Pritchard saw of Riva was the steadily deepening glow of the hot heart of Hakataua, pulsating against the purple sky. And whatever thoughts occurred to him in that supreme moment were never given utterance, for Maisie came and stood beside him and said:

"Don't be ashamed of it, Dan dear. I understand. Truly, I do."

"It will be terrible if you do not, Maisie, for I have lived to be too thoroughly understood—I who am not worth understanding."

## CHAPTER XXVI

WHEN the last sunlight faded from the earth and the sea and the swift tropic twilight had swallowed the Pelorus, Tamea cast herself upon the earth and beat it with her beautiful hands, sobbing aloud, in the language of her mother's people, the agony of her broken heart. Upon her the gods had rained the supreme blow and she could no longer stand erect and take it smiling. Upon the pungent, fetid earth she groveled in her despair until she lay like a beautiful wilted lily, an occasional long, constricted gasp alone giving evidence that she still lived—and suffered.

After a long time a voice spoke in the semi-darkness.

"Tamea! Stoneface is speaking."

The girl started up. "Mellengair! You have not gone?"

"Did I not tell you once, Tamea, that I loved you? That when you, too, were a Stoneface, with your flower face in the dust, I would love you more than ever, because your child's heart would have been broken?"

And did I not tell you that I would lift you up and hold you to my heart and comfort you? Behold, Tamea, these hands out-thrust to you," and with the words he lifted her from the ground and held her against his great breast. "Poor child!" he kept murmuring, and stroked her hair.

"Oh, why did you stay?" she sobbed. "I do not love you, Mel. You are to me a true friend only."

"I do not ask for love, Tamea," he replied gently. "I seek service. I thought I would stay until your baby should be born—it seemed I ought to wait awhile and see that all goes well with you, child."

"My race is dying. I too shall die, and that soon. Life has lost its taste, and when my baby has been born—my friend, when such as we have lost our taste for life, life departs. We do not live for the coward's love of life, but for life's joys."

"But the baby," he reminded her.

"I will give him to you, my friend. Would you not care to have my son and love him as your own?"

The poker face twitched, the unlovely eyes blinked a little. Mel bowed his head affirmatively.

"I have an illness—here," Tamea murmured, and placed her hand on her side. "It is the lung disease that comes to so many of us Polynesians, and when I knew my span of life was measured by but a year or two, I did not hesitate. I had to make haste, since I did not desire Dan to grow like Muggridge in his mind. Muggridge was here too long, too long removed from his kind; in striving to draw my people upward, he drew himself downward. I would not have Dan remember me a thin and haggard invalid, old before my time, no longer beautiful. Do you understand, Mellengair?"

"I understand."

"I have money. You know how much my father left me. When I am gone you will take it and my child, both for your own. You are a poor man in your own land, therefore you must have money to dwell in contentment. And you will never tell Dan Pritchard I have born him a child, because that would render him unhappy. And you will raise my child as a full white, in white ways, and none shall know that my baby's mother was a half-breed Polynesian. Understand, I am not ashamed of my blood, but"—through her tears she smiled the odd, wistful little smile—"it is inconvenient. There are some who might regard my blood as base and remind my child of it in years to come. In a three-quarter white none but the very wise, the very observant, can tell the blood of the other quarter."

He held her close to him and stroked her wonderful black hair. "Poor child," he kept saying, "poor child." And finally: "Remember, I do not ask for love, but service."

"I understand, dear, kind Stoneface. We are two with stone faces now, are we not, my friend? . . . Well, you shall take me to my house, and then you shall go to the house of Muggridge and dwell there until the period of service shall be over. Or," she added, "until it shall begin!"

She lifted his big hand and kissed it. "My friend," she whispered, "my good, kind friend."

"Poor child," said Mellenger. "Poor, poor child!"

THE END



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Admiration, attention—groups of eager young men awaiting her appearance, and more partners than she can dance with—this makes girlhood days the happiest time of a woman's life. To miss this popularity is a tragedy. Yet many girls are socially unsuccessful because of some lack in charm.

What constitutes this charm is hard to define—but one thing is certain. The popular girl, the successful girl, the gay, happy, all-admired girl is always distinguished by a fresh, radiant skin.

How to have this perfect complexion is the problem of many girls, but we can solve it for you. It's a simple secret, discovered many thousand years ago.

### *What spoils complexions*

Every day your skin accumulates a coating of dust, dirt and general soil. Every day you apply powder, and every day most women use a little or much cold cream. This dirt, powder and cold cream penetrates the tiny skin pores and fills them. Perspiration completes the clogging. You can judge for yourself what happens if you fail to wash these accumulations away.

Once a day your skin needs careful, thorough cleansing to remove these clogging deposits.

Otherwise you will soon be afflicted with coarseness, blackheads and blotches.

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Mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, is a simple yet certain beautifier. Its profuse, creamy lather penetrates the network of skin pores and dissolves all dangerous deposits. Gentle rinsing carries them away.

When your skin is thus cleansed, it quickly responds with fresh, smooth radiance. The healthful stimulation results in natural, becoming color.

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Now, when your skin is healthfully clean, is the time to apply cold cream. Now, powder and that touch of rouge are harmless.

### *Cleopatra's way*

This most modern method of beautifying is, strange to say, the oldest, for it was Cleopatra's way. She used palm and olive oils as cleansers—the same bland, soothing oils which are blended in Palmolive.

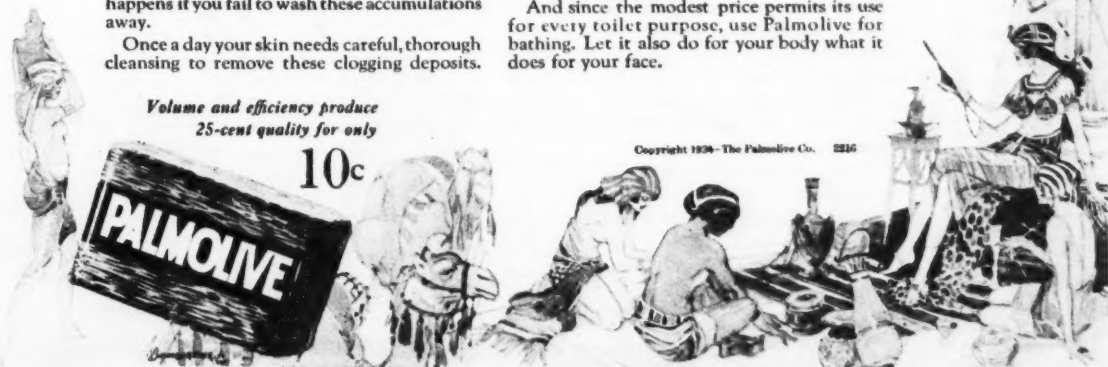
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## Do You Live In a "Pineapple House"?

IT was one of those spring days when first you smell wistaria and then you sniff rambler roses, and the air is as soft and light as a good baking powder biscuit. Ever take a walk on a day like that? Gives you sort of a made over feeling and fills your mind with all kinds of little whiffs of thoughts.

It was a day just like that when I wandered, like an intransitive verb, with no object in view, through the elm shaded streets of Salem. It seemed to me there were miles of, what our best architects describe as, "the pure Colonial doorway." A house without one stood out as conspicuously as a pin feather on a roast chicken. I was, so to speak, getting "fed up" on architecture.

And right then and there I saw the "Pineapple House." And I could feel my mind take a new lease on life and my imagination began to have the best kind of a time with itself. For up in the curving top of "the pure Colonial doorway" was nestling a pineapple! A carved wooden pineapple that looked good enough to eat!

"Of course," I decided, "it must have been built by a prosperous fruit importer who wanted a genteel way to tell the neighborhood his business." And then I began to ask questions which, as a small boy remarked, "is the only way to find out things." And it seems that the "Pineapple House" had been built by a sea captain nearly two hundred years before and that the Pineapple was an old symbol of hospitality.

Can you imagine anything more lovely than that silent and enduring emblem of welcome to the guests of two hundred years? Groups of rustling taffeta dressed ladies seemed to drift before me; ruddy, prosperous ships' captains went their jolly way. And the spring air was filled with the heavenly odor of fruit cake and spiced peaches and baked ham, with a glaze clear as amber. I seemed to see candle light shining through the windows and the flicker of fire light on landscape papered walls.

And I began to think about hospitality and all it meant in those lavish old days when everyone kept open house. And it means just as much in home making now. Only we have to manage it differently. But every real home is a "Pineapple House" with the symbol of simple, honest, welcome always over its door.

"Can—I mean may—Mary stay to lunch?" asks little Jill.

"Mother, couldn't Bob eat dinner here?" asks little Jack.

"'Shorty Atwood' of '05 is in town. Care if I bring him out tonight?" says Dad.

And mother smiles and answers "yes" to all of them and begins to replan the meal to fit one more. She may be dead tired. She probably is. But you'd never guess it because she loves her family and their pleasure and happiness mean more to her than her own aching back.

Her aching back may add to her glory in heaven but it certainly subtracts from her joy on earth. And General Houseworkers at three dollars a week are as extinct as the Dinosaur. That's why the little booklets, listed below, have been written. Modern entertaining and three meals a day offer as many and as interesting problems as air navigation and the radio.

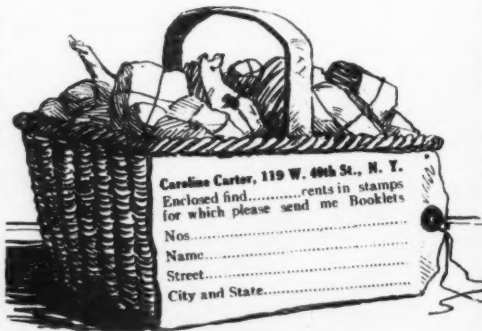
I enjoyed writing the booklets because I enjoy cooking. You will enjoy reading them and using them for the same reason. And they are all practical. They will help you to put the Pineapple of hospitality over your front door.

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2. *Better Breakfasts.*
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## Ukridge Rounds A Nasty Corner

(Continued from page 99)

it was simply due to my recollection of what I had suffered at my previous visit to the place, but it refused to leave me. A black devil of apprehension sat on my shoulder all the way; and as I rang the front door bell, suddenly I understood.

Like a flash I perceived where the fatal flaw in this enterprise lay. It was like Ukridge, poor, impetuous idiot, not to have spotted it; but that I myself should have overlooked it was bitter indeed. The simple fact which had escaped our joint attention was this—that, as I had visited the house before, the butler would recognize me. I might succeed in purloining the speech, but it would be reported to the Woman Up Top that the mysterious visitor who had called for the manuscript was none other than the Mr. Corcoran of hideous memory—and what would happen then?

I was on the very point of retreating down the steps when the door was flung open and there swept over me the most exquisite relief I have ever known. It was a new butler who stood before me.

"Well?"

He did not actually speak the word, but he had a pair of those expressive, beetling eyebrows, and they said it for him. A most forbidding man, fully as grim and austere as his predecessor. I was conscious of a passing wonder at Miss Julia Ukridge's taste in butlers. This fellow was just like the dark, silent servant you are supposed not to suspect in act one of the mystery play, who turns out in the end to have stabbed Hector Bastable, the financier, with the library paper-knife as the outcome of a ten-year-old grudge. But that wave of relief was still pouring over me, inducing a courageous exhilaration.

"I wish to see Mr. Wassick," I said firmly.

The butler's manner betrayed no cordiality, but he evidently saw that I was not to be trifled with. He led the way down that familiar hall, and I followed blithely. And presently I was in the drawing room, being inspected once more by the six Pekingeses, who, as on that other occasion, left their baskets, smelled me, registered disappointment and made for their baskets again.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

I was not to be had like that. "Mr. Wassick is expecting me," I replied coldly.

"Very good, sir."

I strolled buoyantly about the room, inspecting this object and that. I hummed lightly. I spoke kindly to the Pekes. I sauntered over to the mantelpiece, over which was a mirror. I was gazing at myself and thinking that it was not such a bad sort of face—not handsome, perhaps, but with a sort of something about it—when of a sudden the mirror reflected something else. That something was the figure of that popular novelist and well known after-dinner speaker, Miss Julia Ukridge.

"Good morning," she said.

It is curious how often the gods who make sport of us poor humans defeat their own ends by overdoing a thing. Any contretemps less awful than this, however slightly less awful, would undoubtedly have left me as limp as a sheet of carbon paper, rattled and stammering, in prime condition



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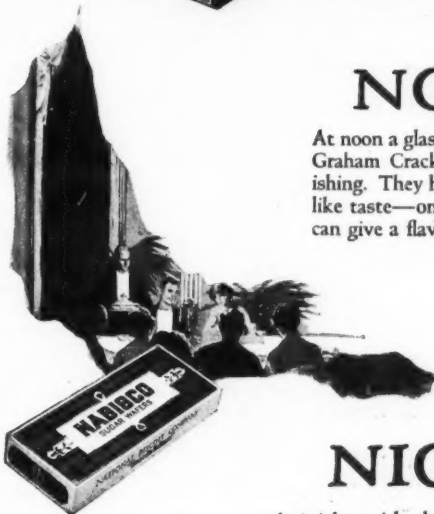


## MORNING



## NOON

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## NIGHT

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to be made sport of. But as it was I found myself strangely cool. I had a subconscious feeling that there would be a reaction later and that the next time I looked in a mirror I should find my hair strangely whitened, but for the moment I was unnaturally composed and my brain buzzed like a circular saw in an ice-box.

"How do you do?" I heard myself say. My voice seemed to come from a long distance, but it was steady and even pleasing in timbre.

"You wished to see me, Mr. Corcoran?" "Yes."

"Then why," inquired Miss Ukridge softly, "did you ask for my secretary?"

There was the same old acid sub-tinkle in her voice. But that odd alertness stood by me well.

"I understood that you were out of town," I said.

"Who told you that?"

"They were saying so at the Savage Club the other night."

This seemed to hold her.

"Why did you wish to see me?" she asked, baffled by my ready intelligence.

"I hoped to get a few facts concerning your proposed lecture tour in America."

"How did you know that I was about to lecture in America?"

I raised my eyebrows. This was childish.

"They were saying so at the Savage Club," I replied.

Baffled again. "I had an idea, Mr. Corcoran," she said with a nasty gleam in her blue eyes, "that you might be the person alluded to in my nephew Stanley's telegram."

"Telegram?"

"Yes. I altered my plans and returned to London last night instead of waiting till this evening, and I had scarcely arrived when a telegram came, signed Ukridge, from the village where I had been staying. It instructed my secretary to hand over to a gentleman who would call this morning the draft of the speech which I am to deliver at the dinner of the Pen and Ink Club. I assume the thing to have been some obscure practical joke on the part of my nephew Stanley. And I also assume, Mr. Corcoran, that you must be the gentleman alluded to."

I could parry this sort of stuff all day.

"What an odd idea!" I said.

"You think it odd? Then why did you tell my butler that my secretary was expecting you?"

It was the worst one yet, but I blocked it.

"The man must have misunderstood me. He seemed," I added loftily, "an unintelligent sort of fellow."

Our eyes met in silent conflict for a brief instant, but all was well. For people may say what they like about the artificialities of modern civilization and hold its hypocrisies up to scorn; but whatever its defects, civilization prevents a gently bred lady from calling a man a liar and punching him on the nose, however convinced she may be that he deserves it. Miss Ukridge's hands twitched, her lips tightened, and her eyes gleamed blue—but she restrained herself. She shrugged her shoulders.

"What do you wish to know about my lecture tour?" she said. It was the white flag.

Ukridge and I had arranged to dine together at the Regent Grill Room that night and celebrate the happy ending of his

troubles. I was first at the tryst, and my heart bled for my poor friend as I noted the carefree way in which he ambled up the aisle to our table. I broke the bad news as gently as I could, and the man sagged like a filleted fish. It was not a cheery meal. I extended myself as host, plying him with rich foods and spirited young wines, but he would not be comforted. The only remark he contributed to the conversation occurred as the waiter retired with the cigar box.

"What's the time, Corky old man?"

I looked at my watch.

"Just on half past nine."

"About now," said Ukridge dully, "my aunt is giving the old lady an earful!"

Lady Lakenheath was never even at the best of times what I should call a sparkling woman, but it seemed to me, as I sat with her at tea on the following afternoon, that her manner was more somber than usual. She had all the earmarks of a woman who has had disturbing news. She looked, in fact, exactly like a woman who has been told by the aunt of the man who is endeavoring to marry into her respectable family the true character of that individual.

It was not easy in the circumstances to keep the ball rolling but I was struggling bravely when the last thing happened which I should have predicted.

"Mr. Ukridge," announced the maid.

That Ukridge should be here at all was astounding; but that he should bustle in, as he did, with that same air of being the household pet soared into the very empyrean of the inexplicable. So acutely was I affected by the spectacle of this man whom I had left on the previous night a broken hulk, behaving with the ebullience of an honored member of the family, that I did what I had been on the verge of doing every time I had partaken of Lady Lakenheath's hospitality—upset my tea.

"I wonder," said Ukridge, plunging into speech with the same old breezy abruptness, "if this stuff would be any good, Aunt Elizabeth."

I had got my cup balanced again as he started speaking, but at the sound of this affectionate address over it went again. Only a juggler of long experience could have manipulated Lady Lakenheath's miniature cups and saucers successfully under the stress of emotions such as I was experiencing.

"What is it, Stanley?" asked Lady Lakenheath. They were bending their heads over a bottle which Ukridge had pulled out of his pocket.

"It's some new stuff, Aunt Elizabeth. Just put on the market. Said to be excellent for parrots. Might be worth trying, you know."

"It is exceedingly thoughtful of you, Stanley, to have brought it," said Lady Lakenheath warmly. "And I shall certainly try the effect of a dose if Leonard has another seizure. Fortunately he seems almost himself again this afternoon."

"Splendid!"

"My parrot," said Lady Lakenheath, including me in the conversation, "had a most peculiar attack last night. I cannot account for it. His health has always been so particularly good. I was dressing for dinner at the time and so was not present at the outset of the seizure, but my niece, who was an eye-witness of what occurred, tells me he behaved in a most

unusual way. Quite suddenly, it appears, he started to sing very excitedly; then, after a while, he stopped in the middle of a bar and appeared to be suffering. My niece, who is a most warm-hearted girl, was naturally exceedingly alarmed. She ran to fetch me, and when I came down poor Leonard was leaning against the side of his cage in an attitude of complete exhaustion, and all he would say was 'Have a nut!' He repeated this several times in a low voice, and then closed his eyes and tumbled off his perch. I was up half the night with him, but now he is almost his old bright self again, and has been talking in Swahili, a sign that he is feeling cheerful."

It was particularly unfortunate," observed Ukridge sympathetically, "that the thing should have happened last night, because it prevented Aunt Elizabeth going to the Pen and Ink Club dinner."

What!

"Yes," said Lady Lakenheath regretfully. "And I had been so looking forward to meeting Stanley's aunt there. Miss Julia Ukridge, the novelist. But with Leonard in this state, naturally I could not stir from the house. His claims were paramount. I shall have to wait till Miss Ukridge returns from America."

"Next April," murmured Ukridge softly.

"I think, if you will excuse me now, Mr. Corcoran, I will just run up and see how Leonard is." The door closed.

"Laddie," said Ukridge solemnly, "doesn't this just show?"

I gazed at him accusingly.

"Did you poison that parrot?"

"Me? Poison the parrot? Of course I didn't poison the parrot. The whole thing was due to an act of mistaken kindness carried out in a spirit of the purest altruism. And, as I was saying, doesn't it just show that no little act of kindness, however trivial, is ever wasted in the great scheme of things? One might have supposed that when I brought the old lady that bottle of Peppo the thing would have begun and ended there with a few conventional words of thanks. But mark, laddie, how all things work together for good. Millie, who, between ourselves, is absolutely a girl in a million, happened to think the bird was looking a bit off color last night, and with a kindly anxiety to do him a bit of good gave him a slice of bread soaked in Peppo."

"Now, what they put in that stuff, old man, I don't know, but the fact remains that the bird almost instantly became perfectly pie-eyed. You have heard the old lady's account of the affair, but believe me, she doesn't know one-half of it. Millie informs me that Leonard's behavior had to be seen to be believed. When the old lady came down he was practically in a drunken stupor, and all today he has been suffering from a shocking head. If he's really sitting up and taking notice again it simply means that he has worked off one of the finest hangovers of the age. Let this be a lesson to you, laddie, never to let a day go by without its act of kindness. What's the time, old horse?"

"Getting on for five."

Ukridge seemed to muse for a moment, and a happy smile irradiated his face.

"About now," he said complacently, "my aunt is out in the Channel somewhere. And I see by the morning paper that there is a nasty gale blowing up from the southeast!"



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## Consider the Lilies

(Continued from page 23)

palaces down-town. They had held hands with their boys while the hundred thousand dollar pipe organ sobbed and groaned and quavered, stirring their senses. They had married decent young mechanics and lived in bungalows of their own. They had cheap automobiles and visited Poli and Tony Sundays, often plumping their babies down and going off for the day.

The Seboks owned an automobile, too, as befitted a laboring man's family. Tony, with his knowledge of engines and of all things mechanical, had bought at a bargain a second-hand car of good make. He used the original car only as a basis on which to erect his own work of art. He knew the car's every part, and improved on it. He worked on it as an artist on a canvas, bringing out a highlight there, subduing a tone here. He could make it do incredible things. It was his slave, his toy. He usually drove to work in it, as did many of the other mechanics in the shops. You could note any day quite a covey of good-looking middle class cars grouped in the cinder plot outside the shops. At five o'clock these streamed briskly out of the gates of the plant, driven by swarthy mustachioed men of Tony's age, their great work-grimed hands guiding the wheel expertly.

Poli loved the car. She would drop her work—whatever she was doing—to go riding in it. She usually donned for motoring a lace and ribbon atrocity known as a "boudeir cap." This intimate garment she wore in the gaseous crowded Chicago boulevards, her dark face all the darker in contrast with its absurd lacy frame. Sometimes, on Sundays, they "toured," whisking up and down the asphalted highways of the flat ugly Illinois prairie landscape; up and down, rather aimlessly, like thousands of others. Poli was happiest at such times.

So Poli and Tony Sebok approached middle age; overtook it. The house was paid for. They owned it; had improved it. Electric lights. A golden brown upright piano, bought on the instalment plan for the girls. Rugs in parlor and dining room. The ubiquitous phonograph. An almost human washing machine churned Tony's shirts and overalls clean. These belongings had marked the passing of the years. This year the piano. The next the washing machine. The next a new rug. The next the automobile. Eleven thousand dollars in the bank. Poli had worked hand in hand with him for all these things—had worked and saved and spent, as he had. And now—what? Work and save and bring up your kids right, Tony had said. Well, they had done these things. Now what?

Often, on summer evenings, they drove over to Jackson Park and drew up at the lake front. There they would sit, surveying with lack-luster eye the calm or cavortings of the august body of water called Lake Michigan that stretched away to the horizon. Poli wore a neat summer dress and was hatless, unless adorned by the boudoir cap. Tony, in shirt-sleeves and suspenders, his feet propped up on the dashboard or fore door, spat judiciously and half dozed. Poli didn't care much for

the water. She said it was kind of dumb, slopping around like that, going nowhere.

"I like a place where you can walk on it," she said. "A place where you can go if you want to, and build a fire and picnic, and like that."

Tony liked it. He would exchange pleasantries with the other men whose cars were parked slantwise on either side. He would smoke contentedly.

Suddenly Poli would give a little twitch and heave of her shoulders. "Le's go."

"We on'y just come."

"We been here a hour, anyway."

"Is nice here. What's the matter with it here?"

"Sittin' by the lake all night."

"Where you want to go to?"

"Oh, around. Driving around."

"What's always a-eatin' into you, anyway? Like a flea. By golly!"

Grumbling, he would start the car, slide it and twist it and back it deftly out of the line. Off they would go. Poli would draw a satisfied sigh. She usually talked little while they were driving.

Money in the bank; house; comfort; clothes; food; the children married.

"I wisht we could go somewheres different once," Poli said.

"We was to Elgin last Sunday on'y."

"Elgin!"

In July of that same summer came the strike at the shops. It was a foolish strike, and threatened to last the summer. It spread to South Chicago, to Gary. It was predicted that the familiar glow that you could see in the lowering, smoke-laden sky south of Chicago would be absent some night. That would mean catastrophe—the eternal fires in the great furnaces dead. Tony, level-headed, cool, experienced, was against the strike and said so.

One evening, a week later, a stone was thrown from a roadside covert, hitting him a nasty clip just behind the ear. It was a scalp wound, with profuse bleeding, but not a serious one. Poli was frantic. "See! That's what you get, shootin' off your mou't." But she hovered over him, would not let him out of her sight, fed him soup, scolded him tenderly.

The strike had been on three weeks, and no adjustment in sight. Tony was himself again, a little pale from the confinement. His great hands were strangely white, free of the shop grease and grit and grime. He spent hours in the little home-made garage back of the house, taking the car apart, greasing it, oiling it, polishing it.

Suddenly, one day, "Le's go somewheres," said Poli. "Not just around. I don't mean. Somewheres away. In the machine. What's the use stickin' around here, with them bums throwing stones and maybe guns, I bet, and the strike on I don't know for how long. Le's take the machine, me and you, and go somewheres on a trip. A far trip. A far ways."

Tony thought about it. He refused to commit himself. Two days passed. Three. Then, at supper: "We could go to Youngstown, Ohio. To my brother Joe in Youngstown, on a visit."

Poli put down knife and fork. "Which way's that?" He pointed vaguely east. "No. I don't want to go that way. I want to go that way. Over there. Where

I ain't never been. Over there." Poli pointed toward the west—toward the line where prairie and sky met. The horizon. "That's west," Tony said.

"Aw' right. That's where I want to go. West."

Another week spent in tinkering the car and buying supplies. They got their routing though they seemed rather vague about their destination. "West," they replied to the question of the man at the office. "West." He gave them a dozen or more long pages of typed route list. The car, as they started out, bore strange protuberances on its sides and back; lumpy bundles and bales; queer shafts and poles strapped to the running boards; rolls of canvas on the fenders; boxes behind; bales and packages and yellow suitcases in the tonneau. So they started off, away from the smug bungalow and the well ordered comfort of their laboring class life, toward the horizon.

They struck out for the Lincoln Highway. At first they consulted their route instructions carefully; followed them meticulously. Jog right; left on Galena Avenue; right at foot of bridge; left at reverse fork; curve left. But as the days went on they developed a kind of road sense, an intuitive feeling for right or wrong that comes to the tourist, though they still held to their printed directions, of course. On toward the western horizon. At first they drove all day, sometimes fiercely, sometimes slowly, but maintaining a certain standard of miles daily. There was nothing relaxed about this driving. So many miles to Council Bluffs; so many miles to Omaha; so many miles to Lincoln, Nebraska.

"I guess we make this, how they call it—Waukena—or, yes, that's how it is—Waukena—tonight, huh?" Poli would say.

"Naw, guess we push right on to this here Fort Morgan. Feller back there to the filling station he tells me they got a good camp ground there."

"Yeh?" She was satisfied. Just so they went on. Sitting there beside him, his great sure brown hands on the wheel, she would survey with dreamy cat-like eyes the world spread ever anew before her. The flat prairies of the Iowa and Nebraska corn country found her still restless, fidgety.

At night they camped at public camping grounds. For the first thousand miles or so they clung automatically to the accustomed orderliness and method of their everyday life as they had known it in the bungalow in the south section of Chicago. They had bought a little portable oven in a South Chicago hardware store. You put it on the ground, stuffed it with wood, lighted it, and in ten minutes it was red hot. Poli boiled potatoes, fried ham and eggs, even baked hot biscuits. Tony had rigged up all sorts of ingenious devices—a cupboard, screws and bolts that dropped the back seat into a bed—though they carried an auto tent. He was a wizard with a tool kit. A contrivance at the back of the car dropped to make a dining table. Everything in the car pulled out, shoved in, screwed, flapped, turned, disappeared, did surprising flip-flops, became something it was not. It was like a magic mammoth toy.



## If you want the truth, go to a child

**J**EPSON had a spectacular record as a salesman. They used to call him "Crash-'em-down" Jepson. And the bigger they were, the harder they fell.

Lately, though, Jepson felt himself slipping. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified. Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

\* \* \*

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath). You, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. *Not* by substituting some other odor but by really removing the old one. The Listerine odor itself quickly disappears. So the systematic use of Listerine puts you on the safe and polite side.

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Three cooked meals a day at first; clean blankets; washing; brushing; getting up at their accustomed hour; sleeping at their accustomed hour. But slowly, gradually, this old mode of living slipped from them. As they went on, on, Poli sometimes would sing as they drove, in her hoarse, low, rather eery voice, songs Tony had never heard her sing even when she had been a bride and had sung as she slammed about the kitchen of the old flat on North Avenue.

"What's that you're singing?" he would ask. "So crazy sounds."

"Huh?" She would act as though wakened out of a sleep. "I didn't know at all was I singing. I don't know. I guess was a song old Grandma Zbado she would sing all time when I was kid on Clybourn. Working around she would sing all time to herself crazy songs like that."

Cars on the road, cars on the road, hundreds of them, streaming, skimming past fields, prairies, plains, mesas. Cars like their own, filled with sunburned men whose hands, on the wheel, were work-grimed; women with faces reminiscent of old-country peasant stock. Cars distorted with lumpy bundles, sacks, bales, bunches, like their own. Cars popping with children, swarthy or tow-headed.

"Where you headin' f'r?" these would call to them, or they to these.

"West," was the vague answer, with a gesture toward the setting sun. "I dunno. West."

They drove all day. At night the public camp grounds of the Western towns were swarming with their kind. The camp ground was usually a littered lot in a grove of cottonwoods or willows. They streamed in at five, at six, at seven, the dust-covered caravaners. Usually there was a hut equipped with gas plates, and for five cents you could cook your food over the gas flame. For another five cents you got hot water. The women did bits of washing. The men's faces gleamed dusky in the half light. The women looked shapeless, grotesque, sometimes mysterious, witch-like. A new Romany band they were, born of a modern invention, seeking cool lands in summer, warm lands in winter.

"Is like old times," Poli said once to Tony.

"How old times?"

"In old country. How they used to go. On'y in wagons."

"Yeh?" He did not know what she meant. Was content. They were happy.

Sometimes Tony regarded her curiously. She became more and more like the bold, careless, wild girl who had caught his eye and held it that night in the pink dress at Prudential Hall. Crimpers no longer tortured her hair at night. It streamed free, black, abundant. Her skin was tanned the color of leather. Instinctively she seemed to know queer things—how to drink out of a mountain brook, lying flat on her stomach and lipping up the icy water. She was adept at building fires. Once she called him her Velvet Georgie.

"Whaddyou mean, Georgie?" he asked humorously. "Talkin' in your sleep?" (The comic movies).

She was not talking in her sleep. "Oh,

I dunno. I must of heard it somew'eres. Nickname."

The prim orderliness of their life gave way to rougher, more primitive habits. Sometimes they ate twice a day only, or munched a handful of something at noon as they drove. At night she would cook one dish in a black pot—a hot, savoury mess stewed in the kettle and spicy with chile, onions, tomatoes. This they ate with great draughts of hot coffee, revivifying, stimulating after a long day's drive. Then they would sleep deeply, dreamlessly, like tired animals.

As they drove, the golden road disappeared mile after mile, endlessly, into the rapacious maw of the little car. When Poli first beheld the mountains she gave a queer little savage cry and half stood up in the car, as though moved to leap from it.

Days became weeks. Their life became more primitive. Their high ambition was to find a spot where there was both water and shade at the end of the day.

"Is better as working, huh, Tony?"

"I betcha."

"We don't work no more, huh?"

"How you mean don't work no more, crazy, you! Starve to deat', huh?"

"Starve not'ing. You said how that man back in La Junta, Colorado, he give you seven dollar a day for work in Santa Fé shops there. Always you could find job for little while, and save money, and then go on some more, riding."

"Yeh, riding! Riding where?"

"Anywheres. Where other people is always riding."

"Crazy, you! Crazy woman!"

She waxed sullen, silent, moody.

They approached Albuquerque, New Mexico, saw Indians for the first time. She became excited, garrulous. They must stop here. They must stop here. There was a fair in progress at the city's edge and near this they camped. Next morning when they awoke they found that they had been robbed. Tony's wallet was gone, filched neatly while he slept, though he had taken all the usual precautions to protect it. Frightened, bewildered, he went off to the heart of town to declare his loss, to communicate with Louie back in Chicago, thankful for the solid sum in the South Chicago bank.

"I guess we are through now, touring," he said grimly.

"Through! Why through? To California! We go to California, like we say."

"Naw. We going back home all right."

She protested frenziedly. "No! I don't go back! You see. I don't go."

He left her sulking in the tent. People were flocking to the fair grounds. The grounds were all astir. The bright western sun, the intense blue of the sky, the great white puffs of cloud ballooning on the horizon, all promised a fine day. The sage-green mesa stretched away to the purple mountain peaks, snow-capped. He sighed as he drove into town. On a platform near the fair grandstand some acrobats were testing their apparatus for the day's early performance. In their tights the women, with their great thighs and torsos and hard muscular legs, looked grotesque as they went through with their writhings and squirmings with the illimitable mesa and the vast serene mountains

as a background to shame them. They were like fat bugs under a cruel microscope.

He came back at noon with the assurance that there would be money for him in a day or two, telegraphed by Louie in Chicago. He felt relieved, almost happy, and yet vaguely regretful.

He came to their tent. The flap was open. Pinned to the outside was a sign printed crudely: "Gipsy Fortun Teler."

He stared, mouth ludicrously open. Then he lurched in, his big frame brushing the sides of the tent and shaking it. Half blinded by the glare of the sunshine from without, he could dimly discern two figures seated on camp chairs, close together. One, a woman unknown to him; the other almost equally strange. This one had one of his red cotton handkerchiefs knotted about her head, from which her black hair streamed to the waist. Around her neck were bright-colored cheap Indian beads. Brass hoops dangled from her ears. Her eyes gleamed catlike in her swarthy face. Poli, reverted to type.

One syllable only, and a gesture. "Out!" he said to the unknown woman into whose palm Poli had been peering. This one gasped, snatched her hand away, fled through the opening into the safe outer sunshine, away from the terrifying man with the rolling eyeballs. At sight of him Poli, too, had cowered a little—but only a little. She rose, faced him, eyes and teeth and earrings and beads flashing.

"I make money. I make big money telling fortune so we can go some more."

"Take that rag off from your head. We pack up. We go home now. Crazy tsigane, you!"

Back, then, away from the western sun, their faces toward the east. Mountains faded into mesa, and mesa became plain, and plain became prairie and prairie became field. Jog left; right on Galena Avenue. The Lincoln Highway. South Chicago. Home. The bungalow, set in the midst of the Illinois prairie, looking strangely populous now, and urban. Louie was there to meet them, and Pauline and Emmy, and a brood of children, and there was much clamor and coffee.

The strike? Well, Louie thought, them fools was about ready to give in an' call it a day and get back to the old job. Had a stummick full of it, he guessed, layin' around doing nothing. Papers said any day it'd be fixed an' the bosses would give 'em the le's go sign. Well, pretty good to get home, huh? Little old Chicago lool' ed pretty good to 'm, huh?

Poli, at the kitchen sink, said nothing. The brood was off now, piling into the cars at the roadside and driving away, hands waving, children squalling. They stood on the front porch, Tony and Poli, looking out across the dull, drab Illinois prairie landscape to where the leaden clouds hung low so that sky and prairie seemed to be closing in all about them.

Poli, gazing, said nothing. Tony passed a brown hand over his stubble beard, scratched his grizzled head, spat. "Je's, it looks little!" he said.

Poli, gazing, said nothing. But a new hope welled in her.

*You will be delighted to know that another of Edna Ferber's vivid stories, dealing with an unusual aspect of Western life, will appear in COSMOPOLITAN pages shortly*



## The Prisoner of Chill On

(Continued from page 29)

refrain which, by an adaptive pronunciation of the flexible key word, could be made to fit any identity; a song which in this instance would have run like this:

Ole Bubber Ferguson  
Rix, sticks, sturveson,  
High ball, low ball,  
Ole Bubber Ferguson!

Or possibly, did he weep, the tag line would have been: "Cry-baby Ferguson!"

By virtue of countless reiterations this elastic refrain before now had availed to madden a victim to the point of wildness. But now no one among the newcomers was moved to chant it. They seemed awed. They pressed together, eying the prisoner almost fearfully. It was as though, with no prior warning, he had become a creature marked and set apart from his kind. As a matter of fact, each one of them was face to face with a new experience; mentally, each was shivering as he put himself in the Ferguson boy's place.

As for the latter, he interpreted rightly the cause of this seeming consideration for his plight. Their forbearance, their very silence, somehow added to his weight of misery. His mask of indifference was all at once dissolved. He allowed himself to be aware of their presence.

"Git out of this yard!" he shouted at them, taking care, even so, to hold his body rigid. "You-all git right out of here, like I'm tellin' you to!"

As though they had not heard him, their formation shifted from a clump to a skirmish line. They spread out and stepped gently, as slowly they came nearer, maneuvering so as to bring his left leg better within the line of vision. It was plain that they morbidly craved to look upon what still was concealed from their view by the low line of herbage growing against the foundation of the house.

"I ain't goin' tell you again!" cried out the beleaguered and desperate Bubber. "If you don't go like whut I say, somebody's goin' to git hurt. I'll—I'll throw somethin' at you!"

It was a vain threat, as he himself knew, and to it only one of the advancing squad gave heed. This boy, a small, round, quiet boy who wore glasses, was an alien addition to the present party anyhow; temperamentally, he did not match the company. He was a minister's son, but in him was living refutation of the ancient claim that the worst boy in any town is a minister's son. For this boy was almost incredibly good; he completely and constantly was guided by a conscience which appeared never to sleep. Perhaps it was an inheritance. Already, within less than a year after accepting a local call, his father had become communally distinguished as a moral force, smelling out evil where many had previously suspected no evil to be, and dragging it forth and exposing it. No concern appeared to be too small to escape his reforming care.

And this son of his was above all a biddable son. Perhaps it was because of this innate docility in his nature that slightly he shrank off at the second



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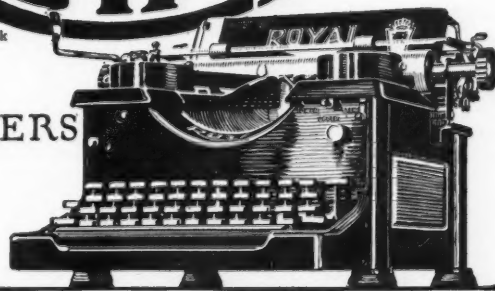
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inhospitable warning of the Ferguson boy, then hovered hesitatingly, as though pulled by opposing desires. But the remaining members of the group continued their flank movement over the grass plot.

Now then, from rage and humiliation the captive turned berserk. Forgetting all else, he charged at them. Before his onslaught they fell back slightly; he lunged out sidewise at the nearer-most figure, and the wire tinged and sang, and he was jerked forward and struck on his stomach with the fettered foot held tautly up behind him and the free one drumming the earth impotently.

The lingering son of the clergyman had seen enough. Immediately and in the direction of his own home he swiftly departed, and on his young face was the look of one who bears news of importance to quarters of authority. The rest took no note of his going.

They sat down in the grass, making a sort of rough circle, open through the middle, and the center of the circle was the Ferguson boy, sobbing loudly and flapping like a hooked fish and contending with his bonds. Well beyond reach of his hands, which now clutched at them and now clenched into fists to beat on the unresisting air, they were squatted like so many Indians in council about the torture stake. The proverbial stoicism of the red race seemed also to be theirs—a borrowed mood, but, for an occasion so extraordinary, a befitting one, it seemed. There was something forced and unnatural about their speech, too; herein they rather suggested specialists at a clinic or scientists dealing impersonally with a rare specimen. For when finally they did speak, it was in guarded undertones, and, altogether ignoring Bubber Ferguson's imminent presence and his passionate denunciations of them, they referred to him in the third person.

"First time I ever saw anything like that was when old Mister Kincheloe caught a fox out in the woods and uster keep it in his horse lot," said one.

"I remember," mused a second; "that there old fox wore a groove right down in the ground runnin' back and forth. And then, pretty soon after that, people got to doin' it to dogs."

"That must 'a' been where this family got the notion of doin' it," commented a third, softly; "from a dog or somethin'."

"Only here just the other day my father was readin' a piece out loud out of a book about a feller away off somewhere that was kept like—like that." It was Master John C. Calhoun Custer, Junior, who interjected this commentary, and he made his meaning clearer with a restrained gesture of one arm. "No, 'twasn't exactly like that, neither. Because this here other feller was away down deep in a cold wet old cellar, and he had one of those iron things"—again he motioned discreetly—"round each one of his legs, and the chain was bolted on to a kind of a stone post. There was a picture of him in the book. And he stayed down there for years and years—him and some of his folks, too. They called him—let's see now"—he knit his brows in concentration—"oh, yes; I remember now—they called him 'The Prisoner of Chill On.' And after awhile—"

"Hey there, you young-uns!"

The couchant group turned their heads to see who had interrupted their conference. An elderly man with longish red whiskers was glowering at them above the fence line.

"Whut d'ye mean, you other boys, by keepin' that there middle boy hitched up that-a-way?" he demanded. "Don't you know any better than to torment him that-a-way? Don't you see, from how he's carryin' on, that he don't like to be done that-a-way?"

"We didn't do it to him," stated the boy who previously was introduced as Earwigs Erwin.

"Well, who did do it, if you didn't?"

"His folks—that's who." It was a boy named Eddie Hewlett who supplied this information.

"His father, it must 'a' been," added the Custer boy. By instinct, as it were, he sensed that this corrective measure must have sprung from a parental source.

"Fur runnin' away, prob'ly," volunteered Master Erwin again. "He runs away a lot."

"Well, well, well," stated the older spectator. "So that's the way it is, is it? Well, if that don't beat all!" He brought forth spectacles and fitted them to his nose and, no longer moved by apparent pity for the wriggling figure face downward in the grass, he stared long and earnestly.

"Stand up there, buddy," he commanded at length, "or else stay still—I want to see just how you're hooked on to this here wire contraption."

There was no use to struggle further. The cup of the captive's shame could hold no more. He stood up sullenly, his face averted. He even lifted the ringed ankle, on the whiskered man's request.

"Well, well, well," said that person after another spell of intent gazing. "In all my born days I can't say as I ever seen the beat." He felt in his waistcoat pocket and flipped with his right hand, and a small bright flat circular object spun in the air and fell near the ring of hunched shapes. "There," he said, "I guess such a sight is worth that much, anyway."

He continued down the street, looking backward repeatedly as though loath to abandon his study of a sight so rare and interesting.

"Say, fellers, looky here!" Young Custer spoke in a thrilled tone. It was he who had scrambled to his feet and run to retrieve the onlooker's voluntary offering from where it fell among the grass stems. "He's went and gave us a whole ten-cent piece just for lettin' him look at—him!"

His five associates rose hastily. Temporarily deserting the morose captive they clustered, with excited words, about the Custer boy.

"Gee, a whole ten cents—just for that!"

"He looked to me like a kind of a stingy man, too. I betcher he wouldn't go throwin' his money round without he thought he was gittin' the worth of it."

"Lemme look at it, Juney. Naw, in my own hand, I mean—you ain't got any right to be holdin' it all the time in your hand. It ain't yours any more'n it's all the rest of us's, I guess."

"Whut'll we buy with it?"

"Whut we better do is, we better give it right back to him."

Four pairs of indignant eyes were instantly aimed at the latest speaker.

"Whut you mean—we better give it back to him?"

"Because my mother she says you mustn't never let somebody that you don't know him give you money. And if he does, you mustn't take it."

"But we can't give it back to him—he's done gone."

"That's so—he has," agreed the conscientious objector in a relieved tone.

"Anyhow, he give it to us just-so. We didn't none of us ask him for it, did we? He paid it his own self for us lettin' him see him, just like Juney said."

"Le's buy rock candy with it—it lasts the longest."

"Naw, le's buy cracknels and animal crackers, mixed."

"Naw, le's—"

"Fellers!" The Custer boy broke in on the disputants. In the discussion he had been taking no part, but had stood by with a rapt look on his face. "Say, fellers, lissen—say, if we only had some way to keep him hid out of sight I betcher we could make a whole lot more money than this, chargin' people so much a look."

"Gee, Juney; you reckon?"

"Well, that there man that's just went, didn't he pay without our askin' him to? Well, if he did, wouldn't everybody else pay, too? Only, we wouldn't tell 'em how much they had to pay. We'd let 'em look first and then they could give us anything they wanted to. That-a-way I betcher we'd make more—"

"You ain't a-goin' to do no such of a thing neither, Juney Custer," the unhappy prisoner proclaimed, straining frantically at his bonds. "I guess I got somethin' to say about it, ain't I? I ain't goin' to be showed off like some kind of a wild animal in a cage." He had ceased from weeping, his sulkiness had dropped from him and the inner heat engendered by the prospect of this new and appalling indignity was drying the tears on his cheeks.

"You can't help yourself, kin you? They're goin' to see you anyhow, ain't they? There ain't no place out here for you to git away from their seein' you. Purty soon there's goin' to be a big crowd round here—you just see if there ain't. You can't expect to stay all day chained up in your front yard on one of the most principal streets of this whole town without people stoppin' to look at you. I sh'd say not!"

"Naw, naw, naw!"

"Say, have a little gumption, cantcher?" begged his adviser. "Ain't you goin' to git your share of all the money that's took in? I sh'd think you'd be glad to think people would pay out their good money to look at you instead of hollerin' out this-a-way while I'm tryin' to explain ever'thing to you." The tempter closely studied the face of the tempted; he thought he saw there signs of weakening; he hastened to buttress his argument.

"Why, looky here, Bubber; it'll be just like givin' a show—a real, sure-enough show. We'll have a tent fur you to stay under—I know where we can git somethin' fur a tent. We kin stretch it right acrost this wire here and fasten it down with stobs each side. And there oughter be a sign up over the tent

sayin' on it: 'Wild Boy That His Father Has to Chain Him up to Keep from Runnin' Away'—somethin' like that. Naw, I tell you! It'll say on it, 'The Prisoner of Chill On,' in big letters. That'll sound more—more myster'ous."

"Naw, I'm tellin' you, naw!"

But the emphasis was gone. Bubber's passionate negatives were losing their force. With a flint of his head the strategist called upon the reserves. His followers—they magically had become his followers—hedged the Ferguson boy in, reinforcing the chief counselor's pleas for reasonableness with their own. Their leader shot home a crowning inducement:

"You'll git a bigger share than these here other fellers because if it wasn't for you we couldn't have a show, because you're the main 'traction. You and me'll git the two biggest shares." He hastened to explain further, dominantly stilling sounds of rising revolt from the company. "Natchelly I'm entitled to more'n the rest fur thinkin' up the whole thing and knowin' where to git the tent and thinkin' up about havin' a sign and about whut to paint on it, and all. Besides, I got to be the doorkeeper and make speeches tellin' about whut kind of a show we've got. But ever'body will git a plenty out of it, I reckon. And ever'body else'll have plenty to do too. Earwigs, you and Eddie Hewlett'll be the ones that'll go up and down the street stoppin' people and invitin' 'em to come on and see whut we got on ex'hibition here. And Buttsy, you and Freddie McGowan'll git long sticks and go 'long that front fence yonder and keep other kids from hangin' round tryin' to see Bubber for nothin'; and if they don't go way when you tell 'em to, why, you kin just take and drive 'em off. And Swad Lanier here"—he indicated the last remaining member of the troupe—"you'll stand 'longside of me at the door of the tent and take up the money from 'em as they come out—that's one of the most important jobs of all. I sh'd say it is."

And the Lanier boy, who just now had murmured louder than any at the proposed plan for dividing the cash proceeds, led the shrill chorus of assents which arose. And now, too, the original protestant was surrendering himself to this flood of compelling logic. As presented in this favorable light, the scheme for capitalizing his misfortune was beginning to offer alluring histrionic possibilities.

"Well," he said, not too willingly, "maybe we might as well try it for just a little while to see how I like it."

John C. Calhoun Custer, Junior, that potential P. T. Barnum in short pants, stepped forward and delivered a master stroke. Generously he pressed the first fruits of the young enterprise into the palm of his friend. "You git this dime to start off with, Bubber," the young diplomat stated grandly. "There ain't any tellin' how much more'll be comin' to you before we git through."

Still, when all was said and done, the rôle of impresario proved not altogether an easy rôle. To begin with, there was an organization to be kept under control and in order; that, though, was not the hardest part. The main trouble was with the star. He developed, as stars so often do, that thing called temperament; there were times when he really



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was quite difficult. This was after his earlier diffidence wore off, when he had ceased to be shamefaced and had become inflamed with arrogance and puffed up with self-content and was shouting orders as though he dealt with some mere underling rather than with a creator sharing equally in the profits, even haughtily bidding the official introducer be silent while he personally directed the attention of patrons to the strength and security of his bondage and, with pride and vainglory, elaborated on the series of misdeeds which had brought him to this present enviable place of eminence in the public mind. Older actors than this actor was have a name for this disease. They call it hogging the center of the stage. And our young man had it in a violent form, with all the characteristic symptoms of voice and of mannerism and of bearing. There aren't many of us of whatsoever age who could endure a sudden transition from discredited villain to persecuted but happy hero without reflecting the change in our general department.

There were, on the financial side, compensations. By five o'clock the takings had grown to a gratifying amount. Scarcely a single customer, on departing, failed to place a cash contribution in the hands of the efficient treasurer. Nickles abounded, dimes were not infrequent, pennies helped to swell the sum total. One soft-hearted young lady, who made cooing, sympathetic sounds, tremendously enriched the collection with a silver quarter. As it chanced, she was the last paying visitor. The master of ceremonies bowed her out politely.

"You kin come back tomorrow again, lady, if you want to look at him some more," he told her.

"That poor child!" she said. "Are they actually going to keep him chained up tomorrow, too?"

"Oh, yessum," he said; "ever' day from now on, prob'ly."

Behind her back the star looked down fondly, almost lovingly, at his bright anklet. He lifted the limb and in his exuberance shook it so that his chain made a brave gay little clanking sound that matched in well with the music of the coins which he rattled together in his two cupped palms. His mood changed.

"Hey, you kids!" he shouted out authoritatively, "how many times I got to keep on tellin' you that my father is liable to show up any minute now? You want to spoil ever'thing, looks like. You kids better git busy!"

Other members of the staff assisted the manager in striking the tent. Being struck, it resolved itself into two of Mrs. Custer's best company coverlids, fastened together with safety-pins, and somewhat damaged where pegs had been used to fix the sidewalls to the turf. The pegs and the signboard were bestowed behind a convenient snowball bush. The workers finished their task just in time. Down the street they heard a warning shout from Eddie Hewlett who, half an hour before, had been detached from his other duties for special picket service. Another half-minute and the federated shareholders, all enriched, all jubilantly calculating on further enrichment, had vanished.

The juvenile Thespian plainly had the

protean gift. He slumped down upon the trampled grass, becoming instantly a figure of gloom and despondency. There, in a sad little heap, his braceleted leg tucked under him, his abashed face on his breast, his hands idly nursing a length of his chain, he was found by his father. Just this picture was needed to round out and complete Mr. Ferguson's remorse.

He came across the lawn and as he stooped to fit the key in the little padlock he caressed his son with comforting pats upon the hunched shoulders.

"I reckon you've been pretty lonely, my boy," he said contritely. "And pretty unhappy, too, I guess. Well, I haven't been any too happy myself." He slipped the unfastened cuff off the leg and flung it aside. "Come along. I guess you've learned your lesson. And if you haven't we'll have to try some other plan."

"Then you ain't goin' to do—this—to me tomorrow?"

Mr. Ferguson thought the quick start and the faltered words betokened relief. He put an affectionate arm around the still drooping form.

"No, boy," he said, "not tomorrow, nor any other day. Now then, brace up and don't keep on looking so miserable. I promise you this isn't going to happen again, ever—I'll send Ike right out to tear down these wires."

In a house in the next street an hour later, Master John C. Calhoun Custer, Junior, somewhat diffidently addressed his father as that gentleman sat at ease reading the evening paper and awaiting the summons to supper.

"Popper," he began as he entered the living room; "say, popper; lissen, won'tcher?"

Mr. Custer raised his head. "Well, what is it?" he asked.

"Er—popper, I was just thinkin' about somethin'."

"Oh, you were? Well, if you were thinking about begging for money you might as well put it out of your thoughts. It's been less than a month since you got your new acting bar and all those other presents on your thirteenth birthday. And I'm not going to buy you an air rifle and have you shooting yourself or somebody else. I've told you that a dozen times already within the last week."

"But, popper, this time I don't want you to buy me anything a-tall. I just thought you might be int'rusted in—in somethin'."

"Well, this is indeed a historic occasion. What's on your mind, then?"

Making answer, his son looked away and spoke, with unwonted embarrassment, out of one corner of his mouth:

"Well, I was just thinkin' of a new way—it looks like a mighty good way to me—for a parant to punish a boy."

The startled Mr. Custer dropped his paper. "What's that?" he inquired sharply. "From past experience I should think you'd be strongly opposed to all the old ways and all the new ways, too—if there are any new ways. Just what are you driving at, anyhow?"

"Well, suh, I was just thinkin'—"

"Hold your head up and quit mumbling. What's come over this boy, anyhow? Now go on."

"Well, popper, I was just thinkin' that if a boy misbehaved—run away from home or somethin'—that if his father was to git a chain—he could use that old well chain of ours that's out in the back yard if he didn't want to spend any money on a new one, because it'd be plenty strong enough and long enough, too—and took and fastened it round his leg with a padlock—I guess you could borrow an old padlock somewhere or else maybe find one round the house—and was to hitch him to a tree or a wire or somethin' out in our front yard or some place like that, and was to keep him there awhile, that probably it'd be a suvere lesson to him and——"

"Oh, you do, do you?" Mr. Custer spoke with emphasis. "Well, young man, I think I can guess where you got your notion, even if I can't figure out exactly what's on your mind—boys don't seem to be constituted as they were when I was a boy—but let me tell you this—an application of good old-fashioned peach tree switch to the under side of a boy's breeches is still going to be my favorite prescription. I've no desire to have a nosy preacher jumping half-way down my throat."

As though reminded of something, he turned and through the door hailed Mrs. Custer, who was in conference with a servant at the supper table:

"Oh, I forgot to tell you one part of the story awhile ago," he said to her. "It seems that about four o'clock the new pastor of the Baptist Church showed up at Ferguson's office and told poor old pestered Eli that he had it on good authority that Eli's boy was chained up hand and foot to the wall of his house, and he went on to say that he regarded this as cruel and barbarous treatment of a helpless child and that unless Eli let the kid loose right away he'd consider it his bounden duty as a minister of the Gospel and a citizen to make a personal investigation of the circumstances and report the case to the police and preach about it next Sunday from the pulpit. And so forth and so on. From what I can gather, he must have scared Eli up considerably. And now here comes this youngster of ours with a crazy suggestion that I should lay myself liable to the same sort of a dressing down from the Reverend Mr. Busybody Hemingway. See here, Junior—why, where's the boy gone? He was here just a second ago."

It was on the day following that another event, seemingly in no wise related to the foregoing incidents, came to pass. That round-faced, mannerly, entirely inoffensive lad who was the son of the new Baptist minister was waylaid by the Ferguson boy, aided and abetted by five other boys, having the Custer boy for a ring-leader, and while the rest stood by and loudly applauded what was done, the Ferguson boy, without apparent provocation and giving no reason for his conduct, did so spitefully use the Baptist minister's boy that the latter's nose badly was bruised, and he wailed loudly.

*You will laugh—with a queer catch in your throat—when you read Irvin Cobb's story of a "bad boy" in February COSMOPOLITAN*



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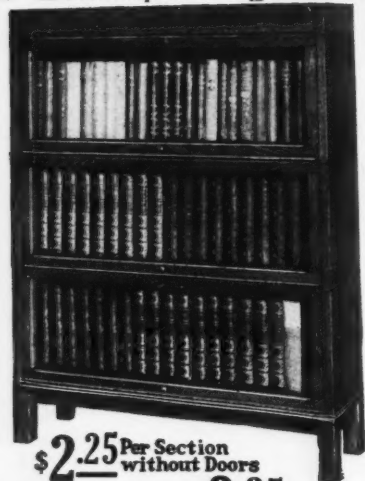
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## The Darkest Hour

(Continued from page 94)

It was a clumsy lie, and stumbled on his lips. The menace of him filled her with horror. But she did not let him see it—now. He came a step nearer, and she backed away from him. Suddenly her mind whipped inspirational words from her lips. She looked up swiftly to the top of the cliff. "I don't want Carter to see you here," she cried quickly. "He walked down the point with me, and I think he's up there."

The significance of her words was not lost upon Aleck. He moved nearer to the cliff, so that one above could not see them. She looked him, fighting back her fear.

"Why don't you want Carter to see us?"

"Because—if he saw us—everything would be lost. You would not dare help me then. And you will, Aleck—you will help me, won't you?" She had laid a hand on his arm. Her eyes were shining at him. "But you must tell me the truth. There isn't any need to lie. What did you do to Peter—when he came to the island?" There was almost a smile on her lips.

"The smoke was thick," said Aleck. "I heard him coming and hid in the water. Then I stunned him with a club. He ain't bad—not badly hurt—but he's safe enough on the island!"

Mona crushed back the little cry of relief that wanted to come to her lips. Suddenly one of Aleck's big hands closed about the one she had laid on his arm. She could feel his breath. "I told you my time would come," he cried in a husky, exultant voice. "My day! And it's here. I got 'em both—safe—one to hang, the other—"

"Sh-h-h!" She placed a finger to her lips. It was an excuse to draw away from him. She looked up again at the cliff. "Did you hear anything?"

"No. And if anyone hears us it's going to be your fault and not mine!"

It was impossible to escape the look in his face and eyes. It was not necessary for him to use words. But Mona did not flinch from her peril. It was not only her danger, but Peter's, and Donald McRae's, and Simon's. It had suddenly and unexpectedly become her fight—all hers; and she knew that Aleck Curry thought she was yielding, and that the brute in him was held in leash only by this belief that was beginning to possess him. If he guessed the truth, nothing would save her, not even her assertion that Carter was on the cliff above them. So she smiled again at Aleck, and laughed very softly, with a nervous twisting of her hands. Her eyes had never looked at him as they were looking at him now. They were like glowing stars, velvety soft—hiding hate and desperation.

Her fingers pressed his arm again.

"I must get Carter away," she whispered. "I've got to do it, Aleck! He mustn't know. I'll hurry. And then I'll come back. I promise!"

Horror seized her as she felt him drawing her toward him. But still she did not resist. With a low cry his great arms were about her. She felt herself almost broken against him, and then she was helpless, her head bent back, and his thick lips killing her with kisses. Those moments of helpless and agonized passiveness saved her. To Aleck it was surrender. His arms loosened and allowed her to breathe.

Weakly she pressed against him, and he allowed her partly to free herself. But she could still feel his hot breath like a poisonous fume in her face. He bent forward and kissed her again—on the mouth. It almost choked her.

"I must—must get Carter away!" she gasped. "Then I'll come back. If you won't let me do that I'll—I'll scream—and Carter will hear us. But if you'll let me get him away, so he'll never know—never be able to tell Peter—"

It was unnecessary for her to finish. Aleck's face was transformed by an iniquitous joy. He looked close into her face, and she looked back at him, unafraid. "I'll let you go—and get Carter away," he said. "If you don't come back soon I'll go to Five Fingers—and you know what that means for Peter and his father."

"I'll come," she lied.

She climbed up the narrow footpath to the top of the cliff, and getting her breath there she called Carter's name—loudly enough for Aleck to hear.

Then she began to run. She began to sob under her breath. There was no turning of the ways for her now. She must tell someone the truth—anyone—the first man she met. But Simon first of all. On the little island Peter might be dying. Maybe Aleck had killed him, for it was in his power to do so and still be within the law. She began to moan his name. Then she came to the crest of a high knoll which was bare of trees, and what she saw ahead of her stopped her, gulping for breath and almost falling in her exhaustion.

A wind was in her face. And northward there was no longer a black pall of smoke but a world afire. The glow of the conflagration reached from the earth to the sky. Pierre Gourdon's fear had become a reality. The fire was racing with the speed of the wind itself upon Five Fingers!

She ran on. Her hair caught in the brush, and she clutched it in front of her. She came at last to the edge of the clearing and staggered across it. There were lights in the cabins, in her own home, in Adette Clamart's, in Dominique Beauvais's and half a dozen others. But Simon's was dark. Yet she swayed toward that, hopeful to the last—and almost at the door she came upon Simon. He was rigid and still, like a shadow. He heard her panting, heard her trying to gasp out her terrible news, and his arms reached out and gathered her to him—and she told him what had happened to Peter.

Ten minutes later Simon was leaving in a sailboat. "It's so dark Curry won't see me when I pass through the mouth of the inlet," he said. "And I'll reach Peter in half an hour."

Mona went back to McQuarrie's cabin, climbed to Peter's room and lighted a lamp. In a cedar box she found Peter's thirty-eight caliber automatic and loaded it with skilful fingers. Then she extinguished the light, descended the ladder and left the cabin in the direction of her tryst with Aleck Curry. There was only one thing for her to do, and her mind was quite fixed. It was her right to be at the end of the point waiting for Simon and Peter. And if Aleck threatened her she would kill him. That was the one way out.



It would save Peter, and Peter's father, and herself. It was not a monstrous thing but a just and righteous act—this wiping out of existence of a creature who threatened to destroy everything that made her world a fit place to live in.

She had nearly passed the Clamart cabin when a white figure ran out of the gloom, and she had only time to hide the pistol in her dress when Adette Clamart was holding her excitedly by the arm.

"It is terrible!" Adette cried. "Jame says the fire will be at your beaver pond within an hour, and he has just started in that direction with Jeremie Poulin and Carter—to keep it from coming over the last ridge—"

"Carter!" gasped Mona.

"Yes. Jame told him about the cabin Peter built, and Carter said it was a shame not to save it, and the beavers. Jame says it is impossible—that a hundred men couldn't keep the fire back—but Carter insisted, and they've gone!"

Mona tried to force words from her lips, and thanked God that Adette hurried on. Carter had returned—and was on his way to the cabin in which Peter's father was hidden! And that cabin would be in the heart of the fire within an hour! With Peter dead or wounded on the island, and Simon gone, what hope was there now for Donald McRae? If the fire did not reach his cabin first, Carter would get him, and if the fire beat out Carter—

Mona's dry lips gave a little cry. Through the pitch-filled evergreen forest about the beaver pond the fire would sweep in a destroying inundation which no living creature could outrace if the wind was behind it; and Donald McRae, sick and helpless, would be the first human victim in its descent upon Five Fingers.

The peril which was threatening Peter's father from two directions worked a swift and thrilling change in Mona. She must beat out Carter—and she must beat out the fire! Thought of Aleck Curry became secondary to this more immediate necessity. She could settle with Aleck later. But she must reach the cabin *now*. There was not a minute or a second to lose if she was to get there ahead of Jame and Carter. She began to run again, following a path through the meadow into the strip of forest between the settlement and the shore of the lake. Her feet and Peter's had worn this trail smooth, and she knew that in the thickening gloom of smoke and night she was traveling faster than Carter and Jame Clamart, going by the rougher tote-road. In ten minutes she reached the cliff which ran westward along the lake.

Here she was high, and there were no trees to shut out her view of the ridge country. What she saw appalled her. Nowhere in the north was there any longer a wall of blackness. The world was red, with lurid flashings that came and went like mighty explosions. Westward, beyond the beaver pond, she could see the leaping of the flames in the thick spruce and cedar timberlands where ten thousand barrels of pitch and resinous oils were turning sleeping forests into boiling cauldrons of fire. The smell of this oil and pitch was heavy in her nostrils, and she could hear the moaning, distant roar of the conflagration as one hears the roar of great furnaces when the fuel doors are opened. But it was the wind that brought quicker fear

to her heart. It was beginning to blow strongly from the north and west, and carried with it a heat that was stifling. And with this heat and wind came also a thickening cloud of ash particles, until at last, afraid of their increasing sting, she stopped to take off her skirt and fasten it about her hair and face.

Half-way to the pond, with still another mile to go, she saw the flames leaping over the last ridge, and her heart seemed suddenly to give way in a sobbing cry of agony and despair. She was too late. Between that ridge and Peter's father was less than a mile of spruce and cedar and balsam forest, with pitch-sodden jackpines interspersed so thickly that no power less than God could hold back the speed of the holocaust. With the wind that was behind them the flames would be at the cabin before she could cover a quarter of the distance to Peter's father.

For a few moments she sank down helpless and without strength, sobbing for breath as she stared at the merciless red death which had beaten her—and Carter. And in these moments her agony was greater than when Aleck had told her about Peter, for now she was picturing a man creeping out on his hands and knees to face that sea of flame—a man sick and helpless, crying out for Peter, for her, and dying by inches, their names on his lips.

She staggered to her feet and went on, and in her dazed mind lived a prayer that Donald McRae might be given strength to drag himself to the shore of the lake. If that strength had not already come to him it was now too late, for as she toiled over a high and craggy point in the cliff the wind blew hot in her face, and where the beaver pond should be was a red hell of flames.

The trail descended as she forced herself on—descended from the ramparted ledge to the smooth, sandy level of the beach, and suddenly she was conscious of the crashing of bodies in the thickets and the frenzied sound of living things. A great moose swept so near her that she sprang from his path—a monstrous beast with flaming eyes and snorting nostrils, closely followed by a darker, rounder object that she knew was a bear racing for the safety of the water. She came to the sandy open where the trail swung straight ridgeward toward the beaver pond, and stopped, knowing she could go no farther unless she defied the death from which all other living creatures were flying.

Piteously Mona cried out—to Peter, to Simon, to Donald McRae, and then to God; and at last she fell down with her face buried in her skirt, ready to welcome death itself in this hour when not only her world but all that she loved in it were doomed to destruction.

It was a sound close to her that uncovered her face, a sound that came strangely above the moaning roar of heat-wind and flame, and staring through the gloom and against the red glare of the burning forests she saw a grotesque shadow—something that was not moose or deer or any four-footed thing she had ever seen in the wilderness; and rising up before it she saw that it was a man bent under a huge, limp burden which he carried. She cried out, and a choking voice answered her—a strange, terrible, unhuman sort of voice, yet the sound of it nearly split her heart, and when the figure deposited its burden



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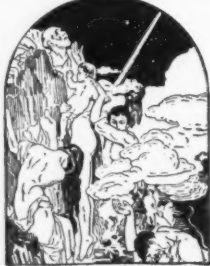
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in the white sand and stood up she saw that it was Peter. She stumbled toward him. His arms caught her, and she could hear him sobbing under the strain of his fight, and his heart was beating so hard that each throb of it sent a tremor through his body. In his weakness her own strength returned, and in a moment her hands had left his face and she was at the side of the man who lay upon the sand.

It was Donald McRae. Now a great light was flaming in the sky over their heads, and she saw that his face and hands were black, and his eyes were closed, though he was breathing. She tore the skirt from about her head and ran to soak it in water, but when she returned Peter was kneeling beside his father, and held back the dripping cloth.

"Not water," he said. "We must get—something else. He is burned."

She put her arms about Peter, and his face rested for a moment on her shoulder. In that moment he told her that Aleck had tricked him, and had left him on the island. With the aid of a piece of dry driftwood he had managed to swim ashore, but too late to reach the cabin ahead of the flames. He found his father half-way to the lake, fighting his way on hands and knees in the van of the fire. His face and hands were badly burned, but that was all. Another minute and he would have been too late. His voice choked.

Then they carried Donald McRae under the shelter of the cliff, where they were free from smoke and heat. And here Mona told Peter of Aleck's coming to the point, though she kept to herself what happened there, and that Simon McQuarrie had gone to the island in a sailboat and would surely come straight to this beach when he found Peter gone. And as they made Donald easier, and waited in the coolness of the cliff for the fire-storm to burn itself out, she told him also of Carter and that no time must be lost in getting away to a place of greater safety.

Peter knew what that meant as he bent over his father. In scarcely more than a whisper he told Mona. He, too, must go. It would not be for long—maybe a week, a month, or a little longer. It was not for himself. He was not afraid of either Aleck or the law, because he had done at the pool just what he would do again if it was before the eyes of the whole world. But his father needed him, and never would his heart beat the same, nor would she ever again look at him with a bit of the pride and love which made him so strong if he failed to do what was right in this hour. Without him his father was lost. He hoped Simon would come to the boat, for in that boat they would escape into the wilderness farther west.

Mona made no answer to these things, for it was hard enough for her to breathe with the thickness that was in her throat. But her hand stroked Peter's, and her cheek lay against his, and above the grief in her breast rose a great pride in this man who loved her. And a thought came to her of Sir Nigel, the chivalrous young knight who looked so much like this Peter of hers with his sensitive boyish face, and of how Mary so bravely sent him away to

the great wars in which through long years he rose to undying fame; and she steeled her heart, as Sir Nigel's sweetheart must have conquered her own, and at last told Peter it was the thing to do—the one thing to do—and that God and she would love him for it. And even as she did this there was creeping over her an unutterable foreboding, and death seemed to pierce her heart when she heard Simon's boat grounding on the sand. But she smiled, and kissed Peter—and then Simon stood before them. And in another five minutes he was gone again—this time to the settlement for the supplies and medicines which would go with Peter and his father.

For an hour they were alone, and Donald McRae tried to keep back the moans of pain that came to his lips. But he could not open his eyes, and Mona fanned him gently with a piece of her wet skirt, and told him Simon was hurrying with ointments which would make him comfortable. Peter even laughed and spoke of the sudden on-sweep of the fire as if it were an exciting adventure, and it was good that Donald could not see their tense and grief-filled faces in the gloom.

The fire roared through the last of the evergreens and burned itself out against the bare stone knolls and ledges of the lake shore. And then came again the sound of Simon's boat on the sand.

"Carter has returned to the settlement and was preparing to come this way in a boat when I slipped out through the inlet," Simon whispered to Mona.

With Peter she went to the boat, leaving Simon alone for a few moments with his old friend. And it was Simon who came at the end of a brief interval bearing the burden of Peter's father in his arms. Very tenderly he placed him on a bed of blankets in the bottom of the boat.

"God be with you, Donald," he whispered, a broken note in his voice. "God be with you—always."

The stricken man raised a burned hand to the other's face.

"They have always been with me, Simon," he whispered back. "God—and Helen. And now that you have made such a fine man of Peter I hope I may go to them—soon."

In the darkness Mona crept out of Peter's arms.

"Peter, you must wait no longer. You must go."

"In a little while I will come back, Ange."

"And I—by the sweet spirit of Saint Anne I promise to be waiting for you when you come, Peter—though I wait until new forests grow where yours and mine have burned. So go—good-by—lover—sweet-heart—"

And the boat went out to sea. And on the grim dead shore of a blasted land Mona and the old man of iron stood side by side and waited—listening for the last sound that might come to them out of its darkness. It was Peter's voice. And Mona answered. And after that came silence.

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## Persons Unknown

(Continued from page 80)

be at liberty. Kiss your wife and let her come with me to arrange for the bail bond for Lacy."

This time Bent's embrace did not make Ruth yield to tears. She even smiled at him with her lips, and if her eyes held still a hint of horror her husband pretended not to notice it. But when the door closed behind them, and Bent was again locked up alone, she reeled against the shrunken form of the lawyer, and he had to support her for a moment. Then she recovered, and they approached the Sheriff.

"By what right do you hold the man Lacy as a material witness, John?" asked the lawyer.

"I guess I know my rights. My charge against him was disorderly conduct. But Judge Thayer, of Southfield, has jurisdiction over all this county, and I sent a constable over this morning with Lacy, and he was locked up in Southfield. The Judge remanded him as a material witness. Don't pick on me; pick on Thayer."

"Then Lacy is in Southfield?" asked Parker. "Why hasn't Reverly been taken there?"

"You know the answer to that as well as I do. It takes a judge to hold a man as a witness. But anyone can hold a suspected murderer. And I'm holding Reverly until the coroner's jury meets."

Parker turned to Ruth. "Let's go over to Southfield and see about Lacy's release."

Gerlach grunted. "Got a phone message ten minutes ago. Thayer remanded Lacy in default of the twenty-five thousand dollar bail that I requested. But the man was released half an hour ago. He deposited cash bail of twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Where did he get it?" asked the surprised Parker.

"How do I know?" retorted Gerlach. "But you can't hold a man as a witness if he puts up bail."

They left him. And Ruth was less concerned over Gerlach's surly attitude than over the question as to where and how Lacy had obtained his bail. Then she remembered that the man last Monday had offered her ten thousand dollars for the production of a letter alleged to have been written to Jim Armstrong. Certainly there was money, lots of it, involved in these mysteries.

## CHAPTER XVI

**LAWYER PARKER** left her at his office. He took her fingers in his own age-spotted hands.

"I'm an old man, Miss Ruth," he said, "and I've found that it ain't riches, or success, or good health that makes for happiness. It's patience. Everything doesn't always come out right in the end; but the bad spot is worse today than it is tomorrow. Now, your trouble ain't a real one. If Bent were guilty, you'd have reason to feel pretty sad. But we both know he's innocent. Knowing that, we know that the proof of his innocence is only a matter of time. And time is overcome by patience."

"Of course I don't know what evidence Gerlach and Sanderson think they have

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against Bent, but I'm sure that it's flimsy. This detective Doyle that's working on the case for you is a good man. I've heard of him. Don't you worry a single bit."

"If there were only something that I could do," said Ruth.

"The main thing is to be patient. That means that you won't give way to hysterics. So that tomorrow, when you see Bent again, you'll have bright eyes and a brave smile for him. Those things will do him more good than an ocean of tears."

He patted her hand and trudged into the building where his office was situated. Ruth turned to Dick.

"Advice can't make one any braver or more patient than one is," she said wryly.

"There never was a braver girl than you, Ruth," declared her loyal cousin.

She squeezed his hand. "You're a nice thing, Dick."

"I'm honest," he growled. Unless sentiment was strongly diluted with boisterous humor, Dick had no use for it. If anyone had remarked upon the fact that there was moisture in his eyes he would probably have knocked that one down. He changed the subject. "What happened inside?" He nodded over his shoulder toward the selectmen's office.

She told him. "Your friend Mr. Doyle wasn't quick enough this time."

Dick frowned. He hated to admit that his idol was anything but perfect. "He can't guess everything in advance, Ruth."

She shrugged. They had turned on to the curving road that led away from the water and toward the Revery cottage. The presence of Doyle emerging from a clump of trees, about fifty yards from that point in the road where Lesœur's body had been found, caused her to refrain from tart comment on Doyle's ability. It also caused Dick to bring the car to a sudden skidding stop. He waved a greeting to Doyle and the detective crossed a grassy field to the machine.

Ruth leaned from the car. "Lacy found his own bail," she said, accusingly. "He was taken to Southfield; Judge Thayer put him in jail; he gave cash bail of twenty-five thousand dollars and was released." Her voice became harsh. "Now what chance have you of questioning him, of following him?"

The day was warm; Doyle had been walking over rough ground. He took off the fascinating pearl derby and mopped his forehead with a handkerchief whose design, a chaste concession to the current fashion for things Egyptian, was eye-compelling. Then he replaced the derby upon his head.

"Mrs. Revery, you give me credit for at least ordinary intelligence, do you not? At least, you will grant me credence when I tell you that I had thought of the possibility of Lacy's furnishing bail? If it had been vital that we furnish the bail, don't you suppose that I would have anticipated action by anyone else?"

"But it was vital, wasn't it?" she protested. "You said that if we effected Lacy's release, he would be grateful and furnish us with information."

"I said nothing of the sort," contradicted Doyle. "I said that he knew things, and that he would be followed upon his release."

Ruth put a tremulous hand to her forehead. "It was Mr. Parker who said that he'd be grateful. I suppose that

he assumed that. I assumed it also."

"Exactly," snapped Doyle. "It seems impossible for me to prevent your making assumptions."

"But now that Lacy has been released before you expected him to be, you've missed your opportunity to have him followed," said Ruth.

"Why do you say that? Isn't that still another unfounded assumption? Once again, Mrs. Revery, you force me into reluctant exposition of my methods. However, I make allowances for your natural concern about your husband. Now then, here is the situation as it was this morning.

"Lacy had made statements involving your husband. He was locked up as a material witness. Naturally, we wanted him released. Yet I delayed some time before suggesting to you that you go his bail. I never do anything without a reason. I never *refrain* from doing a thing without a reason. Perhaps it has occurred to you that if Lacy could offer ten thousand dollars for a letter, there is money involved in this affair, or these affairs?"

Ruth's eyes widened. The same conclusion had struck her forcibly.

"Now twenty-five thousand dollars is a great deal of money, not easily acquired, and not parted with save under extraordinary circumstances. We wanted Lacy released. But not necessarily at our expense, Mrs. Revery. If somebody else put up the money, or the security, for Lacy's bail, we would be justified in believing that somebody else possessed an important reason for wishing Lacy to be free. That somebody else would try to effect Lacy's release at the earliest possible moment. If we acted too quickly, we would defeat our own purpose, which is to find out everything that has any bearing upon this mystery. And the fact that anyone thinks the release of Lacy is worth risking twenty-five thousand dollars may prove to have a most important bearing upon this case."

As always, he had succeeded in turning her suspicious contempt into admiration for his methods. One lingering doubt remained.

"But you weren't at the Southfield jail to follow Lacy when he was released," she objected.

"I cannot be in two places at once, Mrs. Revery," he answered. "And I never—or rarely—do any shadowing myself. I leave that to my subordinates."

"You have assistants here?" she asked. "Obviously. The case interested me. Also, I foresaw that it would be an extremely complicated and difficult case. I knew that if matters were satisfactorily solved I would need to look no further than to you for my fee. It is going to be an extremely large fee, Mrs. Revery."

She smiled at him. "It will be paid upon presentation of the bill, Mr. Doyle."

The man was amazing. The things that she considered errors of procedure on his part turned out to be examples of his ability. The very vanity that should have rendered him absurd, inspired confidence.

"I want Dick to drive me over to Southfield. Unless you feel the need of some member of the family near you," said Doyle.

"Mother is at the house now, I'm sure," said Dick. "She'd have been over before but that she was shopping in Southfield. I telephoned her while you were seeing

Bent, and she said that she was starting for your house that minute. She didn't know about Bent until she returned."

He was eager, Ruth knew, to go with Doyle, to play some part, even if only that of chauffeur, in the unraveling of the tangled skeins in which Bent was enmeshed. And though she liked to have his buoyant faith near her, she told him by all means to accompany Doyle. At her house, when she had descended from the car, she held out her hands to the detective.

"You are very kind not to be offended at my doubts," she said.

Into Doyle's sunken eyes crept a gleam of admiration. "You behave better than I'd have expected any wife to behave," he told her. And she was conscious of the glow that honest praise brings to its recipient as she mounted her veranda steps.

She did not have opportunity to open the door. Her aunt, Dick's mother, did that, and she was smothered in an embrace. And the living room was crowded with friends, who wished her to know of their complete faith in Bent's innocence. Earlier today the natives of Beaulieu had affirmed their belief; now the summer colony did so.

All of which was kindly meant, but Ruth was glad when the last of her visitors had departed. She wanted to be alone. Even the presence of Dick's mother was not too welcome.

It was a gloomy dinner to which she sat down. Nevertheless, Ruth forced herself to eat. She had no appetite, but she knew that food made for strength, and she needed all possible strength.

She wondered why Mrs. Lescœur had not been over to the Reverly house. The presence of Clara in the dining room caused Ruth's thoughts to visit the absent Agnes and, naturally, Agnes's aunt.

Then she sighed. Of course Mrs. Lescœur would not call upon the wife of the man who was accused of murdering François Lescœur. The bereaved woman would seek consolation elsewhere. She sighed again, and her dinner finished, went wearily upstairs to bed.

It seemed wicked for her to consider going to bed when Bent must sleep upon an iron cot. It seemed callous of her to walk restlessly from room to room, even up and down stairs, when Bent was confined to a single tiny chamber. And yet, what could she do?

The iterated question was rapidly reducing her to the panicky state of which hysteria is born. Resolutely she clenched her hands, sat down upon a chair and exerted control over her mind. As one unconcerned with the matter, she reviewed the amazing set of circumstances which had begun with Lacy's visit to her only last Monday morning, and which had culminated in the brutal murder of François Lescœur.

How unkindly, how brutally, Sheriff John Gerlach had acted. John must believe himself justified in the action he had taken today. What, then, had Sanderson, the detective retained by Gerlach to represent the town, up his sleeve? And, following out this train of thought, who had retained Sanderson in the first instance?

Who had suspected, a year after the event, that the death of Armstrong had not been due to accident? Which brought her back to an earlier question: Why had anyone wanted to murder Jim?

She shook her head wearily. If she

could only answer one of the score of questions that kept racing through her mind she would feel relieved. But each one of them seemed unanswerable.

If only Lescœur had spoken! If only Lacy would speak now! What the latter had to say was evidently something prejudicial to the interests of Bent, for it was partly upon his alleged testimony that Bent had been arrested. But there would be an explanation of Lacy's testimony. Even granted that the sparrow-like little man believed something which apparently put Bent in a bad light, a different interpretation of facts in which he believed might be of great value in finding the real solution to this mystery. And, to make her ever afterward an ardent convert to the theory of telepathy, the telephone rang at this moment, and when she answered it she recognized the voice of Lacy.

"Mrs. Reverly, you know who this is? Don't mention names. There's probably someone listening in on your wire right now. Well, you know where we had our second talk. I'll meet you there in half an hour."

"But why? What for?" she gasped in amazement.

"I guess you want to know what all this is about, don't you? Well, I'm prepared to tell you. I've dodged your man Doyle. I'm not going to talk to him. I've got my reasons. But I will talk to you. Now, your house is watched, probably. It will be as soon as whoever's listening in can get up there, if it isn't already. So it's up to you to get out quick and quiet, without anyone seeing you or hearing you. Because if there's anyone with you I'll not be there when you come. I'll see you alone, and nobody else. Will you be there?"

"I will," she promised. She heard his receiver click.

## CHAPTER XVII

SHE had craved for opportunity to do something. Mere thinking had become intolerable. Yet as she walked away from the telephone, doubt crept into her mind. This was a most unusual appointment she had made with Lacy. She wondered if it were advisable to keep it.

Lacy was a very daring man; his ascent and descent of the cliff at Dyce's Head was ample proof of this. And somehow she had sensed in her first meeting with him that the man was of that class which pays no heed to the laws which society has made. If Lacy was not a criminal, he was a man who would do criminal things. He was mixed up, in some unget-at-able fashion, with people whose activities had not stopped short of murder.

It was not established, in her mind, that Lacy had had anything to do with the death of Jim Armstrong. On the contrary, she believed that he had had nothing to do with it. But he knew something about the mystery. If he did not know who were the perpetrators of the crime, he certainly knew the reasons that lay behind it.

Here, then, was a man of distinctly criminal mold, who wanted her to meet him at this hour—it was almost ten—in a lonely spot. Was it safe for her to meet such a man at such an hour and at such a place?

Then she colored with shame. Lacy possessed information. No less an authority than Patrick H. Doyle had stated this.



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It was vital, according to Doyle, that the man be not permitted to elude observation. With Bent in the custody of the police, she was thinking of her own safety. Suppose that this was a cunning trick to lure her to a lonely place. Suppose that Lacy actually meditated violence against her person. In the first place, Bent's liberty was worth a risk. In the second place, she felt able to cope with Lacy.

She ran upstairs to her bedroom, and there was a spring to her stride that had been lacking all day. Worry had exhausted her, but now hope revived her tired muscles.

From a closet she took a suit of knickers and Norfolk. Lacy believed that she would be watched. Three or four precious minutes had already been wasted while cowardice fought with courage in her heart. But she must use a few minutes more. Skirts, brief though they were in this day of woman's freedom, might betray her. Furthermore, in eluding anyone watching her house, she might need to run. Skirts would hamper her speed. So she slipped out of her dress and into the suit of knickers which she occasionally wore on the golf course, or when she and Bent went sailing in their catboat. Heavy shoes and long woolen stockings completed her costume, and she was quite sure that she had never donned it in so brief a time before. Unless someone had been watching the house at the very moment that Lacy telephoned, she would be able to leave without observation.

She tiptoed downstairs and from a closet in the living room took a cap that belonged to Bent. She pressed it firmly upon her brown hair, pulling the visor down in front. Then she quietly opened one of the windows that led to the veranda and stepped through it. She crossed the veranda in three long strides. Placing her hands upon the rail, she vaulted over it to the turf below. She ran swiftly to the rear of the house. There she paused a moment. She heard Mike talking with Clara, but no other sound, save the chirping of crickets and the rustle of the trees, was audible.

Twenty yards from the rear porch was a clump of trees. Bending low, she raced across the space and into the shadows. Crouching by a great trunk, she held her breath while she listened.

She could not hear anyone; not even, any longer, the voices of Clara and Mike. Her heart beat furiously, not from the exertion of the short sprint, but from the excitement of the moment.

She rested only a moment, then walked cautiously through the trees. The grove ended in a hundred yards, and she came out upon a meadow. The moon, peeping from behind a cloud, warned her that she would be conspicuous, but there was no help for it. Besides, a quarter of a mile away were other woods in which she might hope to baffle possible pursuit. But when she looked back across the meadow from this farther group, there was no sign of any other human being. So now, instead of bending forward from the hips, as people do who wish to escape observation, she strode along upright.

She came upon the golf course at the fourth tee and cut across that fairway until, having crossed the seventh also, she was in the trees once more. She passed through them until she reached that bare

spot which was the top of Dyce's Head, and from which the ocean gales had driven every particle of growth save the long tough grass in which she had found the broken cuff link that had made her entertain her shameful suspicions of her husband.

The moon had definitely ceased spying upon the land now and had retreated behind clouds that seemed awesomely dark. There was little light upon Dyce's Head. Nevertheless, we humans have a certain cat-like quality. Our eyes in a measure accustom themselves to gloom, and after a while we are able to see, at night, objects that at first were invisible.

Ruth, straining her eyes, decided that upon that bald promontory no one could stand or sit without being seen by her. A recurrence of the fear that had come to her after Lacy telephoned mastered her now. The darkness, the crashing of the surf below, more awesome now that she was closer to it, and the character of the man whom she was to meet, all combined to render her apprehensive. The trees, at the edge of which she stood, seemed to afford her a sheltering security, and she was reluctant to leave them.

She whispered to herself, as sometimes we do when, lacking other companionship, we try to reassure ourselves by the sound of our own voices.

"Ruth Balfour Reverly, you're a coward. You pretend that you can see every inch of the Head, and that no one is there. That's because you're afraid to go out there. You know perfectly well that Mr. Lacy wouldn't be standing up. He'd be crouching down so's not to attract attention. And it's no use your saying that he hasn't had time to get here. It's a good half-hour and more since he telephoned."

Stimulated by such scorn as this, she resolutely left the protecting shelter of the pines and crossed the blank ground until she was within a few feet of the edge of the cliff. Beyond this she did not dare to go. Memory of Armstrong's death, of her own vertigo of the other day, drove her back.

And then it occurred to her that there were only two approaches to the Head. One was from the group of trees that barred the golf course from the wind-swept height. The other was from the beach below. It was absurd to suppose that Lacy would arrive at the rendezvous by way of the climb from the water's edge. He must, then, come from the woods.

A slight attack of agoraphobia, the fear of the open spaces, joined forces with logic in urging her to the shelter of the trees. Back to them she hurried, and found herself panting, as though she had been running, when she reached their shadows.

She sat down on a fallen trunk. She was certain that if anyone approached she would be able to hear the footsteps. And so she waited. Little by little the cold night air, damp from spray carried by the breeze, chilled her. It seemed, cold and cramped as she was, that she had been waiting for hours when she heard the bell in the tower of the Unitarian church in the village toll eleven. And when, ages later, it struck twelve, she decided to wait no longer. Something had prevented Lacy from keeping his appointment. Perhaps he had been unable to throw Doyle's assistant off the trail. If this were so, she wished that Doyle employed less competent aids. But it did no good to speculate. Lacy

wasn't here; it was obvious that he would not come.

So she rose from the tree trunk and started back home. It was no longer important that she should avoid observation. At least, there was no vital reason for her to take the extreme precaution that she had observed on the way to the unkept appointment.

So, crossing the golf course, she took a path that led her closer to the houses of the summer colony. Near the first green she stopped, her attention attracted by what seemed to be a light in a house which should have been dark. For it was Jim Armstrong's cottage. It was unoccupied. Ruth now owned it, but she had not cared to rent it. It was for sale. Certainly there should be no one in it now.

Then the light disappeared. She decided that her eyes had deceived her and was moving on when the light flashed again lower down in the building. She stopped again; as the light went out she laughed at herself; doubtless it was a firefly. Then the light went on again and remained on for fully a minute. There was no longer any question about it—someone was inside that house and was using an electric torch.

But who could it be? By what right was anyone, especially at this hour, inside Armstrong's cottage?

Fear was entirely overcome by curiosity. She started, running lightly on her toes, toward the house.

There was shrubbery on the lawn and, to recover her breath and also to decide upon a plan of action, she halted behind a bush. Someone touched her arm, gripped her biceps. In a panic, she wrenched herself free and struck with both hands at the face, dimly white in the darkness, of her assailant. Disregarding her blows, he leaped in, clinched with her. His hand, clutching at the back of her neck, touched the hair that told her sex. She felt his face close to hers. His grip slackened.

"Mrs. Reverly," he whispered.

She recognized the voice of Lacy. "Why didn't you meet me?" she asked. "I waited two hours."

She caught the gleam of his teeth. "I was there and saw a man coming. I went over the edge of the cliff and stayed there for nearly two hours. How did I know that you would wear pants? I thought it was a man." She marveled at the daring that had enabled him to seek refuge on the very face of that awesome cliff. "Then," he went on, "when I peeped over the edge for about the twentieth time and saw that the man was gone, I beat it in this direction. I've got a car hidden in the woods about half a mile beyond the village. I thought you were Doyle's man. And I thought that you'd probably lost your nerve and didn't dare come. Just now I heard you behind me and dodged into these bushes. When you came right up to me I started to fight."

"Then you're not watching the men in this house?" she asked.

"Why should I? Didn't even know there was anyone here."

"It's Mr. Armstrong's house. That is, it was his. And I saw a flashlight gleam through the windows several times, and came here to investigate."

"And I had the gall to think that you'd lost your nerve," said Lacy admiringly. "But they ain't half as important, whoever



they are, as what I've got to tell you." The door of the Armstrong house opened. They could hear the footsteps of two men on the board flooring of the veranda. Then two shadows seemed to detach themselves from the black bulk of the house and came down the steps and along a path toward the hiding couple. Ruth felt Lacy's fingers clutch at her arm in a signal for silence. Hardly daring to breathe, she stood perfectly still. And as the two shadows came nearer she felt her heart beating in excitement. For she could hear their voices. Low and guarded, their words were indistinguishable. But she recognized the tones. One was Sanderson and the other was John Gerlach.

And as they passed the bush behind which she and Lacy crouched, sight added its evidence to that of her hearing. For her eyes, even in this gloom, could pick out and recognize the lean form of Sanderson and the stout figure of the Sheriff.

She felt Lacy's clutch slacken. Then his hand was removed from her arm. As the figures of the Sheriff and the detective passed down the path and out on to the road that fronted the house, she turned to Lacy. At least, she turned in the direction where she supposed him to be.

But soundlessly as any skulking cat, Lacy had vanished. At first she thought that he had merely retreated farther around the bush, for greater security. But when Gerlach and his companion had been gone so long that there was no danger of being overheard by them, she called to Lacy, and he did not answer.

She decided that perhaps, for some purpose known only to himself, he was following the two representatives of the law. For half an hour she waited; then, half puzzled, half angry, she resumed her homeward journey. She was suddenly extremely tired, so exhausted that even the answer to this new puzzle seemed inconsequential. Nothing seemed to matter except getting home and going to bed.

Yet the effort of taking off her clothes, when she reached home, stimulated her mentally. Lacy had important information to give her. He had appointed a bizarre meeting place. Arriving there, and mistaking her for a man, he had scuttled over the brow of the cliff and remained there for two hours, a thing that would have been beyond the nerve of the ordinary man even in daylight. Then, when they had encountered accidentally, he, who had apparently gone to great trouble in order to see her, had disappeared from her side at a moment when his trouble was to have been rewarded.

Why had he done so?

Another question leaped into her tired mind. Why had Gerlach and Sanderson visited, so surreptitiously, the Armstrong cottage?

She was so bewildered by these additional puzzling questions that it did not occur to her to ask herself a third, which should have been: Did Lacy's disappearance have anything to do with the identity of the two visitors to the Armstrong cottage?

It took Doyle, next morning, to phrase that question.

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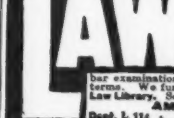
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## The Toboggan

(Continued from page 71)

But when she met Bruce in the glade by the river, when she crept into his arms as if all the day had just been a preliminary to that moment, Gale knew that he was a witness to something quite as sacred as his own adoration of her.

He went away, dazed and incurably scarred. In one way he felt suddenly very old—the thing that had happened to him was certainly a mature tragedy—and in another way he felt extremely young. That was because he wanted so to cry. This was something like finding out that there isn't any Santa Claus—only much worse, of course.

He had to see Eileen—he did see her every day during the summer vacation—and had to pretend that he knew nothing. Gale was not a good actor; the pretense very nearly killed him, it hurt so. The worst was when Eileen adroitly dragged the name of Bruce MacLean into their conversation. She wanted to talk about him so bad that she just had to—even to Gale.

"Mr. MacLean was saying just the other day that Springfield has more pretty girls than any other city in the world."

Gale knew she lied. What Bruce had said was that she herself was the loveliest girl in the world, and he had said it last night while she lay in his arms close enough to sense his slightest thought even without words. Gale's writhing soul admitted that MacLean was right. Eileen was heart-breakingly sweet—even when you had just lost her—even with eyes tender with reminiscences of another man.

Gale could not beg her to stop, could not tell her that all her elaborate pretense of casualness did not deceive him in the least—not since he had seen her in MacLean's arms. Yet so great a factor was she in his life that he could not keep away even though her nearness was exquisite torture.

Like all who are deeply in love, Eileen thought she was fooling him and everybody else. When, as a matter of fact, everything she did was the principal subject of village gossip. With scarcely anyone blaming Eileen herself.

"He ought to know better, a man of his age, carrying on like that with a mere child."

"He might be married for all she knows. That kind wouldn't tell."

"Poor Gale! That boy goes around as white as a sheet."

Excerpts like those might have been made from almost any conversation that took place anywhere in Springfield. Even the men discussed it sparingly at the club luncheons, passing on bits of gossip and conjecture which they had picked up from their wives. The general opinion seemed to be that Bruce MacLean was a left-handed son of a Peruvian pastry cook and something ought to be done to amend him.

"A man like that—an idler and an interloper—has no place in a quiet community like ours," declared Charles Ruggles of the insurance office of Whitman & Ruggles. "For all we know he may be a fugitive from justice resting in seclusion here until a scandal about him in some other town blows over."

"It's funny he doesn't do any work," contributed Carleton, a local automobile

agent. "Did he ever apply for a job to any of you fellows?"

No, he never had. Then what did he live on? What was the idea, anyway? It looked as if he must be spending the proceeds of a bank robbery or something like that.

"I don't believe it's quiet safe to let our kids hang around him the way they do," suggested Kern, the groceryman. "He may be one of them there maroons we read about in the papers."

His speech had the effect of causing quite a disturbance in the juvenile social circles of Springfield. Bruce MacLean's cottage suddenly became a plague spot, avoided, by direct orders, by all of his former friends. What made it more noticeable was the fact that the children hung around in the vicinity watching him—but always at a safe distance. The very fact that he was taboo made him a most fascinating mystery.

The next really important scene in the drama took place in Mr. Crosby's office at the bank. It was after supper on a hot August night. Besides Mr. Crosby himself, the participants in that conference were Gale Welch and Bruce MacLean.

The three men, representing three distinct periods in life, met on a basis of mutual misunderstanding.

"The reason I asked you two boys to see me this evening," began the bank president, "is because I believe we are all pretty much interested in my daughter." He paused to wet his lips. It's rather difficult for an older man to exhibit any sentiment in front of males of another generation. "Eileen is dearer to me than anything else on this entire earth. I would sacrifice everything I've got for her. That's understood, isn't it?"

The two young men assented by nods. MacLean seemed to want to say something, but embarrassment kept him from vocal expression.

"You fellows will pardon me if I state your positions, too," continued the older man. "Gale Welch here has been in love with my daughter ever since they were children. I am right, am I not, Gale?"

The boy nodded dumbly.

"And you, Mister MacLean"—the "Mister" was very distinctly emphasized—"you have started what, to name it mildly, is a wild flirtation with Eileen."

MacLean accepted the imputation without protest.

"Neither of you two men has ever approached me for my daughter's hand. Perhaps that isn't the modern fashion. I don't know. In any case it was not necessary so far as Gale was concerned. I have understood all along that he wanted to marry her and he has understood that I was willing that he should. Of all the boys in this town he is the one of whom I approve the most highly. But you, Mr. MacLean, are on a slightly different basis. You are a stranger here. No one knows anything about you; you make rather a mystery of your affairs. You even meet my daughter clandestinely, at times when she is supposed to be somewhere else. You will have to admit that this is not likely to predispose me in your favor. Frankly, I don't like it. The time has come for you

to put your cards on the table. I have got to ask you what your intentions are with regard to my daughter."

MacLean swallowed with difficulty and finally said hesitatingly: "This is the most embarrassing situation I have ever been in. I admit that I love Eileen as I never believed it was possible for a man to love a woman. To know her has healed up many of the scars that life has left upon me. But I know also that I am not fit to marry her, even to touch her. And I have told her so myself. You may not believe that, but it's so."

"You cad!" interrupted Eileen's father, "to put the blame on the girl."

"I beg your pardon," MacLean replied courteously, but with just a dangerous emphasis. "I didn't put the blame on the girl and I never shall. Put the blame, perhaps, if you will, upon nature that permitted us to find that there were responsive chords in our respective hearts and souls. Men and women can't help but be attracted to each other. I don't even know if it's possible to resist it once the attraction starts. Love, infatuation, passion, whatever you may call it, is like a toboggan on a steep, snow-deep mountainside. Once you're on it and started you can't stop it merely by deciding you want to. Surely I don't blame Eileen, and I am perfectly willing to take the blame myself. All I can say is that I tried to stop. There are many reasons why I can never claim her."

"That's what I thought," supplemented the banker, slightly tamed, however, from his former belligerent attitude. "I had an idea that there were obstacles. That's why I called you into conference. For one thing, you are married, aren't you?"

It was the turn now of Bruce MacLean to moisten his lips. "I have been married," he confessed.

"Your wife dead?"

"No, divorced."

"She got the divorce?"

"Yes."

"For cause?"

"She thought so."

"Do you mind explaining?"

"I do. An explanation would be very painful and might sound like a self-justification. I have no intention of justifying myself. In the first place I am entirely on your side. There are many, many reasons why I am not in a position to marry your daughter, and I can't think of a single one why I should. Therefore I will do exactly as you say. If you wish me to leave town I can start tomorrow. I have thought of it several times before, but, to be absolutely frank with you, every time that I have gotten ready to go Eileen has guessed and has offered to come, too."

Gale Welch had thought that he was not capable of any further pain but that statement stabbed him like a knife that was twisted around in his heart. He knew somewhere down deep in the soul of him that no woman would ever in all his life offer to make a sacrifice like that for him. It made him angry that he had not been given that supreme spark that makes a leader of a man, that makes men and women wish to die in his train. He realized that the other man had it, realized it because he had an impulse himself to do something splendid as MacLean's attendant, felt the impulse in spite of the fact

that he hated MacLean for having robbed him of Eileen.

"What could I do?" MacLean continued. "I don't know. Perhaps you could suggest a plan of campaign which will let us all out. I am quite at your disposal."

The older man sat in deep thought. It certainly was a baffling situation. He was the father and the surgeon all in one. In spite of his love he had to cut and wound. Anything to save the patient from life-long disaster.

Finally he spoke: "I can see that it would not help matters any for you to leave right now, not with the situation as it is. But I believe the situation can be changed, that Eileen can be cured of her infatuation and that you can go away and she will forget."

The other two men waited patiently for his elucidation.

"MacLean," he said, "there is something that makes me think there is a spark of manhood in you. That's why I asked you here to talk instead of taking direct action against you. I realize, just as well as anyone else, that a girl who is infatuated with a man cannot be cured of that infatuation by reasoning. The more I said the worse it would get."

Mr. Crosby seemed lost in reverie and the smoke of his cigar for a minute. Then, after a long puff, he continued: "There was once a play called 'David Garrick' which I saw when I was a boy. The plot of that piece has given me the idea which I am going to explain to you. Suppose, Mr. MacLean, that you were to appear in public considerably under the influence of liquor and in the company of someone else, say one of the notorious women of our town. Would not the shock and revulsion of disgust which Eileen would feel cure her of the mistaken regard which she seems to have for you?"

MacLean seemed to have nothing to say to that, and naturally Gale did not feel like contributing his obvious approval. He knew what the other man, if he loved Eileen even one-tenth as much as he himself did, must be feeling at the idea of giving up so rare a possession as Eileen's love.

The conference lasted until nearly midnight. The three men parted almost friends. At least they were of one accord, that the happiness of Eileen must be preserved at whatever cost.

About the only one of the children who ever came to see MacLean any more was Millie Erwin. Millie wasn't very bright and she couldn't see why she should abandon the only person who had ever been really kind to her simply because there was danger that he might go mad sometime. Mad, he couldn't be any worse than what she was used to. Her father was an impoverished bootlegger. Lest that statement sound like an impossibility, let us hasten to explain that if he had sold more of his goods and consumed less he would have been the owner of most of the bank stock in town. Anyway, he just lived from hip to mouth.

Saying that Millie wasn't very bright is giving the child the benefit of the extreme doubt. Mothers of other children said she was half-witted and the children themselves frequently called her "Dumbbell" even to her face. But she was bright enough to know that the man who lived all alone on the outskirts of town made a conscious effort to be kind to her, and that

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was so much of a novelty in Millie's starved life that she hung around a good deal to encourage him in his folly.

Bruce MacLean had never been present at one of the Pavilion dances before. The Pavilion, by the way, was a sort of Springfield Coney Island, only not in any way rough. Everybody went there even though it was a public dance hall.

The girl who was with Bruce MacLean was Helen Armstrong. Helen was a darn good scout and had once been quite pretty, but having been a good scout a long time had endowed her with hard lines in her face and a flabby pouch under her chin.

But she still danced well, especially with Bruce MacLean for a partner, for he turned out to be rather more than ordinarily competent on the ballroom floor. And she knew everybody, although it cannot be said that everybody returned the compliment, at least not publicly.

Gale Welch was there with Eileen. She was frankly astonished at MacLean's presence and actually skeptical of the story going around that he had brought Helen.

"Why, that sort of a girl wouldn't interest him," she stated as practically conclusive proof of the impossibility of the thing.

And she was right. Helen didn't interest Bruce. He was being bored to death by her astonishing methods of vamping. But he was very courteous, more so than any man had ever been to Helen in a long, long time, and she appreciated it.

"I don't know why you are being so nice to me, Mr. MacLean," she said, "but I am so grateful I could almost cry, and now you've got a new friend in this town that you can count on when maybe all the rest of them have turned you down. Remember that, will you?"

Bruce promised that he would although it made him a little sick to think that he had won what was really a sincere regard by so shoddy a trick as the one he was playing on this girl.

But he had not much time to worry about the ethics of the affair. He had a flask on his hip—for a purpose—and both he and Helen partook freely of the contents though it had practically no effect on Bruce himself. He had to pretend that it had. But Helen was accustomed to enjoying her liquor out loud and she proceeded to do so. As the evening wore on Bruce and his partner had increasingly large space left to them on the dance floor and plenty of room on the benches on the veranda. No one seemed to want to sit near him.

Bruce had no dance partners save the one he had brought. Eileen offered herself to him, wonderful girl that she was.

His heart leaped with instant joy at the generosity which had impelled her to seek him out, but he couldn't tell her. "Got every dansh filled," he mumbled, "with the girl I brought, Helen. Wanna meet her? She's a great ol' girl."

Eileen understood or thought she understood and went away, and the comedy went on to the accompaniment of buzzing gossip. It was the first contact that Eileen had ever had with anything horrid and it produced in her a curious compound of nausea and a reiteration of faith that such things could not be, could not touch, anyway, the man she had put up on her pedestal.

You may be sure that the story of what

had happened that evening was all over town by morning. "I always knew there was something funny about him," was the refrain often heard in Springfield households for the next twenty-four hours. Men who, themselves, knew Helen Armstrong intimately, but behind closed doors, were open in their indignation against this outlander who had launted her in the face of their families.

Then Bruce MacLean had to divide the center of the gossip stage with little Millie Erwin. Millie had all her life occupied a negligible niche in the scheme of the community. But all at once that niche became a large cavity. Why? Because Millie disappeared from it. She had been gone twenty-four hours before her father missed her.

In spite of the fact that he mistreated and neglected her shamefully, old Bill Erwin had a mighty soft spot in his heart for Millie. Now that she was gone a fear clutched at his heart; perhaps he had neglected her too much.

He went out on the highways and the byways hunting for her. At first it hadn't occurred to him that he had any friends in the town who would help him, but a small village sometimes has an unsuspected heart, and, quick though it is to condemn, it is equally speedy in giving aid to a member who is in dire distress. Half the boys and men of Springfield were out scouring the hills, dragging the river, looking everywhere for Millie.

At the end of twenty-four hours they had about given her up and the men were gathered back at the fire-engine house, which was also the town hall, to report to the mayor, who had taken over the organization of the search. Into this gathering walked Bruce MacLean, carrying Millie in his arms.

"Here she is," he reported briefly.

Millie was a sad sight. Her appearance told its own story.

"You blank, blank, blank!" shrieked Millie's father. "I'll have your life for what you have done!"

Other men restrained him, and Bruce, not deigning to reply, walked away.

But after he was gone and Millie had been turned over to some of the kindly women of the town for care, the men gathered to talk about it. It was funny that MacLean should have been able to find her when nobody else could. They were willing to swear that there had not been a foot of the township which they had not gone over.

Millie used to hang around MacLean's place a lot. It might have been any of the other children in the town, too. Parents shuddered when they thought how close a call it had been. That feeling, perhaps more than anything else, blinded them to the hastiness of the judgment they were forming.

Men who had formerly talked in whispers by twos and threes gradually began to gather in large groups. The conversation was still carried on in a low tone and they moved away when women appeared.

That night the sheeted figures gathered in the woods just outside of town.

While in a finer bed than she had ever known in all her life, Millie Erwin, at the Crosby home, tried vainly to struggle back to coherent consciousness.

Eileen was not allowed to see her, but Mrs. Crosby, an unusual woman for a

small town, unusual and tolerant perhaps for anywhere, nursed the bruised baby girl much as Christ must have ministered to those who had fallen victim to the passionate injustices of the world.

The work of the men in the white sheets was quietly but efficiently done. In half an hour's time after they had first assembled they had surrounded Bruce MacLean's house and without any considerable violence had roused the stranger from his bed and, giving him just time to put on a pair of trousers and a shirt, had led him gagged and wristbound in a silent shuffling convoy back into the cathedral darkness of the woods.

There, by the light of a pitch torch, his hands were tied to the low limb of a tree above his head, his shirt removed and the gag taken from his mouth.

Apparently his speech was restored to him not for the purpose of questioning but in order to gage the amount of punishment he would be able to endure.

Because there was no conversation, not even whispering, among the white knights. One of them, a tall impressive figure, passed among the assembly with a white bag from which each one drew something. After each had drawn he advanced to the circle of light thrown by the torch and exhibited what he had taken from the bag to one of the others whose duty seemed to be to check up on the result, and then went back to his place.

Finally one of them stayed by the torch. Apparently he had drawn the lot because a three-lashed whip with knots in the thongs was handed to him.

The elected executioner took the whip and whirled it around his head once. It whistled in the air and then fell with a sodden thud on the bare back of the prisoner.

That was all, just once. The whip was not raised again.

This caused the first unplanned commotion among the sheeted host. They stirred uneasily as they waited for the punishment to go on. Finally a voice said, "Proceed!"

That seemed to break the spell. The man with the whip threw it from him and tore off his disguise.

"I'm hanged if I will!"

A stunned silence greeted the announcement. This was contrary to custom.

Finally another man discarded his incognito and his sheet to step forward.

"If Gale Welch is too soft-hearted to beat up the dirty dog that stole his girl, I'm not. Gimme the whip. When I get through with him he's going to know whose daughter it was he brung home worse than dead."

Gale didn't know exactly what it was that had prompted him to take the stand which he had. If he himself had not drawn the lot to handle the whip it is possible that he might have stood by and seen the brutal punishment meted out to the helpless man. But brought face to face with the act himself, his soul had revolted. He had seen the affair without the glamour of the mob frenzy. He realized what he had known down deep in his heart all the time, that no man who had ever known and loved Eileen, certainly no man who had won her love in return, could have been capable of the crime of which Bruce MacLean was accused. He, Gale, had heard this man talk, had seen him refuse to justify himself at the expense of a woman once before. He, of all the crowd, knew

that no matter what happened Bruce would never say anything.

When Bill Erwin had found the whip and swung it around his head preparatory to a blow, Gale stepped up to him and struck first—with his fist, back of the ear. Bill took the count.

A growl shook the white ring. They started for Gale menacingly.

"In place, halt!"

Two-thirds of the men obeyed the command automatically without questioning the source.

"I thought so," Bruce MacLean declared quietly. "When you think it over a bit you'll realize that it wouldn't be a very creditable thing for men who have been through the kind of war you were in once upon a time to attack one defenseless boy who has had the courage to follow blindly an impulse which he feels is right. Get out of the way, Gale. This is no place for you. You can't help me and I'm pretty sure you don't want to take any further part in the well meant program of your slightly misguided friends. You probably realize that neither you nor I, with the ideal we have before us, could be capable of the offense with which I presume I am charged."

Gale, who, after all, had been up to that moment only a boy, suddenly took up his citizenship in the republic of men.

"Thanks," he said and then shook his head. "I'm not leaving. There's two of us and we ought to be able to ruin quite a lot of bedclothing before the rest of the entertainment proceeds."

While he was talking and before anyone else could interfere he had cut the rope which bound MacLean's wrists together and over his head to the branch of a tree.

MacLean accepted the assistance without argument. There wasn't time, anyway. Because the rest of the white throng came on. They had to. There was no other way to justify their presence there, to square themselves for the stand they had taken.

A lot of sheets were completely torn to shreds and others had been hastily discarded under the stress of action before the affair reached its inevitable conclusion. Gale was hustled out of the way and MacLean was strung up once more by his wrists. Bill Erwin, who had revived by that time, was given the knotted whip.

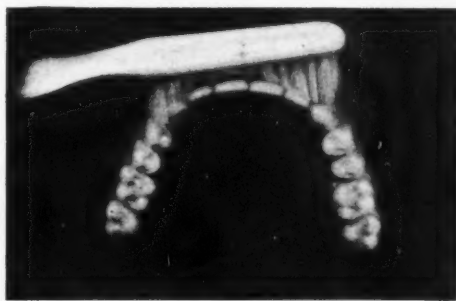
No one noticed when he began plying it that MacLean had fainted and that he hung, a dead weight, upon his own arms. A public whipping was a novelty in Springfield and the men glugged themselves with the spectacle in semi-fascinated horror.

The best physician in town was not wearing a white sheet that evening. He was busy at the bedside of the little Erwin girl using all of his skill to bring back the none too stable reason that seemed to have gone for good. Mrs. Crosby, worn out, had gone to her room for a little rest. Eileen waited outside the door of the improvised hospital room, ready to do any errands that the doctor might require.

He finally had to call Eileen in.

"I've got to have your help," he said. "The kid is either going to pass out or take a turn for the better. No time to call your mother. It has to be you, Eileen."

Eileen came in. It was the first time she had seen Millie's face. Her heart chilled but she rallied her terror-stricken senses. She had to be on duty. She had to do incredible things.



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"Killing's too good for the man who did this!" growled the kindly old physician. He talked between set teeth.

Eileen, brought face to face with the first crass horror of her life, was almost inclined to agree with him. But when the first shock was past, she proved herself a good nurse. The doctor complimented her gruffly on her deftness as she cleansed and handed him instruments and soothed the girl's unanesthetized restlessness—he hadn't dared lower his patient's vital spark with the drugs at his command.

In thirty minutes that seemed thirty hours they were through. Millie began to come out of it.

"Mr. MacLean!" she cried—her first words. The accents were those of despair and terror. The name and the way she said it drove a chill to the heart of Eileen who hadn't believed. "Mr. MacLean, save me, save me!"

"What's that?" interrupted the startled physician. "Save you from whom?" he asked, bending over her to catch her reply should her voice die down to a whisper.

"From Harry Stringer. Oh, please save me! I'm afraid."

The doctor snapped his fingers. "She's all right. I can pull her through. But my Lord!"

"What's the matter?" Eileen asked dully. The world crashing about her ears left her singularly insensitive to further catastrophe.

"They're killing the wrong man!"

"Who's killing who?"

"The boys. They're whipping MacLean to death out in Foster's grove."

"What?" Eileen's voice rose to a cry of suddenly aroused womanhood. "You've got to stop them. You've got to!"

Doctor Reynolds looked at his watch. "It's too late now. If I went we'd lose Millie, too. But what a blunder, what an awful blunder!"

Eileen left the room. This was no time for argument. The doctor's coupé was at the door. The key was in the ignition lock. Eileen started the motor and was off.

Bill Erwin swung the whip over the inert form until he was tired. Another man stepped forward to relieve him.

"You beasts, you beasts, stop!"

The woman who stepped into the torchlight was a master of invective and she used it while she lashed the men back into a wider circle.

"Get out of here, Helen Armstrong!" ordered one of the men, finally plucking up courage enough to stand against her.

"What do you mean—get out of here?"

"My place is right here by the side of the only man in this town who ever treated me as if I was a white woman. When I go, Bruce MacLean is going to go with me and nobody is going to stop us either—you cowards, you white-livered cowards."

Someone laughed—a nervous, embarrassed laugh, but it broke the tension. After all they were men, and this woman was the most notorious woman in town. Why should they run from her tongue-lashing? They started towards her and their victim once more.

"Stop, you fools!" she ordered. "And you, Harry Stringer, cut this man down!"

Stringer, who had discarded his mask in the fracas, stood, foolishly, irresolute.

"Cut him down, I say! Do it quick or tomorrow I'll tell your wife who you spent the money on that you got for her farm

up in Waco County." There was more laughter, but not from the heart. "Laugh, you fools, but stand aside when you do it."

Helen caught the poor, inert, bleeding body as it slouched to the ground. She was a large woman and strong. She was able to hold him, limp and unconscious.

She faced them with her salvage in her arms.

"Don't you fellows know a man when you see one?" she asked. "When I leave there isn't anybody going to follow me. Understand? You'll never see either of us again unless you try to find out where we've gone. If you do, I'm going to come back and tell all I know—everything, understand? I recognize you all, even the ones who are trying to cover their faces with their wives' pillow-cases. You cowards just start something and I'll wreck your homes more completely than any earthquake you ever read about."

No one stopped her, no one said anything even as she bore her man out of the circle of torchlight into the rim of darkness.

Eileen, in the doctor's coupé, careered prayerfully over the rough roads to Foster's Grove. When she got near the edge of town she could see the flickering lights of the pine torches among the trees. The men, shamefaced and silent, were still there when she arrived. They were discussing what to do about the matter.

"Have you killed him?" she cried piteously. "Where is he?"

Someone answered her finally. "No, he ain't dead, at least I don't reckon so."

"Thank God!"

"What are you doing here, Eileen?" It was her own father who asked. He whipped off his mask.

"I came to tell you that you were punishing the wrong man. Millie has recovered consciousness and she has told the name of the—"

"Who? Who was it?" From all sides.

"Harry Stringer!"

The stunned silence became almost articulate. Why, Harry Stringer was the moving spirit in the entire punishment program!

Finally they turned on him. But Eileen's father stopped them. He was a man of affairs in Springfield and his words bore weight. He stood over the cowering figure.

"Men," he said gravely, "we'd better wait. My faith in my judgment has been badly shattered. Perhaps we make just as big a mistake as the ones we attempt to punish. Two or three of you take off your masks and escort Stringer over to the sheriff's office."

His counsels prevailed. Perhaps the mob had had its fill of violence.

Mr. Crosby led his daughter to where his car was parked in the woods.

She resisted. "Where is Bruce, daddy, where is he?"

He did not answer at first. He seemed to be listening.

The whistle of a locomotive, sadly shrill, came across the meadows from the railroad. A brilliantly lighted train, the Eastbound Limited, clattered over the trestle across the river.

"He's on that train, dear. And he's never coming back."

His prediction proved quite correct. At first Eileen did not believe it. She looked eagerly in the streets every time she went in town, feeling sure that around the next corner she would run into him.



But he was gone, absolutely and entirely gone.

Then of course she heard the sly gossip to the effect that he had left with Helen Armstrong, not the true story of his leaving with her, but the version that the wives knew, the reputation-destroying poisoned spawn of imagination that had acquired its pollution in the village scandal mill. Not that Eileen herself exactly believed it, but it broke her heart none the less.

A year passed. Eileen saw her duty and prepared to do it. Gale was home from college. He was never going back, he said. The ambition had been taken out of him, apparently. He didn't say so to anybody but the evidence was there. He didn't seem to care much about anything.

Eileen knew that she could restore the sparkle. Her own heart, bruised with waiting, too, told her what was the matter. She asked Gale to call.

Everybody was pleased, especially her father, who loved her and who almost loved Gale, too. Things were going to turn out all right after all, he thought.

It was funny, though, that Gale's devotion to her did not do her so much good as it did him. Eileen got thinner, more despondent—well, not exactly despondent but more indifferent—as the days went on and as their announced engagement was succeeded by the date set for the wedding. Her body seemed to be going through a routine set for it by her mind, which had subsequently gone off somewhere else and let the machinery run.

Gale noticed it but he did not acknowledge it. When you can't do anything for a patient you might as well pretend that the disease isn't there. Besides, she would probably get over it as soon as they were married. He told himself that even if he didn't believe it very sincerely.

He got Helen Armstrong's letter on the eve of their wedding.

It read:

Dear sir: I guess you know who I am. If you don't, I doubt if I could explain it to you. But, anyway, I read the announcement of your wedding in the home town blatter. Yes, I take it—it's funny what a person will sometimes be homesick for.

I've been taking care of Bruce MacLean for some time. You probably hadn't heard that he was ill. As a matter of fact he wasn't very well when he was in Springfield. He was really there all the time on disability pay from the Government. That was why he didn't do any heavy work either.

Lately he has gotten worse. Nothing special, just not caring about anything in particular, I guess.

He'll die pretty soon unless something happens to give him an interest in life.

You know what that would be. So do I. I'm willing to give him up and he's the only living thing in all the world that I love and the only one who has ever been genuinely kind to me.

That's all. I just thought I'd let you know.

Yours,  
Helen Armstrong

Gale tried to destroy the letter, which had the address on it, but when it was burned he found that every letter and figure was indelibly engraved on his memory. Why, they weren't so very far away. Only a couple of hours' drive in his roadster. Oh Lord, what a responsibility to load on to his shoulders just at that critical moment! He had to reach a

decision that would make or mar the lives of so many people.

Not to do the thing the Armstrong woman suggested would very probably kill MacLean, possibly Eileen herself, would render futile the tremendous sacrifice which Helen Armstrong had made. But his own happiness, what of that? Had he not some right to try to win the thing he cared for? Time was what he needed—time.

There wasn't a soul he could take his problem to. Anyone in Springfield to whom he might broach the idea would only laugh at him for even considering it.

Gale had to choose, had to launch the toboggan himself on one side or the other of the Great Divide and start it on its perilous career down the mountainside, even if the first thing that it flattened in its path was his own heart.

All night long he went through his Gehenna. Like the knight that he was, his own happiness was more than counterbalanced by the fear that he might make a mistake which would ruin the lives of others.

Finally, by daylight, he thought of someone who could help. It was Bruce MacLean himself. Not that he intended to ask him. But he tried to put the older man in his place. What would MacLean do under similar circumstances?

Gale remembered. MacLean had already been similarly placed and had done a rather splendid thing, a thing which had nearly cost him his life. According to the rules of chivalry and the tournament Gale could do no less than return the knightly courtesy of his rival.

So he called at Eileen's house as soon as he thought she would be up.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" she asked, noting his paleness.

"I've got to have a talk with you," he insisted. "Come with me for a ride."

"But my wedding dress. The seamstress is here and she has to finish some alterations which mother insisted upon at the last minute."

"Your wedding dress can wait," he told her, and added to himself, "forever."

The seriousness of his manner silenced further argument. Eileen followed him docilely enough to his car. To do whatever she could for this boy-man to make up for the fact that she could never return his adoration in kind was to be her lifelong policy.

She did not protest much even when he headed the violent nose of his roadster toward Black Hawk City, the nearest big town, and began to drive as if the Devil was after him. In spite of the fact that Gale had said he wanted to talk, he said very little and in less time than the trip had ever been made in before he drew up in front of an apartment building.

"Wait here a minute for me," he requested. He wanted to go ahead and make sure that it was all right.

Helen Armstrong opened the door for him. Gale scarcely recognized her at first. She didn't seem to be "the Armstrong woman" as he recollected her at all. The change was mostly in the eyes—they weren't hard as he had remembered them—but she was different in every way. She was thin and trim; she looked capable and young—well, anyway, much younger.

Her eyes, the new ones, questioned him. He nodded imperceptibly.

"I'd like to see Mr. MacLean."



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"Do you think you had better?"

She was trying to shield her man right up to the last minute. Gale knew without asking her that she had hoped he would ignore her letter and not come. It does take your breath away to find that the toboggan is really under way even if you did start it yourself.

She announced him. "Mr. Welch to see you, Mac."

MacLean looked up from his work—he was drafting something on a lap-board that was braced on the arms of his chair.

"Why, hello, Gale! This is an unexpected pleasure. Forgive me if I don't get up. This board—"

Gale knew it wasn't because of the board that he didn't rise. There was nothing left of the man but his eyes and his smile. His heart had eaten up all the rest of him. His hand was just nothing in the palm of his visitor. And yet, his grip was firm and sincere. The two liked each other; they had broken through much to arrive at mutual respect and recognition of their kindred ideals.

"While Mr. Welch is here I'll just run over to the market, Mac." Helen was standing by the door when she said it.

"All right, Helen. I'll be perfectly O. K. If there's anything you want to do, stay just as long as you like. I'll get along without you."

It was strange that, as in most of the ironic situations of life, the man she loved should all unwittingly have said the one thing that would hurt the most.

Gale, who knew that, when the door closed behind her, she was never coming back, saw the look of pain and was sorry. Didn't he know what she was facing?

She was gone—bravely and without a "Good-by." Gale wondered if she could see to walk down the stairs.

He gave her five minutes to get out of the way, five minutes devoted to conversation about unimportant trifles. Finally: "I've got something down in my car that I brought you. If it's all right to leave you alone I'll go down and bring it up."

MacLean pretended to be interested. "Certainly it's all right. I'm perfectly well. Helen tries to make me think I'm not very strong but that's just because she has the largest heart in all the world and no one to spend it on unless she keeps me in an infantile helpless condition."

Too bad that Helen could not hear his tribute to her. But maybe it would only have hurt. Who wants to be told that they are kind when the thing they want to hear is "I adore you"?

Gale went down the stairs. Eileen was sitting just as he had left her, in the sunlight. He tried to photograph her on his heart as he saw her then. He wanted to remember her always "sitting in the sunlight."

She came up the stairs as he asked her to—went in that door.

Gale closed it behind her himself—from the outside. He knew she would not need anyone to guide her the rest of the way.

Then he leaned against the wall and buried his head on his arms.

It wasn't a boy's heart that was breaking this time—it was a man's.

*Like sterling on silver is the name of Frank R. Adams on a love story—especially his new one in a forthcoming COSMOPOLITAN*

## My Escape From The Boers

(Continued from page 34)

persevered, and presently between two and three o'clock in the morning I perceived that they were not the fires of a Kaffir kraal. The angular silhouette of buildings began to draw out against them, and soon I saw that I was approaching a group of houses around the mouth of a coal mine. The wheel which worked the winding gear was plainly visible, and I could see that the fires which had led me so far were from the furnaces of the engines. Hard by, surrounded by one or two slighter structures, stood a small but substantial stone house two stories high.

I halted in the wilderness to survey this scene and to revolve my action. It was still possible to turn back. But in that direction I saw nothing but the prospect of further futile wanderings terminated by hunger, fever, discovery or surrender. On the other hand, here in front was a chance. I had heard it said before I escaped that in the mining district of Witbank and Middelburg there were a certain number of English residents who had been suffered to remain in the country in order to keep the mines working. Had I been led to one of these?

I had my £75 in English notes in my pocket. If I revealed my identity, I thought that I could give reasonable assurance of a thousand. I might find some indifferent neutral-minded person who out of good nature or for a large sum of money would aid me in my bitter and desperate need. Certainly I would try to make what bargain I could now—now while I still had the strength to plead my cause and perhaps to extricate myself if the results were adverse.

Still, the odds were heavy against me, and it was with faltering and reluctant steps that I walked out of the shimmering gloom of the veldt into the light of the furnace fires, advanced towards the silent house and struck with my fist upon the door.

There was a pause. Then I knocked again. And almost immediately a light sprang up above and an upper window opened.

"*Wer ist da?*" cried a man's voice.

I felt the shock of disappointment and consternation to my fingers.

"I want help; I have had an accident," I replied.

Some muttering followed. Then I heard steps descending the stairs, the bolt of the door was drawn, the lock was turned. It was opened abruptly, and in the darkness of the passage a tall man hastily attired, with a pale face and dark mustache, stood before me.

"What do you want?" he said, this time in English.

I had now to think of something to say. I wanted above all to get into parley with this man, to get matters in such a state that instead of raising an alarm and summoning others he would discuss things quietly.

"I am a burgher," I began. "I have had an accident. I was going to join my command at Komati Poort. I have fallen off the train. We were skylarking. I have been unconscious for hours. I think I have dislocated my shoulder."

It is astonishing how one thinks of these things. This story leaped out as if I had learned it by heart. Yet I had not the slightest idea what I was going to say or what the next sentence would be.

The stranger regarded me intently, and after some hesitation said at length, "Well, come in." He retreated a little into the darkness of the passage, threw open a door on one side of it and pointed with his left hand into a dark room. I walked past him and entered, wondering if it was to be my prison. He followed, struck a light, lighted a lamp and set it on the table at the far side of which I stood. I was in a small room, evidently a dining room and office in one. I noticed besides the large table a roll desk, two or three chairs and one of those machines for making soda water consisting of two glass globes set one above the other and encased in thin netting. On his end of the table my host had laid a revolver which he had hitherto presumably been holding in his right hand.

"I think I'd like to know a little more about this railway accident of yours," he said after a considerable pause.

"I think," I replied, "I had better tell you the truth."

"I think you had," he said slowly.

So I took the plunge and threw all I had upon the board.

"I am Winston Churchill, war correspondent of the London Morning Post. I escaped last night from Pretoria. I am making my way to the frontier." (Making my way!) "I have plenty of money. Will you help me?"

There was another long pause. My companion rose from the table slowly and locked the door. After this act, which struck me as unpromising and was certainly ambiguous, he advanced upon me and suddenly held out his hand:

"Thank Heaven you have come here! It is the only house for twenty miles where you would not have been handed over. But we are all British here, and we will see you through."

It is easier to recall across the gulf of years the spasm of relief which swept over me than it is to describe it. A moment before I had thought myself trapped; and now friends, food, resources, aid, were all at my disposal. I felt like a drowning man pulled out of the water and informed he has won the Derby!

My host now introduced himself as Mr. John Howard, manager of the Transvaal Collieries. He had become a naturalized burgher of the Transvaal some years before the war. But out of consideration for his British race and some inducements which he had offered to the local Field Cornet, he had not been called up to fight against the British. Instead, he had been allowed to remain with one or two others on the mine, keeping it pumped out and in good order until coal cutting could be resumed. He had with him at the mine head, besides his secretary, who was British, the engine man from Lancashire and two Scottish miners. All these four were British subjects and had been allowed to remain only upon giving their parole to observe strict neutrality. He himself as a burgher of the Transvaal Republic would be guilty of treason in harboring me, and



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liable to be shot if caught at the time or found out later on.

"Never mind," he said, "we will fix it up somehow." And added: "The Field Cornet was round here this afternoon asking about you. They have got the hue and cry out all along the line and all over the district."

I said that I did not wish to compromise him. Let him give me food, a pistol, a guide and if possible a pony, and I would make my own way to the sea marching by night across country far away from the railway line or any habitation.

He would not hear of it. He would fix up something. But he enjoined the utmost caution. Spies were everywhere. He had two Dutch servant-maids actually sleeping in the house. There were many Kaffirs employed about the mine premises and on the pumping machinery of the mine. Surveying these dangers he became very thoughtful.

Then: "But you are famishing."

I did not contradict him. In a moment he had bustled off into the kitchen, telling me meanwhile to help myself from a whisky bottle and the soda water machine which I have already mentioned. He returned after an interval with the best part of a cold leg of mutton and various other delectable commodities, and leaving me to do full justice to these quitted the room and let himself out of the house by a back door.

Nearly an hour passed before Mr. Howard returned. "It is all right," he said. "I have seen the men and they are all for it. We must put you down the pit tonight, and there you will have to stay till we can see how to get you out of the country. One difficulty," he said, "will be the skoff [food]. The Dutch girl sees every mouthful I eat. The cook will want to know what has happened to her leg of mutton. I shall have to think it all out during the night. You must get down the pit at once. We'll make you comfortable enough."

Accordingly just as the dawn was breaking I followed my host across a little yard into the enclosure in which stood the winding wheel of the mine. Here a stout man, introduced as Mr. Dewsnap of Oldham, locked my hand in a grip of crushing vigor. "They'll all vote for you next time," he whispered. (I had contested Oldham unsuccessfully in June of that year.)

A door was opened, and I entered the cage. Down we shot into the bowels of the earth. At the bottom of the mine were the two Scottish miners with lanterns and a big bundle which afterwards proved to be a mattress and blankets. We walked for some time through the pitchy labyrinth with frequent turns, twists and alterations of level, and finally stopped in a sort of chamber where the air was cool and fresh. Here my guide set down his bundle, and Mr. Howard handed me a couple of candles, a bottle of whisky and a box of cigars.

"There's no difficulty about these," he said. "I keep them under lock and key. Now we must plan how to feed you tomorrow."

"Don't you move from here whatever happens," was the parting injunction. "There will be Kaffirs about the mine after daylight, but we shall be on the lookout that none of them wanders this way. None of them has seen anything so far."

My four friends trooped off with their lanterns, and I was left alone. Viewed

from the velvety darkness of the pit, life seemed bathed in rosy light. After the perplexity and even despair through which I had passed I counted upon freedom as certain. Instead of a humiliating recapitulation and long months of monotonous imprisonment, probably in the common jail, I saw myself once more rejoining the army with a real exploit to my credit and in that full enjoyment of freedom and keen pursuit of adventure dear to the heart of youth. In this comfortable mood and speeded by intense fatigue I soon slept the sleep of the just—and of the triumphant.

I don't know how many hours I slept, but the following afternoon must have been far advanced when I found myself thoroughly awake. I put out my hand for the candle but could feel it nowhere. I did not know what pitfalls these mining galleries might contain, so I thought it better to lie quiet on my mattress and await developments. Several hours passed before the faint gleam of a lantern showed that someone was coming. It proved to be Mr. Howard himself, armed with a chicken and other good things. He also brought several books. He asked me why I had not lighted my candle. I said I could not find it.

"Didn't you put it under the mattress?" he asked.

"No."

"Then the rats must have got it."

He told me there were swarms of rats in the mine, that some years ago they had introduced a particular kind of white rat which was an excellent scavenger, and that these had multiplied and thrived exceedingly. He told me he had been to the house of an English doctor twenty miles away to get the chicken. He was worried at the attitude of the two Dutch servants, who were very inquisitive about the depredations upon the leg of mutton for which I had been responsible. He said that inquiries were being made for me all over the district by the Boers, and that the Pretoria government was making a tremendous fuss about my escape. The fact that there were a number of English remaining in the Middelburg mining region indicated it as a likely place for me to have turned to, and all persons of English origin were more or less suspect.

I again expressed my willingness to go on alone with a Kaffir guide and a pony, but this he utterly refused to entertain. It would take a lot of planning, he said, to get me out of the country, and I might have to stay in the mine for quite a long time.

"Here," he said, "you are absolutely safe. Mac"—by whom he meant one of the Scottish miners—"knows all the disused workings and places that no one else would dream of. There is one place here where the water actually touches the roof for a foot or two. If they searched the mine, Mac would dive under that with you into the workings cut off beyond the water. No one would ever think of looking there. We have frightened the Kaffirs with tales of ghosts, and anyhow we are watching their movements continually."

He stayed with me while I dined and then departed, leaving me among other things half a dozen candles which, duly warned, I tucked under my pillow and mattress.

I slept again for a long time, and woke suddenly with a feeling of movement about

me. Something seemed to be pulling at my pillow. I put out my hand quickly. There was a perfect scurry. The rats were at the candles. I rescued the candles in time and lighted one. Luckily for me I have no horror of rats as such, and being reassured by their evident timidity I was not particularly uneasy. All the same the three days I passed in the mine were not among the most pleasant which my memory reilluminates. The patter of little feet and a perceptible sense of stir and scurry was continuous. Once I was waked up from a doze by one actually galloping across me. On the candle being lighted these beings became invisible.

The next day—if you can call it day—arrived in due course. This was the fourteenth of December and the third day since I had escaped from the States Model Schools. It was relieved by a visit from the two Scottish miners, with whom I had a long confabulation. I then learned to my surprise that the mine was only about 200 feet deep. There were parts of it, said Mac, where one could see the daylight up a disused shaft. Would I like to take a turn around the old workings and have a glimmer?

We passed an hour or two wandering round and up and down these subterranean galleries, and spent a quarter of an hour near the bottom of the shaft where gray and faint the light of the sun and of the upper world was discerned. On this promenade I saw numbers of rats. They seemed rather nice little beasts, quite white, with dark eyes which I was assured in the daylight were a bright pink.

On the fifteenth Mr. Howard announced that the hue and cry seemed to be dying away. No trace of the fugitive had been discovered throughout the mining district. The talk among the Boer officials was now that I must be hiding at the house of some British sympathizer in Pretoria. They did not believe that it was possible I could have got out of the town. In these circumstances he thought that I might come up and have a walk on the veldt that night, and that if all was quiet the next morning I might shift my quarters to the back room of the office. Accordingly I had a fine stroll in the glorious fresh air and moonlight, and thereafter, anticipating slightly our program, I took up my quarters behind packing cases in the inner room of the office. Here I remained for three more days, walking each night on the endless plain with Mr. Howard or his assistant.

On the sixteenth, the fourth day of freedom, Mr. Howard informed me he had made a plan to get me out of the country. The mine was connected with the railway by a branch line. In the neighborhood of the mine there lived a Dutchman, Burgener by name, who was sending a consignment of wool to Delagoa Bay on the nineteenth. This gentleman was well disposed to the British. He had been approached by Mr. Howard, had been made a party to our secret, and was willing to assist. Mr. Burgener's wool was packed in great bales and would fill two or three large trucks. These trucks were to be loaded at the mine's siding. The bales could be so packed as to leave a small place in the center of the truck in which I could be concealed. A tarpaulin would be fastened over each truck after it had been loaded, and it was very unlikely indeed that if the

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fastenings were found intact, it would be removed at the frontier. Did I agree to take this chance?

I was more worried about this than almost anything that had happened to me so far in my adventure. I had really come to count upon freedom as a certainty, and the idea of having to put myself in a position in which I should be perfectly helpless, without a move of any kind, absolutely at the caprice of a searching party at the frontier, was profoundly harassing. However, in the end I accepted the proposal of my generous rescuer, and arrangements were made accordingly.

The afternoon of the eighteenth dragged slowly away. I remember that I spent the greater part of it reading Stevenson's "Kidnaped." Those thrilling pages which described the escape of David Balfour and Alan Breck in the glens awakened sensations with which I was only too familiar. To be a fugitive, to be a hunted man, to be "wanted," is a mental experience by itself. Feeling that at any moment the officers of the law may present themselves, or any stranger may ask the questions, "Who are you? Where do you come from? Where are you going?"—to which questions no satisfactory answer can be given—gnaws the structure of self-confidence. I dreaded in every fiber the ordeal which awaited me at Komati Poort, and which I must impatiently and passively endure if I were to make good my escape from the enemy.

In this mood I was startled by the sound of rifle shots close at hand, one after another at irregular intervals. A dozen sinister hypotheses flashed through my mind. The Boers had come! Howard and his handful of Englishmen were in open rebellion in the heart of the enemy's country! I had been strictly enjoined upon no account to leave my hiding-place behind the packing cases in any circumstances whatever, and I accordingly remained there in great anxiety. Presently it became clear that the worst had not happened. The sounds of voices and presently of laughter came from the office. Evidently a conversation, amicable, sociable in its character, was in progress. I resumed my companionship with Alan Breck. At last the voices died away, and then after an interval my door was opened and Mr. Howard's pale, somber face appeared suffused by a broad grin.

"The Field Cornet has been here," he said. "No, he was not looking for you. He says they caught you at Waterval Boven yesterday. But I didn't want him messing about so I challenged him to a rifle match at bottles. He won two pounds off me and has gone away delighted. It is all fixed up for tonight," he added.

"What do I do?" I asked.

"Nothing. You simply follow me when I come for you."

At two o'clock on the morning of the nineteenth I awaited, fully dressed, the signal. The door opened. My host appeared. He beckoned. Not a word was spoken on either side. He led the way through the front office to the siding where three large bogie-trucks stood. Three figures, evidently Dewnap and the miners, were strolling about in different directions in the moonlight. A gang of Kaffirs were busy lifting an enormous bale into the rearmost truck. Howard strolled

along to the first truck and walked across the line past the end of it. As he did so he pointed with his right hand. I nipped on to the buffers and saw before me a hole between the wool bales and the end of the truck just wide enough to squeeze into. From this there led a narrow tunnel formed of wool bales into the center of the truck. Here was a space wide enough to lie in, high enough to sit up in. In this I took up my abode.

Three or four hours later, when gleams of daylight had reached me through the interstices of my shelter and through chinks in the boards of the flooring of the truck, the noise of an approaching engine was heard. Then came the bumping and banging of coupling up. And again, after a further pause, we started rumbling off on our journey into the unknown.

I now took stock of my new abode and of the resources in munitions and supplies with which it was furnished. First there was a revolver. This was a moral support, though it was not easy to see in what way it could helpfully be applied to any problem I was likely to have to solve. Secondly, there were two roast chickens, some slices of meat, a loaf of bread, a melon and three bottles of cold tea. The journey to the sea was not expected to take more than sixteen hours, but no one could tell what delay might occur to ordinary commercial traffic in time of war.

There was plenty of light now in the recess in which I was confined. There were many crevices in the boards composing the sides and floor of the truck, and through these the light found its way between the wool bales. Working along the tunnel to the end of the truck I found a chink which must have been nearly an eighth of an inch in width, and through which it was possible to gain a partial view of the outer world. To check the progress of the journey I had learned by heart beforehand the names of all the stations on the route. I can remember many of them today: Witbank, Middelburg, Bergendal, Belfast, Dalmanutha, Machado Dorp, Waterval Boven, Waterval Onder, Elandschoek, Nooitgedacht and so on to Komati Poort.

We had by now reached the first of these. At this point the branch line from the mine joined the railway. Here after two or three hours' delay and shunting we were evidently coupled up to a regular train and soon started off at a superior and very satisfactory pace. All day long we traveled eastward through the Transvaal, and when darkness fell we were laid up for the night at a station which according to my reckoning was Waterval Boven. We had accomplished nearly half of our journey. But how long should we wait on this siding? It might be for days; it would certainly be until the next morning.

I wanted to go to sleep. Indeed, I did not think I could possibly keep awake. But if I slept I might snore! And if I snored while the train was at rest in the silent siding, I might be heard. And if I were heard! I decided in principle that it was only prudent to abstain from sleep, and shortly afterwards fell into a blissful slumber from which I was awakened the next morning by the banging and jerking of the train as the engine was again coupled to it.

Between Waterval Boven and Waterval Onder there is a very steep descent which



the locomotive accomplishes by means of a rack and pinion. We ground our way down this at three or four miles an hour, and this feature made my reasoning certain that the next station was in fact Waterval Onder. All this day, too, we rattled through the enemy's country, and late in the afternoon we reached the dreaded Komati Poort. Peeping through my chink I could see this was a considerable place with numerous tracks of rails and several trains standing on them. Numbers of people were moving about. There were many voices and much shouting and whistling. After a preliminary inspection of the scene I retreated into the very center of my fastness as the train pulled up, and covering myself up with a piece of sacking lay flat on the floor of the truck and awaited developments with a beating heart.

Three or four hours passed, and I did not know whether we had been searched or not. Several times people had passed up and down the train talking in Dutch. But the tarpaulins had not been removed, and no special examination seemed to have been made of the truck. Meanwhile darkness had come on, and I had to resign myself to an indefinite continuance of my uncertainties. It was tantalizing being held so long in jeopardy after all these hundreds of miles had been accomplished and I was now within a few hundred yards of the frontier. Again I wondered about the dangers of snoring. But in the end I slept without mishap.

We were still stationary when I awoke. Perhaps they were searching the train so thoroughly that there was consequently a great delay! Alternatively, perhaps we were forgotten on the siding and would be left there for days or weeks! I was greatly tempted to peer out, but I resisted. At last at eleven o'clock we were coupled up, and almost immediately started. If I had been right in thinking that the station in which we had passed the night was Komati Poort, I was already in Portuguese territory. But perhaps I had made a mistake. Perhaps the search still impended. But all these doubts were dispelled when the train arrived at the next station. I peered through my chink and saw the uniform caps of the Portuguese officials on the platform and the name Ressano Garcia painted on a board.

I restrained all expression of my joy until we moved on again. Then as we rumbled and banged along I pushed my head out of the tarpaulin and sang and shouted and crowed at the top of my voice. Indeed, I was so carried away by thankfulness and delight that I fired my revolver two or three times in the air as a *feu de joie*. None of these follies led to any evil results.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Lourenço Marques. My train ran into a goods yard, and a crowd of Kaffirs advanced to unload it. I thought the moment had now come for me to quit my hiding-place in which I had passed nearly three anxious and uncomfortable days. I had already thrown out every vestige of food and had removed all traces of my occupation. I now slipped out at the end of the truck between the couplings, and mingling unnoticed with the Kaffirs and loafers in the yard—which my slovenly and unkempt appearance well fitted me to do—I strolled my way towards the gates and found myself in the streets of Lourenço Marques.

Burgener was waiting outside the gates. We exchanged glances. He turned and walked off into the town, and I followed twenty yards behind. We walked through several streets and turned a number of corners. Presently he stopped and stood for a moment gazing up at the roof of the opposite house. I looked in the same direction and there—blessed vision!—I saw floating the gleaming colors of the Union Jack. It was the British Consulate.

The Secretary of the British Consul evidently did not expect my arrival.

"Be off," he said. "The Consul cannot see you today. Come to his office at nine tomorrow if you want anything."

At this I became so angry and repeated so loudly that I insisted on seeing the Consul personally at once, that that gentleman himself looked out of the window and finally came down to the door and asked me my name. From that moment every resource of hospitality and welcome was at my disposal. A hot bath, clean clothing, an excellent dinner, telegraphic facilities—all, in fact, that one could need was accorded me.

I devoured the file of newspapers which were placed before me. Great events had taken place since I had climbed the wall of the States Model Schools. The Black Week of the Boer War had descended on the British Army. General Gatacre at Stormberg, Lord Methuen at Magersfontein and Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso had all suffered staggering defeats and casualties on a scale unknown to England since the Crimean War. All this made me eager to rejoin the army, and the Consul himself was no less anxious to get me out of Lourenço Marques, which was full of Boers and Boer sympathizers. Happily the weekly steamer was leaving for Durban that very evening. I decided to embark.

The news of my arrival had spread like wildfire through the town, and while we were at dinner the Consul was at first disturbed to see a group of strange figures in the garden. These, however, turned out to be Englishmen fully armed who had hurried up to the Consulate determined to resist any attempt at my recapture. Under the escort of these patriotic gentlemen I marched safely through the streets to the quay, and at about ten o'clock was on blue water in the steamship Induna.

Such is my tale. Youth seeks adventure. Journalism requires advertisement. Certainly I had found both. At one bound I became for the time quite famous. While the British nation was smarting under a series of military defeats such as are so often necessary to evoke the exercise of its strength, the news of my escape from the Boers was received with enormous and no doubt disproportionate satisfaction. My messages calling for a quarter of a million men instead of the fifty thousand who had hitherto been sent, my audacious question: "What are the gentlemen of England doing? Are they all fox-hunting?" were the subject of leading articles in every paper. Columns of undeserved eulogy extolled my enterprise, daring and resource.

I reached Durban to find myself a popular hero. I was received as if I had won a great victory. The harbor was decorated with flags. Bands and crowds thronged the quays. The Admiral, the General, the Mayor pressed on board to grasp my hand. I was nearly torn to pieces by enthusiastic kindness. Whirled along on the shoulders



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of the crowd, I was carried to the steps of the town hall, where nothing would content them but a speech, which after a becoming reluctance I was induced to deliver. Sheaves of telegrams from all parts of the world poured in upon me, and I started that night for the army in a blaze of triumph.

Here, too, I was received with the greatest good-will. I took up my quarters in the very plate-layer's hut within one hundred yards of which I had a little more than a month before been taken prisoner, and there with the rude plenty of the Natal campaign celebrated by a dinner to many friends my good fortune and Christmas Eve.

After Sir Redvers Buller, the Commander-in-Chief, had examined me at length upon the conditions prevailing in the Transvaal, and after I had given him whatever information I had been able to collect from the somewhat scanty viewpoint of my chink between the boards of the railway truck, he said to me:

"You have done very well. Is there anything we can do for you?"

I replied at once that I should like a commission in one of the irregular corps which were being improvised on all sides. The General, whom of course I had known off and on during the four years I had served in the army, appeared somewhat disconcerted at this and after a considerable pause inquired:

"What about poor old Borthwick?" meaning thereby Sir Algernon Borthwick, afterwards Lord Glenesk, proprietor of the London Morning Post newspaper. I replied that I was under a definite contract with him as war correspondent and could not possibly relinquish this engagement. The situation therefore raised considerable issues. In the various little wars of the previous few years it had been customary for military officers on leave to act as war correspondents, and even for officers actually serving to undertake this double duty. This had been considered to be a great abuse, and no doubt it was open to many objections.

No one had been more criticized in this connection than myself. I had served both on the Indian frontier and up the Nile as a soldier and had also contributed openly and continually to the newspapers. After the Nile Expedition the War Office had definitely and finally decided that no soldier could be a correspondent and no correspondent could be a soldier. Here then was the new rule in all its inviolate sanctity, and to make an exception to it on my account above all others was a very hard proposition. Sir Redvers Buller, long Adjutant-General at the War Office, a man of the world, a man of affairs, a representative of the strictest military school, found it very awkward. He took two or three turns round the room, eying me in a droll manner. Then at last he said:

"All right. You can have a commission in Bungo's [Colonel Byng, afterwards Lord Byng of Fourth Army fame] regiment. You will have to do as much as you can for both jobs. But," he added, "you will get no pay for ours."

To this irregular arrangement I made haste to agree.

Next month Mr. Churchill relates some absorbing "behind the scenes" reminiscences of his youth and great men he has known

## Healthy, Wealthy and Wise

(Continued from page 48)

telling me, Carrie, how in the name of all that's holy you shook Victoria and Louisa?"

Carrie returned her grin.

"Well, I hope you can shake this gang more politely," he returned quietly.

Five young men looked with hostility at Carrie as they greeted him.

Georgianna giggled again.

"And he's only twenty-one!" she cooed.

"Twenty-one today!" She was on her feet now, a diminutive figure in a scarlet skirt and white silk sweater. She inserted one finger into her mouth, rocked back and forth in mock shyness. "Oh, gosh! Do I have to kiss you twenty-one times?" She approached him with an air of patient determination; then her expression brightened. "How 'bout one to grow on, old boy? Right on the brain, too. Lean over, sweetness."

Carrie leaned, wondering what she'd do if he didn't lean so far as she had designated and then not daring to try and find out, and Georgianna bestowed a polite and fragrant kiss on the top of his fair hair.

"Well, what's up?"

Carrie's face fell again. "Listen, Georgianna, I've got to talk to you!"

"Well?" A small brown hand cupped her ear. "All set?"

"No. Alone."

"A-lone!" repeated Georgianna. "Ladies, do you think it's proper? Remember he's twenty-one today!" She smiled at her guests and linked her arm through Carrie's. "See you all later."

A rumble of disapproval followed them as they descended the steps and climbed into Carrie's car. Georgianna was silent, and Carrie, overwhelmed by her nearness and the unexpected promptness with which she had granted him his wish, was unable to speak.

"Well, shoot!" ordered Georgianna as he drew up the car in one of the many lanes which make Darnton the popular summer resort it is. "Victoria got you engaged to the fair Louisa or somethin'?"

"Of course not. Gosh, Georgianna, do you think she's going to do that?"

Georgianna chuckled and held out her hands in a gesture purely Hebraic. "If she wants to, I'll bet on her."

"Gosh—no! Listen, Georgianna . . ." A flush mounted steadily as he recounted the episode of the sweater.

Georgianna's laughter was usually contagious, but the pain merely deepened on Carrie's face as she rocked with amusement. "Oh, Carrie?" She wiped her violet eyes. "Oh, Vic's a whiz, isn't she? And my word, won't the gang give you the lovely juicy raspberry when you appear in the sweater?"

Carrie stiffened. "But naturally I have no intention of wearing it, Georgianna."

She chuckled again; then sobered, and gave an unconvinced grunt. "You'll wear it if Victoria wants you to, all right."

"I will not!"

"Oh, won't you, though?" She was silent, and Carrie, at her side, trembled with indignation. "Only thing I see is for you to pop into training and win the old thing—but . . ." She paused and her eyes traveled accusingly over his undisciplined bulk.

"I never thought of that," mumbled

Carrie, scarlet-faced at her scrutiny.

"Well, I shouldn't let it trouble me if I were you," said Georgianna dryly.

Carrie lighted a cigarette with fingers that trembled with anger. What a birthday for a young man just coming into his inheritance! That idiot of a Louisa Bradley for luncheon; then Grandmother—and now Georgianna had to treat him like this!

"So you think I couldn't do something if I wanted to!" Carrie said. "Football or track . . ." He faltered beneath the girl's gaze, amused by the picture that the word "track" had called forth.

"Gee, I wish we had Victoria in our set!" said Georgianna. "You know, Carrie, the girl's good. The Carrington Farraday Stadium—wow!"

She felt his angry gaze and turned her eyes squarely, insultingly, upon him.

All his twenty-one years Carrington Farraday had been exclusively surrounded by members of the gentler sex. Perhaps that was why he knew nothing about them. He hadn't known that the fact that Grandmother answered the telephone call and broke the deadlock in which they had been placed had been a signal of defeat; he still fondly believed that his brutal behavior towards Louisa would make her hate him for life. And now, after Georgianna had broken away from her guests to drive out with him and hear his tale of woe, now when she sat looking at him with such cool insolence in her soft violet eyes, he thought it was because she loathed him completely.

But it was his twenty-first birthday, and he had become automatically one of the richest young men in the state of New York. People should be decent to a fellow on his birthday. Everything needn't go wrong. And since Georgianna had so clearly shown her contempt for him, he'd just put her out of his life completely. Yet before he banished her from memory . . . since it was his birthday . . .

"I didn't think so much of that kiss you gave me," he said, with his first real coolness, born of his first real wrath. "I should think a nice little girl like you could do better than that!"

And before the surprised Georgianna knew what was happening, Carrie's arms, not quite so devoid of muscle as she had supposed, had pinioned her own arms close to her sides, and Carrie's mouth was pressing firmly upon her own cool lips.

But it was just as he had known it would be. The instant he released her, her right hand shot out and delivered a stinging slap to his unprotected cheek.

"You pig!" she said, lovely in her anger. "Carrington Farraday, you're about the worst apology for a man I ever saw in my life! You can take me home. I never want to see you again!"

And Carrington, opening the car door for her in a crestfallen manner when they reached her house, had not sense enough to attach any significance to the fact that Georgianna did not join the others on the piazza, but flashed through the side door, unseen, and up the stairs to her bedroom, where she sat in silent wonder by the window for nearly half an hour, two of her slim fingers across her soft lips, her violet eyes clouded with dreams.

## ruined

Many a first impression has been ruined by some seemingly little thing.

IT'S so easy to get off on the wrong foot with people—whether it be in an important business contact or simply in a casual social meeting.

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For several days, ever since, in fact, he and Georgianna had mutually put one another out of their respective lives, Carrie had felt a need for the society of other humans. Yet when, at the correct hour of four thirty, he saw the slim figure of Louisa Bradley advancing up the long driveway, carrying a bouquet of flowers to his grandmother, he made a dash through the butler's pantry, pausing long enough to snatch a handful of chocolates, across the kitchen, and out into the back garden.

Far east of the house, in the orderly little apple orchard, an old-fashioned yellow and brown string hammock swayed in the wind, and Carrie made a bolt for it. For a few moments he lay quiet; then, as all seemed serene, he crossed his legs and began thoughtfully to devour the candy.

That first flush of his triumphant stand in the matter of the sweater had cooled; Grandmother's eyes were no longer merely hurt; there lay in them a speculative look, a look of a lady planning, by fair means or foul, to get her own way. Carrie was worried, and there was no one to whom he could take his worries. There never had been anyone . . .

Carrington Farraday had been a lonely child. His father had died before his birth, his mother shortly afterwards, and the friends of Victoria Farraday had shaken their heads sadly at the thought of the fragile woman burdened with the upbringing of a ten-pound boy baby. She had been over sixty when he was ten—and Carrington had been almost as afraid of her displeasure then as he was now. No father could have inspired the respect, the promptly unquestioning obedience, which the small woman with the bright little eyes who ruled her family house with a rod of iron brought forth in him. Mrs. Farraday was little; like a good specimen of her generation, she gave forth an aroma of helplessness, of utter femininity, yet no Amazon, no militant woman, was ever more sure of her power.

Mrs. Farraday's ideas of fit comrades for her grandson were rigid, and as the little boys upon whom she bestowed the regal indulgence rarely attracted Carrie—they had been, all of them, of the Louisa variety—he had grown up without friends. In his teens, when girls became a factor in his life, he broke the prescribed bounds occasionally, but never with lasting results. The Georgiannas of his world, male and female, were not eager to week-end beneath the austere gaze of Grandmother.

His first year at college had been a release, but Carrie was not over-popular. Two years of travel with Mrs. Farraday had made him older than the other boys. He had emerged, at the end of his freshman term at Cranford, with no one to help alleviate the boredom of the summer at home. And the young Darntonites, with whom he had more or less grown up, had their cliques and groups apart from him. Georgianna had been his only link; there had always been an indefinable bond between them, a bond that was neither sympathy nor understanding, yet that had remained for the fifteen years the Pooles had lived in Darnton; and now she was gone. She never wanted to see him again.

He ate the last of the chocolates, and misery settled over him, misery so thick that he did not hear footsteps until cool hands covered his eyes and a well bred voice demanded, "Guess who."

"Louisa," he said flatly, unemotionally. "Mrs. Farraday said you were out here." Smiling, Louisa looked down upon him. "I'm awfully sorry if you're still bothering about the sweater, Carrington. Your grandmother is worried, too. I'm sure she'd never do anything that would disturb you."

Carrie snorted, sat up and ungraciously offered Louisa the hammock. A string hammock is not meant for two, if Louisa is one of them. Georgianna, now . . .

"Mrs. Farraday is so old—and so helpless, in a way," continued Louisa in her best bedside manner as she sat down. "Couldn't you wear the sweater—just to please her—around the house? I hate to see you two disturbed over such an unimportant little thing."

Carrie looked at her coldly. "There is only one possible circumstance in which I could wear that sweater," he said, "and that is by rating it."

Louisa beamed at his manly attitude. "It's too bad you're not stronger," she said, as though agreeing with him. "But exercise is so fatiguing, don't you think?"

Carrie looked past her morosely. "I'm strong enough," he muttered. "Fact, I play a fairly good game of tennis. I'm quick. Only trouble with me is that I'm too dam' lazy." He offered no apology for his language, hoping again that Louisa would take offense. If he had looked at her then and seen the radiant approval in her colorless little face at this strong masculine man, he would have groaned aloud.

"Oh, not lazy!" said Louisa. "I think athletics are—well, to be frank, rather vulgar—anyway. Of course in football you're not running about in—in undress—but it is rather a brutal game. Don't you think, Carrington, that it brings out the worst in a man?"

Carrington's impulse was to retort that she did that, but something saved him. He would probably have found himself engaged to be married before explanation of such a statement was over.

Louisa talked on, finding thrilling interest in this hulking, sulky young man who was so adorably rude, so virilely contemptuous. And Carrie listened because he could not help himself, until his very dislike of her began forming a conviction in his mind.

Why didn't he go in for athletics? Georgianna thought he couldn't; Grandmother thought he needn't; Louisa thought he shouldn't. Three excellent reasons . . . Football—it was an exciting game to watch. Irritation stirred in him enthusiasms which had lain dormant for years. Himself a hero; himself, trim, fit, hard-muscled, cheered by a great gay crowd, surrounded by congratulatory men and smiling girls—girls like Georgianna!

Georgianna, of course, never wanted to see him again. It would serve her right if he became the hero of the Cranford team. And after she had cheered herself hoarse, and rushed down with the rest of them, to take his hand in her little ones for an instant, he would look at her coldly—just a look would be sufficient. She'd remember . . .

"Mrs. Farraday said for me to bring you in for tea," said Louisa. She examined her wristwatch, a small, silly thing.

Carrie looked at her thoughtfully, and slowly a smile formed itself on his lips; a

light flickered and shone in his blue eyes. "Tea?" repeated Carrie, as though in surprise. "I'll walk to the house with you, Louisa. I can't take any, you see. I—I'm in training." And with Louisa, wide-eyed in wonder at the athlete, by his side, he strode majestically across the lawn to the living room door.

Carrie was not yet quite sure what the diet of a prospective athlete should be, but he suspected that it meant total abandonment of all the things he liked to eat. He remembered having felt the deepest sympathy for athletes with whom he had dined. He refused wine, dessert and coffee at dinner, and paused, a cigarette midway to his lips, luxuriating in this self-inflicted punishment.

Across the oval table Grandmother Farraday watched him anxiously. "You're sure you're not ill, Carrington? Wouldn't you like a piece of chocolate cake?"

Carrie gulped. "No thanks, Grandmother."

There was a feeling of emptiness, of intense physical and spiritual discomfort within him as they went into the living room. Ten minutes of conversation, and Grandmother retired; Carrington wandered into the library, wondering whether among the Farraday volumes there might be something on the training of future football heroes. The only thing he had found when the doorbell rang was a small volume entitled "The Care and Feeding of Children." He paused, the book in his hand, at the sound of the bell; stood rooted at the voice which so cheerfully answered Madison's "Good evening, Miss Poole."

Georgianna!

"I've brought an old friend of Mr. Farraday's father," she was explaining. "I've got to run—'nother engagement—but won't you tell Mrs. Farraday that Mr. Whiting is here?"

Carrie listened while Madison explained that Mrs. Farraday had retired. But Mr. Carrington . . . The tinkle of Georgianna's voice, and in the doorway of the living room there loomed the large figure of a man, gray-haired, brown, handsome.

They sat down in the comfortable library armchairs and Carrie uncertainly refused a cigarette. The older man glanced at the small book still clutched so tightly in his host's fingers and, being a parent himself, recognized it.

"Contemplating marriage?" he inquired, smiling.

Carrie blushed and laid aside Doctor Holt's message to the world. "As a matter of fact—" he began—and paused.

"Well?" Whiting smiled encouragingly.

Carrie was wondering whether the stranger would tell Georgianna. Somehow he didn't want Georgianna to know—yet. "Why—this would be between ourselves, of course—"

"Of course," echoed his guest, gray eyes amused.

"Well, I was looking for something on diet—you know, for training."

His visitor looked as though that were a most natural thing. He spoke easily, quietly. "You've certainly come to the right man for that," he said. "I was football coach for Cranford for twelve years. That's when I knew your father."

"Wh-what!" Carrington hardly believed him. Then he began to laugh weakly.

Mr. Whiting—old Alan Whiting of Cranford—leaned back and surveyed the elder Carrington Farraday's son thoughtfully, surveyed him with the look of a woman fingering material in a shop.

"Hmph!" he announced non-committally. And then, "You're a pretty bum specimen for a young man, aren't you?" he asked pleasantly. "How old are you?"

It was after midnight when Alan Whiting left the house, leaving behind him a sobered young man in whose head there no longer flashed pictures of himself on the Cranford field surrounded by groups of admirers, but in whose eyes was a look of determination as glittering as any that ever gleamed in the eyes of Victoria Farraday.

That summer which lay between the end of Carrington Farraday's freshman year and the beginning of his sophomore would be dull in telling, a mere recounting of schedules, self-denials, rules, restraints, torments.

As fat melted away from the heavy frame of the young man, his mind, his very strength of will, seemed to be cleared of barnacles; when Mrs. Farraday objected to the severity of his training—it was indeed a sad sight to see Carrie running painfully up and down the long driveway—the master of the Farraday household ordered the guest-room in the east wing prepared for one Mr. Whiting, who was to spend the summer there. After her first indignation at affairs so being taken from her own hands, Grandmother's pleasure at being overruled by her own grandson got the better of her; she found that she enjoyed the guest's company. He had known and admired that almost mythical person, Franklin Farraday; he had known and loved Carrington Farraday, senior. And he seemed in a fair way of knowing and loving the young man under his present guidance.

Whiting was a graphic conversationalist; a man of over fifty, he had traveled the world; in fact there was only one subject upon which he was at all vague, and that was the business which had brought him to Darnton and the manner of his acquaintance with Georgianna Poole. His appearance in Darnton seemed to have been pure coincidence, one of those things which happen occasionally to make one believe in the powers of fate.

It was after a solid month of training that Carrington came face to face with Georgianna on the main street of Darnton; he had hardly been in to the town proper since the advent of Alan Whiting. It was she who stopped, a quick smile curling her small red mouth.

"Carrie! Gosh, you're looking well!"

"Am I?" Carrie's diffidence was not wholly feigned; Georgianna had said that she never wanted to see him again, but apart from that was the fact that girls were among his taboos. He started to pass by, but she caught his sleeve.

"Don't run away, Carrie! Why don't you ever come to see me any more?"

He shrugged, but the contact of that small hand on his arm sent blood racing through his veins. Carrie's blood was no longer sluggish.

"Thought you didn't want me to," he returned, averting his eyes from her friendly, almost wistful little face. "I've been busy, anyway."

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"Busy?" She ignored the first part of his statement as unimportant. "What have you been doing?"

Her interest swelled his heart. "Oh—playing croquet. See that muscle?" He couldn't resist the vanity of swelling his biceps; he was as proud of it as any child of a new toy.

The light in her eyes reminded him for an instant of Louisa, but she caught it in time, lowered her lashes and leaned over to roll up the sleeve of her rose-colored sweater and display a muscle of her own. Her flesh was cool and sweet beneath his fingers as, at her bidding, he felt the hard little arm. In a flash he remembered that day when he had held these arms close to her sides and kissed her lips . . .

"Think you might come round sometime," she said, pouting.

He bowed. It was all that he could do. And this time she did not detain him; they separated.

Georgianna filled his thoughts for a whole day after that, but Whiting was finding new torments to tire him out—it was a more difficult task now than it had been, this reducing of Carrie to a tired, heavy-eyed young man whose one thought was of slipping between the cool sheets of his bed—and within a week visions of Georgianna were definitely relegated to the future, along with dreams of chocolate cake and hot raised biscuits.

Whiting had decided that, with Carrie's new vitality of mind, the speed which he had called forth from within him, he might do well as a half-back, and as September and the try-out at Cranford drew nearer his training became more and more intense. It was a week before the Day when, as he and Whiting were playing on the new handball court, he saw from the corner of his eyes Georgianna approaching slowly up the driveway. His heart leaped, and a look of worry crossed his face; Grandmother might be nasty; she didn't like Georgianna Poole.

Whiting followed his eyes. "Won't hurt you to relax now," he said. "I'm going in and take a shower." He strode to the house, nodding to the girl, and Carrie, hot, dirty, yet somehow triumphant and proud of the picture he made in his bathing suit, bare brown legs and strong brown arms, awaited the approach of the girl.

He had never seen Georgianna look so destructively feminine; he had never seen her in pale pink organdie before. A floppy hat, heavy with flowers, covered her short hair; slippers with heels too high for country roads accentuated the smallness of her feet. And somehow the pink of her frock was reflected on her cheeks; there was a shyness in her violet eyes, a tremulousness in her smile.

"Caught you!" she said, taking his hand. "But my Lord, Carrie, you couldn't expect me not to know you were in training! I've never seen such a change in a man in my life—honest, I wouldn't have believed it! Come along and tell me about it."

Carrington smiled happily. He had Whiting's permission, he had the unspoken permission of his fit young body, and he held firmly to the small hand in his.

"D'you mind if I don't change just yet? Come on over and let's sit down under that tree."

She followed him meekly, and for thirty ecstatic minutes they—or rather, Carrie—

talked. He hadn't meant to tell her about his plans; he had meant, in fact, to put her in her place, but somehow with her so near him, so near and little and sweet . . .

He abandoned all ideas of firmness. He was crazy about Georgianna; peace had been made without assault to his dignity, and he knew that he wanted to see her every day. "Gosh, I'm starved!" he said suddenly. "Come on in and have luncheon with us." He couldn't let her go now.

But Georgianna hesitated. "Your grandmother doesn't like me," she said.

Carrie frowned. "No-o-o," he agreed dubiously. That was a problem—Grandmother and Georgianna . . . "But come on, anyway. I do."

It was strange to see Georgianna blush. "She'll think it's funny for me to run in on you like this, with no excuse. I—I want her to like me." She looked up at him and scowled in answer to the frown which still creased his forehead. She didn't want Carrie worried, with the try-out so near.

"Come on!" he pleaded.

Georgianna looked about her thoughtfully; suddenly as her gaze reached a bed of salmon colored gladioli her mouth twitched; her eyes, returning to Carrie's face, sparkled.

"Gosh!" she said, grinning. "All right, I'll come, Carrie. You go on in and dress."

He hesitated, questioning; then he obeyed her. He had just emerged from his own room, exquisitely attired in white flannels and his favorite foulard tie, when Madison admitted Miss Poole. He saw Grandmother's expression tighten, saw, as he watched her, a look of total amazement cover her face as Georgianna appeared in the doorway. He looked up.

Little and slender, a smiling, shy young woman in organdie, holding in her arms an enormous bunch of salmon colored flowers.

"Mother sent these over to you," she said demurely to Mrs. Farraday. "She's always admired your gladioli so much and she's been so proud of these. She wanted you to see them—honestly, Mrs. Farraday, if you took them out to your garden and compared them with your own, I don't think you'd find a bit of difference! And yours are prize-winners, too, aren't they?"

Carrington choked and walked quickly to the window; outrageously Georgianna's eyes followed him, commanded his gaze.

For an instant Victoria Farraday wavered; she looked out of the window toward the garden where her prize gladioli bloomed; she looked back at the girl. There were no other gladioli in Darnton like hers . . . She took the proffered bunch of blossoms, stared at them; again her eyes strayed to the window, returned to Georgianna.

"Extraordinary!" she murmured. Then, sharply: "It was very sweet of your mother. I shall write her a little note."

"Do!" urged Georgianna.

Mrs. Farraday surveyed her uninvited guest again. "Or perhaps I will call," she said steadily. "I'm growing older, of course, and do not go about so much—"

"Oh, no!" denied Georgianna. "And please call. It's so long since we've seen you. And we're nearly as near as the Bradleys—and really *much* nicer! I'm quite hurt at you, Mrs. Farraday."

Grandmother stared hard at Georgianna. There was not the slightest doubt in her

mind of where the flowers had grown; she was an enthusiastic gardener, and she *knew!* As Georgianna continued to return her gaze, she knew also that Georgianna was aware that she knew. The effrontery of the girl paralyzed, fascinated her.

"You must stay to luncheon with us," she said.

"I should love to," returned Georgianna promptly, smiling. "I hoped you'd ask me." Georgianna knew better than to try to put anything over on Mrs. Farraday.

Whiting joined them; Grandmother sat in puzzled silence during luncheon while he and Carrie talked with Georgianna.

It was also Whiting who led a reluctant and apprehensive Carrie away after luncheon, only slightly reassured by a cheerful wink from Georgianna. Mrs. Farraday took up her knitting and sat, obviously waiting for her young guest to explain herself.

"D'you know," began Georgianna as the figures of the two men were lost among the trees, "I think I know why you don't like me?"

Mrs. Farraday drew in a deep breath. "Really!" she said.

Georgianna nodded, undisturbed. "It's because we're so much alike," she said.

Mrs. Farraday laid down her knitting. "Really!" she repeated.

"Really," assented the girl gravely.

"We each like our own way—and get it. We don't either of us care what other people think. We're—we're rather outrageous—you and I, Mrs. Farraday."

"Are you sure that you're not—presuming—Georgianna?" asked her hostess, icy, yet using the girl's given name.

"No," returned Georgianna equably. "Maybe I am. But you see I want my own way."

Grandmother stared at her. "So do I," she said curtly, after a pause.

Georgianna hesitated now. Horns had clashed; the next move was the most important. Carrie was in training, and there must be no false touch, no disturbance to mar the peace of his mind. She knew what an open quarrel between herself and this bright-eyed old lady would mean; she knew also that Carrie was as anxious for her company as she had been for his all through the summer. And yet . . . for an instant longer she pondered just how much Mrs. Farraday would stand; she was fully convinced that Carrie's grandmother was as modern as she herself, as thoroughly a living example of this younger generation.

Of course she might be able to wait until Carrie had definitely won. Perhaps she had not gone too far. But she didn't want to. She even suspected that Mrs. Farraday would be contemptuous if she retreated now. And rightly so. She had said she wanted her own way! And she *had* missed Carrie. Ever since that first—that only—kiss, she had missed him.

"You're seventy, Mrs. Farraday," said Georgianna in a clear voice which did not divulge the trembling of her soul. "And I'm twenty. Don't you think it would be easier and pleasanter for both—and for Carrie—if we wanted to . . . me thing? And—don't you think that *maybe* we do, anyway?"

There was an instant of breathless suspense. And then:

"I never thought that such a long-legged, gangling child as you were could grow up into such a pretty woman,"





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remarked Victoria Farraday, taking up her knitting. "What did they do with you—put you into a convent?"

Georgianna drew a deep breath and pulled her chair closer to her hostess.

Georgianna drove Carrie to the train on that first step of his journey to Cranford. She was strangely disturbed, and she kept shooting quick sidelong glances at the man by her side. Carrie's face was tranquil, his eyes looking straight ahead as though in search of something they were approaching, and impatience at his calm took the place of the girl's excitement. She let her hand slip from the wheel, gaze against his side, and with a grin he took it into his own.

"Well?" demanded Georgianna softly.

Carrie bent towards her slightly. "It's great that you and Grandmother have got to be such good friends," he said quietly.

"*Hm-m,*" agreed Georgianna unemotionally. "It's a great world, Carrie."

He was silent, and she felt her heart beating more desperately as the distance between the house and the station was lessened. It was a great world—and yet—

"Going to pray for me?" asked Carrie, smiling.

"You know it!" Her voice was fervent; the eyes she raised to him were soft, and yet still insistent.

"When I get back," he began—and paused.

"What?"

He shrugged. "Oh, nothing!"

Georgianna was burning with impatience. They were on the main street now; savagely she jerked the car about the curve of the station road.

"Only half a mile now," she said, and sighed.

"Yup," Carrie sighed too—but that was all he did.

Far through the distance they heard an engine whistle as the train left North Darnton.

"*Oh!*" said Georgianna faintly.

She turned to him.

"Carrie—isn't there something—you want to tell me—before you go?" It was

crude, of course, but her necessity was great.

And Carrie grinned imperturbably. "Not a darn thing," he assured her, and left her so stunned that they said not another word until after the car was drawn up beside the platform.

They sat silently, and Georgianna's eyes, in full view of everyone who happened to look that way, rested with unhidden and unprecedented adoration upon Carrie's face. The engine whistled again, just behind the last curve of the track between North Darnton and Darnton, and a flash of pain passed over her face. So soon, Carrie was holding out his hand.

"Good-by, Georgianna. I'll be back in a couple of days." He leaned over and kissed her, and until the train began to move, bearing him away, she sat motionless. Then the sudden jerk of the engine and the figure of Carrington on the back platform electrified her to action. The motor road ran as far as Westbrook beside the track; for fifteen miles more, if she drove swiftly, she could be with Carrie.

Her eyes, steadily turned toward the moving train, remained on Carrie's face, and as steadily he watched her, smiling back. It was just beyond Darnton, as they passed the reservoir, that through the blur which their mutual speed hung over her straining eyes she saw him make a gesture. Dazedly she watched while he swung to the steps; for a second her heart froze as she comprehended. Through that blur she saw him jump, and she closed her eyes. Automatically she had stopped her car, and she waited, motionless, unable to move, as his long body thumped heavily on the sandy bank beside the track, as he scrambled to his feet, leaped into the car, lifting her from her place behind the wheel to the passenger's seat as though she were without weight.

She was still breathless when the car leaped ahead beneath Carrie's left hand; his right arm was about her, gathering her close.

"Catch the train at Westbrook," he panted. "Be with you five minutes longer."

"Carrie!" Her eyes still clinging to the steadiness of his figure before that background of swiftly, dizzily moving countryside, suddenly saw something that tore from her a little cry. "Carrie, your hands!"

He glanced at them, cut and torn by their impact upon the gravel embankment, and somehow still keeping the car on its swift course, and without releasing her from his embrace, he found a handkerchief, wrapped it about the hand that rested on her frock.

Then he grinned at her wide-eyed wonder. "Darn good training," came his voice happily, through the pounding of the motor. "I probably won't have a whole spot on my anatomy by this time next month!"

Simultaneously she cuddled more close to him, and his arm about her tightened. Just ahead of them the Cranford-bound train was again slowing for a stop.

"Carrie," said Georgianna faintly, "I don't want you to tell me anything you don't want to, until you come back. Maybe—maybe you haven't anything you want to tell me, anyway. But—Carrie, I love you more than everything in this world. And—I'll be waiting for you."

He swung the car about that last curve and leaped out.

She saw him, flushed, hatless, smiling; a young man in a blue homespun suit torn into shreds at the knees, a young man who seemed ignorant of the fact that his hands and forearms were studded with sharp little points of gravel.

"I suppose it's just silly pride," he answered, still speaking quickly, breathlessly. "And I never had any at all before. But I don't want to ask you to marry me, Georgianna, until I've made good. When I come back, if—"

"Yes," interrupted Georgianna, lifting her face to his last kiss before he made a second movie-hero leap to the moving train.

And that "yes" was as much an acceptance of an unqualified proposal of marriage as that look in her eyes was, for the moment, even more than love, the hero-worship of a young girl for the most spectacular hero of the Cranford football team.

*Want some good news? Well, here it is—W. W. Jacobs himself has a delicious story in February COSMOPOLITAN on sale January 10*

## The Most Amusing Thing of The Month

(Continued from page 17)

outside the window turns into the ominous greenish amber that presages a storm. Nor is there long to wait. The storm breaks suddenly with a terrible fury. Sheets of rain pour down the windows and batter against the panes. It seems to grow still darker outside as my friend turns up the lights inside—the eye is ever thus deceived—and the rain comes down harder and harder as my friend's man in the back room opens up the hydrant.

My friend pulls down the window shades and suggests to his fair young caller that she had better remain until the storm is over—"almost out of the question to get a taxicab on a day like this, you know"—and she invariably does and has tea with him instead of with So-and-So at the Ritz . . . He is now figuring out an equally successful way to get rid of the

boresome callers, but he has not yet perfected the device.

Another piquant feature of my friend's apartment is a large cocktail shaker that is automatically set in operation whenever the front door opens. The shaker is rigged up in a specially constructed ice-box with a plate-glass front, is constantly "loaded" and ready, and is turned rapidly by a series of small wheels and lathes connected electrically with the front door. The male visitor is thus cheered upon his entrance with sweet sounds as of a boyhood melody.

Still another morsel in the bachelor apartment olio is an old cuckoo clock, grandfather's size, over the cuckoo in which my friend has, after much labor, adroitly constructed a small papier mâché head of his particular detestation, Woodrow Wilson. It is thus the M. Woodrow who periodically pokes out his head and

to my friend's way of thinking automatically criticizes himself.

But my friend's *chef d'œuvre* is none of these. His star accomplishment, after endless electrical experiments—which are his hobby—is what he calls the "Bachelor's Loneliness Banisher." By nature a shy and lonely fellow, his own loneliness as a circus fears rain. It is his belief that a bachelor never feels more alone in the world, more forsaken, more miserable and gloomy, than when he arrives home late at night. To banish this state of apartment, the climb up the stairs the groping for push-button, and the silence—they are awful things, at least he used to say it.

Late tonight when he entered his apartment all is changed. The moment he opens the front door with his key, not only does the tinkle of the cocktail shaker merrily

